

BLOCKADE PLAN IS STILL VAGUE.

U. S. Naval Expert Trying to Figure on its Limit.

New Message of Inquiry has been Sent to Powers.

Radius of Action Principle Causes Discussion.

[BY A. P. MERRY WIRE.]

WASHINGTON, March 19.—While the United States government does not know officially as yet whether Great Britain and her allies intend to maintain a legal blockade or apply general rules of contraband and non-contraband in enforcing their embargo on commercial intercourse between Germany and neutral countries, American naval officers and officials versed in international law expressed the opinion today that the indefinite limit prescribed—European waters, including the Mediterranean—might be construed as a legal area of operations for a blockade fleet.

In the formulation of the policy of the United States relative to the treatment of neutral shipping by the allied fleets, naval officers of high rank have constantly been consulted, so that in none of the diplomatic communications sent abroad might there be anything said which could compromise the activities of the American fleet in its possible future war.

OLD FORM HAS PASSED.

Much consideration has been given at the conference to the newly developed activity of submarines. It is frankly admitted by the naval officers that the old form of blockade by warships close to an enemy coast passed with the investment of Santiago in the Spanish American war. Accordingly, in the message of inquiry to Great Britain and France asking for an explanation of their recent declaration of an embargo, the United States concluded that the activity of submarines might make physically impossible a close blockade of an enemy coast, and suggested that if the declaration of the allies were to be construed as a legal blockade, some "radius of activity" be announced.

RADIUS OF ACTION.

This principle of a "radius of action" or area of operations for a blockade fleet was the subject of much discussion at the international naval conference at London in 1909 and the declaration which followed contained the following rule:

"The seizure of neutral vessels for violation of blockade may be made only within the radius of action of the ships of war assigned to maintain an effective blockade."

An explanation of this was given at the conference by the United States representative, who said that the United States "has been universally accepted" as interpreting the rule. The commentary, which is pointed out in explaining the American attitude, follows in part:

"It does not seem possible to assign limits to the radius of action in definite and unvarying figures, any more than it is possible to fix beforehand invariably the number of ships necessary to assure the effectiveness of any blockade. These points must be determined according to circumstances in each particular case. The radius of action of a blockade fleet will be established in the same way as a defensive coast and on a coast possessing all modern means of defense. There would be no question in the latter case of applying a rule such as that which formerly required that ships should be stationary and sufficiently close to the blockaded ports, the position would be too dangerous for the ships of the blockading force, which, besides, would possess more powerful means enabling them to watch effectively a much wider zone than formerly."

"The radius of action of a blockading naval force may extend somewhat far, but as it depends on the number of ships contributing to the effectiveness of the blockade, it is always limited by the condition of effectiveness. It will never reach remote seas which are, perhaps, destined or upon which merchant vessels sail blockaded ports, but whose destination may be contingent on the changes which circumstances may produce in the blockade during the voyage. To sum up, the idea of radius of action is that of effectiveness, that is to say, including the zone of operations of the blockading force, allowing the belligerent to exercise in an effective manner the right of blockade which is admitted to be his and, on the other hand, it gives neutrals every opportunity of escape from exposure to the inconvenience of blockade at a great distance, while it leaves them free to run the risks to which they knowingly expose themselves by approaching points to which access is forbidden by the belligerent."

ORIGINAL DOCTRINE.

The United States naval college authorities point out that while originally under American doctrine the area of blockade was not limited, the definition "of the area of operations of a blockade even if in such a manner as to include a large range" is the next excursion under the auspices of The Times management to the Panama-California Exposition leaves Los Angeles at 8:00 o'clock Saturday morning, March 20th, leaving San Diego on return trip at 8 o'clock Sunday night.

New attractions at no increase in price have been added to the excursion features. An enjoyable two days' outing, sightseeing at the Southern California Fair. Boat-riding in San Diego waters. Admission to the Santa Fe's Painted Desert—a real Indian village. Admission to the Panama Canal exhibit; admission to the Hawaiian village. Concerts by inspiring bands and the mammoth outdoor organ. Meals at Levy's Cristobal Cafe on the grounds. Accommodation at hotel, street car fares to and from fair grounds, transportation on train, in fact, every necessary expense for ten dollars.

Read what one lady said of the last Times excursion: "The excursion trip was 'the best ever' and we sure had our money's worth and then some."

Take a party of friends and have an enjoyable outing. Make your reservations at once! Take the ladies, they'll be delighted. We can only take a limited number and reserve the right to refund all money collected for the purpose of excursion.

For further information write, telephone or call on the Manager of the Times Excursion Department, First and Broadway. Phone Main 9900; 10091. Might just as well "do it now!"

Where the Turk is Making His Last Stand.



French battleship Charlemagne in action.

Meeting place of the East and the West.

The upper panel, a panorama of the forts and the hills in the Straits of the Bosphorus, now menaced by the fleets and land forces of the French and the English allies. The lower panel shows one of the great French warships firing her heaviest shells at the Turkish fortifications of the Straits of the Dardanelles.

Turks Score.

Very Plain.

LEWIS STATES OUR POSITION.

MUST SURRENDER PHILIPPINES OR INCREASE THE NAVY.

IF WE BELIEVING THE ISLANDS WE WILL RETURN TO THE TRADITIONAL POLICY OF ISOLATION, OTHERWISE OUR FLEET MUST EQUAL THAT OF THE COMBINED WORLD.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

BERLIN, March 19.—(By wireless to London).—A squadron of six British and French battleships at 7:30 o'clock this morning attacked three fortresses in the Dardanelles. At the same time another squadron of the allied fleet commenced operations against three fortresses in the Bosphorus. A British torpedo boat was sunk by the fire from the forts. The British battleship Irresistible was put out of action while another battleship was seriously damaged.

Submarine.

TWO BRITISH STEAMERS TORPEDOED BY GERMANS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, March 19.—The British steamer Bluejacket, with wheat from Liverpool, has been torpedoed by a German submarine off Beatty Head.

The crew took to the boats. The steamer, although badly damaged, remained afloat. The British steamer Hyndford was torpedoed today in the English Channel by a German submarine. It is reported that one member of her crew was killed.

Dardanelles.

LOSSES ON AMETHYST DUE TO HER DARING.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, March 19.—The casualties sustained on the British cruiser Amethyst were the result of a smart piece of work which she performed in the Dardanelles, when, it is stated, she was entrusted with the difficult task of cutting the telegraph cable connecting Kilid Bahr with "Chanak," says the Malta correspondent of Reuters Telegram Company.

The correspondent continues: "She succeeded in lifting and cutting the cable undetected and had started her return journey when she was discovered. She then had to run the gauntlet of forts on both sides of the narrow, becoming the target of a veritable hail of fire. Going at full speed, although frequently hit, she succeeded in getting beyond the range of the guns, and reaching the entrance to the straits."

A British Admiralty report issued on March 17 stated that in the fighting in the Dardanelles on March 15 the Amethyst made a dash into the straits. She was struck by several shells and had twenty-three men killed, nineteen severely wounded and eighteen slightly hurt.

Big Noise.

DARDANELLES MAGAZINE BLOWN UP BY THE ALLIES.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, March 19.—"Advice from Tenedos says that the allied fleet destroyed a powder magazine in the town of Dardanelles, which resulted in the town being set on fire," says the Athens correspondent of Reuters Telegram Company. "Most of the forts were seriously damaged."

"An artillery duel took place in the Dardanelles from midnight to 3 o'clock this morning between mobile batteries and allied ships engaged in covering minesweeping operations. Several

shells are reported to have hit ships, causing slight damage. Two of the enemy's batteries were silenced."

Studies Labor in Colorado.

[BY A. P. MERRY WIRE.]

DENVER, March 19.—W. L. MacKenzie King, former Canadian Minister of Labor, and now connected with the Rockefeller foundation, arrived here today. He will spend several weeks studying the labor situation in Colorado.

Maxwell Keller's Final Lecture

In Los Angeles will be given at Trinity Auditorium at 8 o'clock, March 20.

STEAMER ELUDES THE SUBMARINES.

[BY A. P. MERRY WIRE.]

HALIFAX (N. S.) March 19.—Several German submarines lay in wait for the Allan liner Hesperian as she steamed through the Mersey on her way from Liverpool to this port, but, through advance knowledge of their presence, she was able to elude them, according to reports of passengers who were landed here today.

Capt. Main had been warned by wireless that submarines were in the vicinity. The time of his departure was kept secret, and by darkening the ship and following a zig-zag course, the steamer passed safely through the war zone.

The Hesperian brought in 200 passengers and a heavy mail.

STEAMER ELUDES THE SUBMARINES.

WARSHIPS SUNK BEST OF CLASS.

English Vessels Larger than the French Battleship.

All Were Built Over Quarter of a Century Ago.

Implacable and Queen will Replace Lost Ships.

The Irresistible, which was sunk yesterday in the Dardanelles, was a sister ship of the Formidable, which was torpedoed in the English Channel off Portsmouth on January 1, 1914.

Both the Irresistible and the Ocean were laid down in 1895, but the former was completed in 1902 and the Ocean in 1905. Both have been refitted.

The Bouvet, the French ship sunk, was even an older and lighter battleship than either. She was laid down in 1894 and completed in 1898.

The British ships outlasted the French ship in heavy guns, but the latter had a larger number of medium and light guns.

The armaments were as follows: Irresistible—Four 12-inch guns; twelve 6-inch guns; sixteen 12-pounders (heavy); two 15-pounders (light); six 3-pounders; two Maxims; four 18-inch submerged torpedo tubes.

Ocean—Four 12-inch guns; twelve 6-inch guns; ten 12-pounders (heavy); two 15-pounders (light); six 3-pounders; two Maxims; four 18-inch submerged torpedo tubes.

Bouvet—Two 12-inch guns; two 10.5-inch guns; eight 6.5-inch guns; eight 4-inch guns; ten 12-pounders; two 15-pounders; two 18-inch above-water torpedo tubes.

The Irresistible had a displacement of 15,000 tons, a speed of 18 knots, a complement of 750.

The Ocean, 12,500 tons, 18½ knots, and 750 officers and men.

The Bouvet, 12,200 tons, 17 knots, and a force of 680.

The big batteries of the English ships were similarly arranged—two 12-inch and four 6-inch guns ahead or astern, and four 12-inch and four 6-inch guns broadside.

In the French ship there was ahead or astern one 12-inch, two 10.5-inch, four 6.5-inch and two 4-inch guns; broadside, two 12-inch, one 10.5-inch, four 6.5-inch and four 4-inch.

All three ships were considered the most formidable in their class fifteen years ago, sloping roofed turrets and double barbettes had just come into use, succeeding a time the round turret and the single barbette.

The Implacable, which has been ordered to replace the Irresistible, is the last of the class to which the Formidable and Irresistible belonged, while the Queen, which will replace the Ocean, has their armament, displacement and speed, but not the complement of the Ocean. The Queen is the newest ship of all, having been completed eleven years ago.

[BY A. P. MERRY WIRE.]

JEFFERSON CITY (Mo.) March 19.—Warning that the United States must now decide on a definite foreign policy was given by Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, who addressed the Missouri Legislature today.

Senator Lewis said the United States should decide whether she would retain the Philippines and maintain two large fleets to resist aggression on the part of the foreign powers or the United States must decide to leave the Philippines and return to the traditional policy of isolation.

"Should the United States find it necessary to make a protest against Japan for forcibly seizing China, Japan would probably exact of her present allies—England, France and Russia—to support her against the United States," said Senator Lewis. "Then America would be confronted with a remarkable situation. Should Japan, in connection with China, be forced to war, she would seize Hawaii as the base from which to intercept our fleet on its way to recover the Philippines. Then Russia, the ally of Japan, would seize Northern Alaska."

"This would divide our army and navy. England, because of her alliance with Japan, could render no aid to the United States in Canada or Alaska—nor would she dare to do so in view of English possessions and English citizens in Japan and China."

"Central America, which has a grievance against us because of the claim that we forcibly took Panama, might lend itself to aid our foes by destroying the Panama Canal to prevent our fleets in the Atlantic and Pacific from joining."

"It is plain that the United States has but one of two courses. Either we must come out of the Philippines and remove any governmental interest from the Far East or we must maintain an Atlantic fleet large enough to cope with combined Europe and a Pacific fleet large enough to combat the combined Orient."

AMERICAN SHIP A BRITISH PRIZE.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, March 19, 1:45 P.M.—The American steamer Maraca, from New York February 23 for Rotterdam and Copenhagen with a cargo of packing-house products, has been ordered before a British prize court at Hull. The steamer has been detained at Kirkwall since March 11.

SOCIALIST ELECTED BERLIN COUNCILMAN

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

BERLIN, March 19 (via London).—The Aldermen of Berlin elected Herr Sassenbeck, Socialist, and secretary of a labor union, today to be a member of the City Council. This is the first time that a Socialist ever has been nominated to this office. There were eighty-six affirmative ballots, while sixteen ballots were blank.

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[BY A. P. MERRY WIRE.]

NEW YORK, March 19.—The members of the American Land League, who are working for the redemption of the land in the South, are reported to be in the city of New Orleans, La., where they are holding a conference.

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SIX MILLIONS FOR BELGIUM
United States' Contribution to Stricken Nation is Put in Land.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
HAVRE (via Paris) March 19.—The relief afforded the stricken Belgium up to the end of the month of January gave the contributions of money and provisions as follows: The United States, \$1,500,000; from Great Britain, \$1,000,000; from Australia, \$500,000; from Canada, \$500,000; and from Spain and Italy, \$500,000 each.

NO STRIKES DURING
LONDON LABOR DELEGATION TO BE ARBITRATED.
David Lloyd George, Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, has announced that he will not allow any strike during the visit of the labor delegation to the United States.

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Close Call for Hiram.
(Continued from First Page.)
position to the bill by attacking its constitutionality. He quoted Supreme Court decisions to substantiate the claim that the bill should come before the Assembly as a constitutional amendment. He asserted that if it were so offered there would be no attempt made to keep it from going to a vote of the people.

YOUNG TAKES FLOOR.
Speaker Young took the floor to debate his own bill, calling Assemblyman Fish to preside. He declined to accept the challenge of the Republicans to submit the measure to the vote of the people direct as a constitutional amendment.

HAWSON'S REMARKS.
"The Republican, the Democrat, the Socialist and the Prohibition platform all declared against this measure," said Hawson. "A reference to the list of election returns shows that the total vote for Assemblyman Hawson was 275,000, while the vote against it was 545,000. Twenty-eight Assemblymen were elected on a platform favoring the bill and fifty on platforms that voice a most vigorous opposition."

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(Continued from First Page.)
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AUSTRIANS REPULSE SLAVS; RUSSIA'S HEAVY LOSSES.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)
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PROPOSITION IS LOST BY MORE THAN FOUR THOUSAND MAJORITY.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
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These Aids Make Housecleaning Easy

Daily attention to her home has greatly lessened the cares and duties of the housewife.

Gone forever are the annual and semi-annual house-cleanings, and in their stead numerous devices and inventions have made housework a pleasure.

The Owl Drug Company is noted for the unusually large number of Household Aids it sells, and the housewife who plans to lighten her burdens in the kitchen or about the house will do well to read carefully the following suggestions:

Housekeepers' First Aids

- Sani-Flush**
Cleans toilet bowls and then keeps them clean without using a brush, without using your hands.
Just sprinkle it into the water every day and it will come the stains and discoloration, leaving the porcelain like new. Sani-Flush is an odorless white powder made for one purpose and only one. Large sprinkle-top can.
The Owl's Price is 17c
- Platt's Chlorides**
An odorless disinfectant. Powerful, but harmless. Does not stain articles which it touches. Its directions are followed.
Removes objectionable odors of all kinds from garbage cans, closets, cellars, kitchen and sick rooms.
Just the thing for removing "Cabbage Smell" after cooking vegetables.
Quart Bottle 50c
- Bon Ami**
Cleans—Polishes—Brightens—Scours
Bon Ami can be used on the grout, tile, and all other polished articles. It contains no caustic acids. Used for polishing and cleaning windows, glassware, painted woodwork, brass, nickel and chrome, copper and tin, enamelware, tin and kitchen ware, and linoleum, porcelain and tile.
Large Cake 8c
- Owl Cleaning Fluid**
For removing grease spots, oil, paint, wine, tar, etc.
Better than gasoline, removes spots of all kinds. The best part of this preparation is that it leaves no mark or indication that a cleaning fluid has been used. It is preferable to benzine, kerosene, etc., in that it is not explosive.
Large Bottle With Sponge 25c
- Protect Your Hands**
You can wash dishes, dust and clean and still have beautiful hands.
Wear Rubber Gloves. They will protect your hands and prevent the disagreeable effects of housework.
Seamless—All Sizes
PACKARD, per pair.....50c
MANHATTAN, per pair.....50c
- Use Lysol**
Antiseptic, Disinfectant, Germicide
Germs breed unseen in dark corners, in closets, bathrooms, stinks and other unconsidered places, until favoring conditions bring them forth to prey on your life and the lives of your family.
Root them out. Soap and water are not enough. Use the safe germicide, disinfectant and deodorant, Lysol.
Small Size 25c
Medium Size 50c
- Barkeepers' Friend**
Cleans zinc, brass, copper, nickel and all kitchen and plated utensils, glass, wood, marble and porcelain. Sprinkle the dry polish on the article to be cleaned and apply with a wet brush, cloth or sponge. Rinse in clean water and wipe dry.
Large Package 20c

The Owl Drug Co.
Five Stores in Los Angeles

Spring, Corner 3d St. Broadway
Spring, Corner 5th St. N. W. Cor. Fifth
625 Broadway
7th St., Cor. Hill

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1915.

POPULATION [By the Federal Census (1910)—219,200
[By the City Directory (1914)—218,317]

WILL ARRAIGN GERMAN CONSUL

Representative at Seattle
Appear in Court.

County Prosecutor Considers He has a Clear Case

Protest Made by Embargo Being Investigated

BY A. R. WISE, JR.
SEATTLE (Wash.)—The arraignment of German Consul Wilhelm Mueller and his wife, Max Mueller, charged with violation of a State law by bringing into Seattle construction and building materials, is being investigated by the County Prosecutor.

HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK

Second floor—Hibernian Bldg.
SPRING AND FOURTH

FEDERAL BRANCH
2201 N. BROADWAY

Money to Loan
on improved
real estate.

SECRET IN SAVING

Investment and persistent saving is the essence of growth. Let us tell you how to make your money work for you. This Bank offers unexcelled inducements to those persons desiring their money to earn five percent, compounded interest, with absolute safety. The Max Mueller, charged with violation of a State law by bringing into Seattle construction and building materials, is being investigated by the County Prosecutor.

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FEDERAL BRANCH
2201 N. BROADWAY

Money to Loan
on improved
real estate.

Don't Miss This!

Bring your family—enjoy the time of your life. Get a breath of fresh air and an outing in the sunshine. Round up all your family too.

Men's Big Field and Gala Day

A day long remembered. Thrilling contests—rope throwing—hiking—tug-of-war—3-legged races—also events for ladies.

Valuable Prizes for All Events
Sunday, March 21, 2 p.m.,
at the Stadium, 35th and
Hooper. Remember

Day, at the Stadium

Admission 25c

Outdoor Organ

at—
Diego Exposition

Wonderful instrument, presented by
Spreckels to San Diego, is a marvellous musical medium and is alone in
the world as an organ standing in the

People travel to Europe to see less notable
concerts but it is but \$5.00 away from Los Angeles—
Santa Fe excursion fare for ten days, and \$6.25

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90517—Main 726.

WINTER NUMBER

Los Angeles
Times

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Encyclopedic Information of Perma-
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SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.
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For the Boulevard, in Vicente Terrace, where it meets
the Pacific Ocean, you will double your money. SCHADER-WELLS,
100 West 7th Street, Telephone Main 66; 7255.

STERN REBUKE FOR SOCIALISTS.

Wolfgang Heine Issues a
Pamphlet in Berlin.

Shows Party Leaders Duty to
the Fatherland.

Demands Half True and the
Untrue be Read Out.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]
BERLIN, Feb. 28.—An indicative of the position in the ranks of the Social Democratic party, Karl Liebknecht and his supporters are severely criticised by Wolfgang Heine, one of the party leaders in the Reichstag. In a pamphlet entitled, "Against the Intriguers,"

Heine charges that the Socialist organ "Vorwarts" has been guilty of deception and of causing "disruption of the inner unity of the party, and the promotion on the other hand of the interests of those who, in the time of the country's need, condemn the position of the party."

"The Social Democracy," he says, "could act no differently than it has done; it had to align itself on the side of the fatherland in this war."

He rebuts indignantly the claim of the "intriguers" that the Social Democrats are "hurray patriots." Chauvinists and jingoists, and denies that the war, from Germany's standpoint, is an imperialistic undertaking.

"As long," he continues, "as the enemies cannot contemplate any peace that does not presuppose dictating to Germany, just so long is it worse than madness, a betrayal of the interests of our people, in fact, to talk of peace to them."

"To stick it out to the end! That above all things is our duty to ourselves. Our longing and our hopes, our sympathy and our concern, must not be allowed to overpower us, at least not until everything is dark ahead. Even the most pardonable desire and the most comprehensible feeling can do us the utmost harm if given away to at an unsuitable moment."

Touching on the future, Heine declares that in these portentous times courage and determination must not be weakened. "The party, without hesitation, chose its rightful place at the outbreak of the war. Now, in the middle of the war, while dangers threaten and the ability of every citizen is needed, the party must not vacillate, thereby causing confusion in the ranks of Germany's defenders. This might cause the most serious consequences for the whole German people, including the working classes."

In conclusion he calls upon the comrades to stop their attempts to disrupt the party, with consequent danger to the fatherland.

"The time is not opportune," he says, "to resort to self-deception and to hope that eventually things will not be so bad. Every day now may do much damage. It is the custom of these in the majority to take no notice of confused and untrue attacks on the defense of the fatherland."

"It is to be true, neither easy nor comfortable to oppose those who, with the authority of pretended superior learning and intelligence, spread abroad a mass of untruths—such, for example, as that the war is a war of conquest by Germany; that it was begun in order to suppress the working movement; that the borders of the fatherland are no longer menaced, and the like. And yet, it is urgently necessary that the party's comrades assume this unpleasant duty."

"The honestest and most unassuming comrade is in a position to ask of the intriguers this question: 'Do you want your party, in the eyes of the world, to assume the responsibility in case Germany should be beaten, cut to pieces and robbed of its industry and commerce, and of its people to protect the German Villa at home?'

"He whose eyes are not opened by this is surely beyond help, and may, before all the world, be charged with indifference, yes, with enmity toward his people and his country."

"The German Social Democracy," concludes the writer, "has lived through a great hour, and, as was to have been expected, has proved worthy. May it continue to discard all selfishness and all enmity, and dare to be of large caliber."

STRIP THEIR BABES TO AID REFUGEES.

SWISS DO ALL THEY CAN FOR
WAR VICTIMS EN ROUTE
TO FRANCE.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]
BASEL, March 1.—Swiss mothers have been seen to half strip their own children in the railway stations at Schaffhouse in order to give needed articles of clothing to French boys and old men and women arriving there on their way back to France. These were recent prisoners in German concentration camps. The special trains carry 400 to 500 of them into Schaffhouse daily.

Members of the Swiss committee which was organized to greet them as soon as the train reaches Swiss territory open the car doors and shout to the travelers, "You are in Switzerland."

An announcement which is warmly cheered. Opposite to where the German train stops is the Swiss train to take them to Geneva, en route to their homes in France. The need of food and clothes is in some cases pitiful. Some little girls appear with nothing but a thin summer dress to protect them from the winter's chill. The mother has only her skirt left and a few rags about her chest. An old man of 72 limps about in his stocking feet. They are all fed and warmly clothed before leaving Schaffhouse, and members of the committee accompany them on their journey as far as Geneva.

A Scene Behind the Firing Line.



Memorials of the fallen.
Everywhere one comes upon these touching memorials of those who have fallen in the great war in Europe. This little tree-lined place is but one of many such scenes. It is astonishing how cheerful and confident the troops are in face of all these reminders of an ever-present possibility. Their attitude, however, is such that one really comes to believe that death is "the comrade, not the tyrant, of the brave."

RUSSIAN REGIMENT ADOPTS TURK BABY.

STARRING INFANT FOUND IN A
FARMHOUSE, ABANDONED
BY ITS PARENTS.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]
PETROGRAD, March 1.—Our regiment has adopted a 2-year-old Turkish girl baby, writes a Cossack who is serving with the Russian advance in the Turkish Caucasus. He explains:

"During our forward movement last week one of our men found in a farmhouse this baby, which had been abandoned by her feeble parents. The starving little creature was cleaned, clothed and fed, and then taken to the staff quarters. In the Greek church the village of Barduz the founding of the Orthodox church, the commander of the regiment acting as godfather, and Princess Giovanna, a Red Cross nurse and wife of a member of the Duma, as godmother. The child was named Alexandra Donskaya, after the name of the regiment. The officers and men of the regiment subscribed money for the child's support and for rearing and educating their regimental daughter."

Dropped from Roll.
IRISH RESENT
MEYER'S WORDS.

FREEDOM OF DUBLIN IS TAKEN
FROM GERMAN PROFESSOR.

His Speech in America and Alleged Act in Trying to Form a Brigade Out of Celtic Prisoners in Berlin to Fight Against England are Declared Insults.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]
DUBLIN (via London) March 15.—The Dublin City Council, by a vote of 30 to 18, withdrew today from Kuno Meyer, of the University of Berlin, the honor of the city, in order to indicate "disapproval of the anti-British campaign he has been conducting in America."

Alderman Quaid moved that Meyer's name be stricken from the roll of Dublin Freeman because of the speeches he had made in America, in which it appeared that in the nineteen years he was professor in a Liverpool university, he had kept a diary in which he recorded everything he came across capable of being used against England.

Furthermore, said the Alderman, Prof. Meyer had urged the formation of an Irish brigade out of Irish prisoners in Germany, to be used against England. "No greater insult," he declared, "could be offered the Irish people."

Kuno Meyer, who is a German and has been professor of Celtic at the University of Berlin since 1911, is for a time director of the School of Irish learning at Dublin. He is an authority on Celtic philology and founded the school of Irish learning at Dublin for the promotion of the old Irish language, and literature. For his work in promoting Celtic interests in the school of Irish learning at Dublin and Cork, during a recent visit to the United States Prof. Meyer delivered several addresses on behalf of Germany.

ADDRESSER NOT ANTI-BRITISH.
CHICAGO, March 15.—Dr. Kuno Meyer has been attached to the lecturing corps of the University of Illinois at Champagne since coming here after the beginning of the war. On February 4 he delivered an address before the Irish Fellowship Club, but, according to George E. Warren, secretary of the club, his address was in no respect anti-British.

Dr. Meyer is scheduled to be the chief speaker at a meeting Sunday afternoon next, to be given by the German-Irish Liberty League.

GERMANS PAY HIGH FOR COPPER.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]
GENEVA, March 1.—The high price of copper for a ton for copper delivered on the frontier is offered by the German government, while the cost at Marseilles or Genoa is from \$250 to \$400 a ton. The opportunity has tempted many speculators. At Chicago lately barrels of wine ticketed for Frankfurt were found to be a quarter filled with copper. At Singen, on the Swiss-German frontier near Lake Constance, the Swiss authorities became suspicious of the extraordinary number of funerals crossing the frontier and finally ordered one of the coffins to be opened. It was full of copper.

Great Holes are Torn in the Earth and the Infantry Utilizes Them as Trenches.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]
PETROGRAD, March 1.—On the Polish front the Russians are using land mines for blowing great holes in the land between the Russian and German positions. The infantry then uses these holes as a striking weapon. A series of explosions of land mines placed close under the German trenches at one point west of Warsaw recently killed 500 Germans.

LACK OF GUNS HAMPER SLAVS.

Investment of Przemyśl is a
Fast Undertaking.

Outside Communication is
Brought in by Aviators.

Supply of Meat Conserved by
Killing of Wild Game.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]
PETROGRAD, March 1.—Some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking involved in the Russian investment of Przemyśl may be formed from the statement that the circumference of the fortress amounts to seventy-five miles. The portion of the Russian army which is necessary for the mere operation of "putting tight" in this spot is therefore large enough so that it released it would have a very material influence on field operations. It is estimated that at least two full Russian army corps, together with a large force of cavalry and heavy artillery, are immobilized by the investment of Przemyśl.

The arrangements for the investment of the fortress are similar to those employed for the defense of a river line. The extent of the front is too great to admit of a continuous line being occupied in adequate strength to resist attack at every point by means of troops actually on the spot. The object of investment is to prevent supplies and reinforcements reaching the garrison, and to confine the latter within the outer circle of forts. This object is attained by surrounding the fortress with a line of outposts, which remain constantly on the alert to detect by means of reconnaissance any offensive movement on the part of the garrison.

The actual resistance to any offensive movements from within the fortress is offered by reserve bodies of troops, which are held in readiness at convenient points in the rear of the line of investment. By this means the number of troops absorbed in the investment of the fortress is much reduced.

When contrasted with the speedy fall of fortresses in Belgium the prolonged defense of Przemyśl may seem extraordinary. Liege, Namur, Maubeuge and Antwerp were subdued by investment. The Germans brought up artillery of exceptional power, by which they put the artillery out of action and destroyed the defenses. The Russians have no guns capable of being transported in the field that are at all able to compete with the guns of the fortresses of Przemyśl.

Hence they have been restricted to the slow process of investment, and as Przemyśl was well supplied with food and ammunition, its resistance has been protracted, and the end is not yet in sight. The place was originally invested early in September. It was relieved about October 16, but the Russian later the Austrians evaded the investment to be resumed, and it has been maintained for the past four months.

Frequent optimistic Russian forecasts as to the impending fall of the fortress have not been realized, and it now appears that a regular system of communication by aeroplanes is maintained between the city and the outside world, that the supply of meat has been conserved by the killing of large quantities of wild game and forest in the suburban districts, and that the food supply, augmented by market produce from the surrounding region, is adequate for nearly three months more.

CHRISTIANS READY TO SERVE THE JAPS.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]
TOKIO, Feb. 17.—The freedom of which views have been exchanged as to the relations between the United States and Japan has been a notable feature of the past few weeks. This has been due directly to the visit of Prof. Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago, past president of the American Association of Christian Churches in America, which organization sent him here, to present American views, as he interpreted them, with entire frankness. In the same spirit, Baron Kato, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, replied, after hearing Prof. Mathews speak before the Cordelia Association.

BERLIN DROPS
IN POPULATION.

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]
BERLIN, Feb. 15.—In consequence of the war the population of Berlin (exclusive of the suburban towns) has again dropped below the 1,000,000 mark, which it had crossed several years ago. The population at the beginning of January was returned at 982,114, which signifies a loss of 17,000 for the year. This loss, however, does not take account of the men who have gone into the war, who are still counted as if present. It seems to be due mostly to the removal of working people to the suburbs and to more distant districts.

RUSSIANS USE LAND MINES.

Great Holes are Torn in the Earth and the Infantry Utilizes Them as Trenches.

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WAR ORPHANS ENJOYING LIFE.

Have Good Apartments at a French Sea Resort.

Mothers and Foster Mothers also Made Welcome.

Many Pathetic Incidents are of Daily Occurrence.

(A. F. JOURNAL CORRESPONDENT.)
REHATAT (France) March 17.—The hundreds of orphans and half-orphan of the war are having the time of their lives in this channel fishing port and resort, some of them enjoying the luxury of apartments that rent from \$2 a day up in the bathing season. They are sent here by a charitable movement that has developed practically without organization—simply grown out of individual effort to relieve the anxiety of mothers who have lost their husbands and of husbands at the front who have lost their wives.

A soldier waiting for the day to join his regiment asked Emil Vitt of the Universite Populaire in Paris. "What are we going to do with our children? We can't leave them alone to become vagabonds in the street." Monsieur Vitt thought a moment and then replied simply, "I'll take 'em." "What will you do with them?" inquired the soldier. "I don't quite know," replied M. Vitt, "but I do know there's enough kind hearts to take care of the children of our soldiers. I'm going to bank on that; the rest is only going."

ALL HELP.
 The result justified M. Vitt's confidence. As soon as his work became known his development was rapid. Everyone wanted to do something, and among the more conspicuous were Mrs. Emil Zola, Mlle. Deloche, daughter of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Clemenceau, Mlle. de la Roche, and other celebrities. The practical details, which are mostly in charge of literary men and dramatic artists such as M. Vitt, Xavier Privas, the well-known song writer, and M. Finlay of the Odeon, are regulated with method and efficiency which show that professional people can be practical. It is due to them that from a mere temporary relief measure has grown a permanent charitable work that will make its influence felt for twenty years to come. The orphans of the war are now taken in permanent charge by the Association "Orphelins de la Guerre," which will educate them, train them for useful occupations in life and watch over them until they are of the age to go alone. In numerous refuges provided for the purpose in Paris children newly born, whose fathers have fallen on the field of battle, are received with their mothers, and from them are collected statistics, soon as they are in sufficient number, they are forwarded here.

MOTHERS ALSO THERE.
 Mothers who come to be separated from their children, though unable to give them care that they should have, come along also and become foster mothers to several others. There who hesitate to abandon their children permanently are permitted to send them to remain until such time as they come back from the war and wish to reclaim them. Many fathers whose children have been received here brought their wife to the association before going to the front, leaving their property to be administered by the association for the benefit of the children in case they failed to return.

Originally they were all housed in one of the large hotels, but further accommodations were soon needed, and nineteen villas have since been placed at the disposition of the society. It is intended that the children shall grow up with the same cheerful and healthy surroundings as if they were in their own families. The children are not only immediately put into the hands of competent teachers, but healthy amusements are provided for them, including concerts and moving pictures. There is a hot-chestnut man, who had lost his regular city trade in Paris, was imported. Those who are able to read and learn a trade find plenty of opportunity in the different workshops and sewing-rooms. The teachers are recruited chiefly among the mutilated of the war.

SONS OF SOLDIERS.
 Among the children received in the last arrival was the 5-year-old son of a soldier in the ranks, and whose mother was killed during the bombardment of Rheims. Another was the 11-year-old son of a soldier in the trenches in the north and whose mother who had been taken captive by the Germans, Maurice Lefort, 9-year-old son of the military zone of Paris was found abandoned in a cabin of the zone, his father having been called to arms and his mother having died since his birth.

The correspondence of this movement is filled with pathos. The sum of \$25, given together in one of the trenches of the Argonne, two sons of a time, was sent to the association as an expression of the gratitude of the soldiers for the care given to the children of two of their comrades whose mothers had died since the war began. The employees of the Paris municipal pawnshop, which is familiarly called "ma tante," instead of "my uncle," sent \$40 with the remark that it was for the nephews of "ma tante."

Extremes meet in this work—special and political barriers having been broken down. Judge Durand of the Court of Appeal of Paris, formerly judge of the Criminal Court, came to bring encouragement and donations. While making his rounds of the villas he was brought face to face with an old acquaintance.

YVETOT'S EFFORT.
 It was Charles Yvetot, who formerly passed for one of the most respectable revolutionaries of Paris and whom Judge Durand had occasion to sentence to several years' imprisonment for revolutionary propaganda. Meeting at the door of one of these villas, around which a dozen or so of the little children were playing, there was a moment's hesitation, then both put out a hand at the same time.

"Tape" Yvetot, as he is called, was alongside Maurice Pujol, the Royalist who occupies the other extreme of political scale. Rabbi Levy joins his effort to that of Cardinal Amel and other Catholics, Protestants, non-believers and even Anna-

HEAVY VEHICLES DESTROY ROADS.

WEAK FOUNDATIONS COLLAPSE UNDER TRUCKS, EXPERTS SAY IN REPORT.

Destruction of streets and roads through weakness of foundations is directly chargeable to the auto truck and other heavy commercial vehicles, according to a report filed by the Board of Public Utilities with the City Council yesterday.

Just how much damage is done by these heavy vehicles it is almost impossible to determine, say Chief Railway Engineer Howell and City Engineer Hamlin, who collaborated in an investigation pursuant to instructions from the Council.

The Council received the report yesterday with the statement that, while it is approved by the Board of Public Utilities, the data is so incomplete that no definite conclusions or recommendations can be made.

The letter from the Board, signed by President Lane, says in part: "As you will see from a careful perusal of these reports, the data at hand is so limited that it is impossible to arrive at any definite conclusions, therefore we submit no recommendations. However, we will suggest that, as pointed out in the report of Mr. Howell, the destruction of the streets and roads through weakness of foundations is directly chargeable to these heavy vehicles."

As it is necessary for the city to maintain the streets and roads, it should say that this maintenance of roads with weak foundations, and used by the heavier vehicles, is directly chargeable to them. The relation between a special tax for the heavy trucks and the maintenance of the lighter roads and streets should be taken up by the street department, in order to determine its advisability.

Defective foundations often work a hardship on property owners whose streets are used by heavy trucks. It might be advisable to exclude heavy trucks from roads and streets with weak foundations until such time as they are brought up to the required standard of strength.

CASE OF EASY MONEY.

Postmaster at Storekeeper Ship's Floor by Travel Post and Gets Postage for Himself.

Another moving picture of how the parcel post occasionally multiplies the railroads is shown on the screen in a recent experience by local postoffice inspectors in Arizona.

Along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad there was a combination store-keeper and postmaster. He reached an order for four barrels of flour from a customer twenty-six miles away. Like a flash he thought of sending it by parcel post, so he filled thirty-five sacks, each weighing five pounds, and shipped them by parcel post.

The road could not carry it as freight for the reason that it was "mail." It had to go on a regular mail and passenger train, which was delayed ten minutes by unloading the flour of the resuscitated postmaster. The government lost nothing in the transaction, but the railroad did. And the postmaster, who may do the same thing.

SAYS AMERICA WILL UNDERSTAND.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. F.)

PARIS, March 19.—The newspapers today discuss in sober terms the blockade measures of which the United States has been notified by France and England, acting jointly. The Temps says it considers that the American people, who are noted for their practical good sense, will understand that the situation created by Germany with her zones, within which she sinks the merchandise of neutrals and belligerents alike, imposes upon France and England resources to counterbalance any energetic measures to meet a situation on the seas unknown to any previous modern war.

FILIBUSTERS AID VILLA ARMY.
 (BY A. F. JOURNAL CORRESPONDENT.)
BROWNVILLE (Tex.) March 19.—Reports of near-by Villa forces were received tonight in Matamoros, the Mexican town opposite here, and Gen. E. P. Nafarrete, Carranza commander, sent a trainload of troops to meet them.

Camargo, a Mexican border town seventy miles up the Rio Grande from Brownville, was reported to have been captured by Villa forces. Two hundred filibusters from Texas are said to have aided the Villa forces. Carranza and Villa forces are reported fighting near Camargo.

Raoul Madero was said to be at the head of 1600 Villa soldiers at Zacate, about eighty miles west of Matamoros.

BURNED BY EXPLOSION.
 Woman Falls to Save Home When She Throws Flaming Oil Stove from Window.
 Though Mrs. S. McLeod, No. 3142 East Third street, threw a flaming oil stove that had exploded from a window of her home early last night, she failed to save the building from the fire. She was slightly burned and the house was destroyed. Two adjoining houses were also slightly damaged by the flames. The loss was about \$2500. Mrs. McLeod was treated privately and is said to be in no danger.

ROB CAR CREW.
 Two Armed Bandits Board West Adams Line Carrier and Get All Money in Sight.
 Two bandits, each carrying a gun, boarded a West Adams-street car near the terminus of the line early this morning and robbed the crew of all the money they had including that in the changer, the car men reported to the police. No passengers were on the car. No response was made of the exact amount of money taken.

Police detectives hurried to the spot and obtained descriptions of the men. The car was in charge of Constable J. L. Clark and Motorman P. P. Walker.

STABBED, MEXICAN DIES.
 An unidentified Mexican was found at 1 o'clock this morning at San Fernando and Ann streets suffering from nineteen stab wounds in the abdomen and chest. He died on the operating table at the Receiving Hospital. His assailant is unknown.

AMERICAN SLANG FROM TRENCHES.

Proximity to Canadians is Told by the Accent.

Night Trip Along the Front Apt to Rack Nerves.

Germans Use Searchlights to Locate the Enemy.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. F.)

Frederick Palmer, who is at the front in France for the Associated Press, says in the following dispatch: **BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IN FRANCE, March 18** (via London, March 19).—Gangway! Look out for that bunch of wagons! a voice with an American accent called, and one knew he was near the part of the line held by the Canadians.

It was pitch dark and at the hour when the supplies go up to the trenches. There was not a light on any vehicle in any direction, but after stumbling along, the correspondent passed through an open door and entered the brilliantly-illuminated room, with thickly-curtained windows, of the brigade headquarters. An officer was talking over the telephone. He had just said that a man had been shot in the back by a concealed sniper in the rear of the trenches.

The commander and his officers gathered around the correspondent from the United States, whose request to go into the trenches had been soon won on his way down a dark road with a sergeant from Ottawa as his guide to the battalion headquarters.

USED TO SHELLS.
 Passing through the ruins of a village, the correspondent remarked: "Germans are not so stupid yet. They chuck a few shells into the trenches every day. The shells made us kind of nervous at first, but we are used to them now. All right."

In a peasant's cottage, battened as tight as a photographer's dark room, the correspondent found the headquarters of the battalion staff in dug-outs. The officers remarked that a shell had knocked off a piece of the roof the other day, but that the mistake did no harm except to make some dust. The colonel was going down to the trenches himself for the night and took the correspondent with him.

"Look out for the snipers," he warned the correspondent to keep behind him in the dark night. "Right along here is a favorite place for the Germans to loosen up with a machine gun. They have a clean field for fire," the colonel added when an open space was to be seen. "There is nothing to it but to lie flat and wait until they are done shooting."

RAYS OF SEARCHLIGHT.
 A German searchlight's rays swung toward the colonel and the correspondent and then rested on the clear spot. "Stand still," said the officer. "That's the way it sweeps off. Thus they are not able to see us. Occasional shots were heard behind the trenches. That's a sniper in our rear," the colonel said. "Occasionally one gets through. We don't know how. He is always in khaki. We are never behind him in the dark night. The colonel and the correspondent kept passing lone soldiers carrying food and ammunition to the trenches or returning from the trenches empty-handed. The colonel spoke to one of the boys, a greeting which one never heard from the front line. As the trenches were entered, a sudden command was given to someone shouting an electric flash to turn off, as the searchlight was coming. Several men who had been out, crawling up in Indian fashion to see if the Germans were up to anything, came hustling over the top of the trench. Some bullets swept over. The Germans had noted the movement and fired a trainload of troops to meet them.

"We got within seven feet of the bunch in that old house and heard them whispering," said one member of the patrol.

"When the strapping tall Canadians took the position over from an English regiment, they found the great low for their height and had to raise it several inches. They have shown characteristic American ingenuity in making the most of their trenchers to suit themselves and have made them wholly dry and comfortable."

HEATS SALLYBURY.
 "This beats Sallybury Plain," they kept saying, referring to their experience in drilling and waiting in England. "All we needed was a chance to begin," said the colonel. "We came from home to fight, and we are fighting. There is no more trouble about discipline. Every man is kept up and right on the job. The entire contingent of Canadians was as chipper as a winning baseball team. 'We don't care to go to the trenches anymore when we return home,' said a man from Ontario, who asked the correspondent if he knew Toronto and Buffalo. 'We get enough of German snipers,' the man added, as the flares kept rising at intervals, illuminating the 300 yards of space between the trenches. The men were worried lest we are going to spring an attack on them and we shall pretty soon, too, I hope," the soldier said. Occasionally as the correspondent walked along he could hear the shell sounds of snoring. In their shell trenches the men wrapped in blankets in frontier fashion, and despite the German flares and firing, which go on all night, were sleeping until their turn to go on watch came.

The absence of exhaustion among the men as they come out of the trenches is the cause of universal comment.

"They say we are making good, and I believe we are," the colonel declared when he had the correspondent good-night.

GIRL IS MISSING.
 Mrs. Golda Cooper of No. 712 Maple avenue reported to the police last night that her daughter, Frances Cooper, 15 years old, is missing. She said the girl left home Thursday afternoon and she knows nothing of her whereabouts.

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With church and labor both wondering that in these days John D. Rockefeller should seem a bit queer.

from the everyday grind and church attendance. Religiously, the "Worker" and "I" find in the "CON. Carpenter and Builder."

THODIST.

of REVIVAL AUDITORIUM

M. M. BELL, L.L.D., will preach week and

TER, famous Evangelist of day type, will hold the services.

C. Seelman-Schjelt, "THE MODICEA AND LOS ANGELES"

are at morning service.

GAN PRELUDES AT SERVICES.

RCHES. Sermon by Great Meeting.

RIUM. Seats Free.

ST Episcopal Church

CORNER SIXTH AND HILL

WARD LOCKE, Pastor.

by the Rev. H. W. Woodhead, Superintendent.

in the "BIBLE JUSTIFICATION,"

CHORUS TEAM OF LAYMEN.

CORNER SIXTH AND HILL

D. P. HOWE, PASTOR.

WANTED—Help, Male.

NOTE—Applicants for positions are advised to send original recommendations in answer to ads.

WANTED—CITY SALESMAN BY COIN

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WANT YOUR
change your mailing label
now! **FREE!** Send us
the address of your new home
and we'll send you a new label
for free. No charge!
SEND US YOUR NEW ADDRESS TODAY!

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED EXCEPT WHERE SHOWN OTHERWISE

MARCH 20, 1915.—[PART I.] 9

The Times

LOS ANGELES

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION: By the Federal Census (1910)—By the City Directory (1914)—516,317

AQUEDUCT WATER WHOLESOME, SANITARY, SAFE—JUDGE WORKS.

COURT DECIDES FOR THE CITY IN SWEEPING, EMPHATIC TERMS.

Attack on Great Aqueduct Utterly Overthrown and the People's Project Fully Vindicated as Long Trial Culminates

A SWEEPING DECISION that emphatically and unqualifiedly declares that the water brought to Los Angeles a palatable, wholesome and entirely sanitary water supply, Lewis R. Works last night denied the application for an injunction to restrain the city from operating the water and gave judgment to the city for costs.

In his written conclusions on the main issue Judge Works disposed of the arguments of the plaintiffs that the city must and should apply for and secure a permit from the State Board of Health by saying that the city charter confers on the city the right not only to acquire but to operate and control a water system. "To say that the city must operate such a system without a permit from the State Board of Health," he said, "is equivalent to saying that it may not acquire or operate it at all. Any law that attempts to prevent such operation and control is either unconstitutional or is contrary to the charter provisions. It is clear that it was not and is not incumbent on Los Angeles to secure a permit from the State Board of Health. The statute that appears to require such a permit is either unconstitutional or is controlled by the charter." Judge Works follows in full:

FULL TEXT OF THE COURT'S DECISION.

Litigation was instituted for the purpose of enjoining the further delivery of water supply from Owens Valley to the people of Los Angeles. It proceeds on the claim that the water is polluted and infected, is likely to continue so, and is therefore unfit for human consumption. This claim has been urged strenuously throughout the trial and the defense waged against it has been equally vigorous. On both sides have been vigilant, aggressive and untiring throughout the contest. One hundred and fifty photographs and maps have been introduced in evidence and about three hundred samples of water, taken at various points, from the Owens River to kitchen taps in Los Angeles, have been analyzed for contamination of the Court. Men and women of a high degree of learning in hydrology, bacteriology and in analytical chemistry have testified, the respective counsel have allowed the widest possible range in the introduction of the evidence and the case has been exhausted. The hearing has consumed forty actual trial days. The Owens River and its tributary creeks flow through a country given to cattle

WHAT SEVEN EXPERTS SAY.

All Declare Aqueduct Water is Good and Fit to Drink.

These seven authorities placed themselves on record in the trial of the suit attacking Owens River water just ended that the water as delivered in Los Angeles is wholesome, potable and fit for human consumption:

Dr. E. O. Jordan, professor of sanitary engineering at the University of Chicago, author of standard works on water bacteriology, and regarded as one of the foremost authorities in America.

Dr. Walter V. Brem, four years in charge of sanitary work on the Isthmus of Panama Canal for the United States government and a specialist in water bacteriology, and sanitation.

Dr. Stanley P. Black, bacteriologist and physician of local prominence, who has made extensive study of water supplies.

Prof. Charles Gilman Hyde, engineer for the State Board of Health and professor of sanitary engineering at the University of California. His conclusion was based on extensive knowledge of water bacteriology, sanitary engineering and careful and thorough surveys of the aqueduct and the sources of water supply in Owens River Valley.

Carl Wilson, specialist in bacteriology for Smith, Emery & Co., who made several hundred bacteriological tests of aqueduct water.

E. O. Slater, chemist and Los Angeles manager for Smith, Emery & Co.

William Mulholland, pre-eminent hydraulic engineer, who has built more water works than any other living man and who has made an exhaustive and intelligent study of every condition pertaining to the Owens River supply and its transmission to this city.



An aqueduct torrent of pure, sparkling water. The picture shows the water as it pours from the outlet of Elizabeth tunnel, one of the notable achievements of the conduit's construction. The tunnel is about nine miles long and was driven through the hard rock formation of the mountains. All American records for hard-rock driving were broken in the boring of this tunnel by men who worked under the stimulus of encouragement given by Chief Engineer Mulholland and liberal bonuses for extra speed. At this point the water leaps, clear as crystal, from its confinement and drops far down into a concrete-lined conduit below. The drop will be used to develop electric energy and in itself constitutes a valuable asset on that account in addition to its value as water. Mr. Mulholland (inset) is the man who designed and constructed the aqueduct. A civil and hydraulic engineer of pre-eminent ability he also has a wide knowledge of geology. Before starting upon the project he inspected Owens Valley carefully. When the aqueduct was designed he knew just what he was doing and why he did it. He definitely promised to build the system for a certain figure and he has done it. As Superintendent of Waterworks of Los Angeles and chief engineer of construction he has made a record as a builder of waterworks unparalleled in America.

B. Blackstone Co.

A Group of Late Neckwear Novelties 65c

is the present day note in fashionable neckwear. Oriental lace, high stock effect, finished with crocheted lace. Another one of plain net trimmed with Oriental lace; another one of fine, sheer organdie, venise lace edge, plaited back. All of the above lines is shown in several very attractive colors, many of which is positively new. 65c each. B. Blackstone in all colors, 65c.

Last Day of Modart Corset Demonstration

at the most department today and have a chat with Miss Modart, the expert corsetiere. Let her point out to you the advantages of the Modart front-laced; it will be a revelation to you. This is her last day in Los Angeles.

Boot Silk Hose 50c

is a better silk hose made, to sell at this price. It's the reason. A good weight with wide little toe patch for comfort, double sole, heel and toe, black or white. A stocking we can recommend. 50c.

Fancy Socks for Little Tots

is the time to be putting the little folks in these pretty, colorful half-hose. They will top in stripes and plaids, light or dark colors, up to 8 1/2. 25c; and 3 pairs for \$1.00.

White Lawn Dresses For Little Girls

are now in style and trimming, broad enough in variety to suit any youngster's fastidiousness. These are French dresses with tucked belt and yoke, deep neck finished with embroidery band. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

There are three styles: tucked, round or square necks, and embroidery trimmed, ribbon run, beading at waist. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

Four styles: Embroidery flounce skirt; lace trim the manilla-like charm of the dress. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

Four styles of voile or lawn, French or Empire style, fully trimmed with lace edge and insertion, embroidered flounce; wide finished with wide ribbon run beading. Sizes 2 to 6 years.

Newest Hats for Children

are a most bewildering array of summer hats for little girls, all the late novelties in shape, color and trimming—large brims and pique—\$1.00 to \$8.50.

215-225 South Broadway

raising and other rural pursuits, and it is not denied by the defendants that these streams are contaminated to the extent that is necessarily characteristic of all waters flowing through such a country, and having a similar population. In this connection it is to be noted, however, that the watershed of the Owens River is peopled by an average of but about one and one-half persons to the square mile, while many of the cities of the world take their water supply from surface streams the drainage area of which is populated to the extent of several hundred persons to the same area.

The scientific principles governing the selection and operation of a water system intended to furnish a domestic supply from surface streams require a treatment of the water in order to rid it of the contamination which is inevitably incident to such a source of supply. This treatment consists in either the use of chemicals, the installation of infiltration plants, or in the storage of the water in reservoirs for a period of time requisite to its purification.

If it be granted that the waters of Owens Valley are contaminated like all other surface waters, the density of population of its drainage area being the true index of contamination, and if it be granted that, for that reason, those waters would not be proper for domestic use at the intake of the Los Angeles Aqueduct, in the valley, does it follow that the water has not been purified when it reaches the point of delivery in Los Angeles, two hundred eighty-six miles from the intake? In other words, is the water, during its transmission from the intake to the city, subjected to either of the methods of treatment above mentioned as requisite to the purification of a surface water supply?

Ninety miles from the aqueduct intake is located Haiwee Reservoir. From the outlet of that reservoir to Los Angeles is one hundred ninety miles. During its progress over that distance, the water supply is halted, even if briefly, in Fairmont, Dry Canyon and Franklin Reservoirs, three other basins having some value for storage purposes.

A large portion of the testimony during the trial has been directed to the question of the efficacy of the entire system mentioned, and especially of Haiwee Reservoir, as a purifying agency, and many experiments have been conducted in the waters of the reservoir in order to determine the problem. It is not necessary now to state the nature of these experiments, nor to analyze the theories and arguments advanced by the various expert witnesses who have testified concerning them. It is sufficient to say that the great weight of the evidence demonstrates that Haiwee Reservoir is remarkably efficient as a great purifying unit in the aqueduct system. This immense basin is over seven miles in length, with that distance between its inlet and outlet, and impounds, for a long period of time, certainly not less than thirty days, all waters which enter it. The reservoir is peculiarly adapted to the use for which it was principally designed. One of the leading expert witnesses in the case characterizes it as unique among the storage reservoirs of the world. Being in a region in which there is a rainfall of not to exceed five inches per annum, a region of porous, sandy soil, and entirely uninhabited, it is the recipient of no run-off from its own watershed and it is therefore free from the contamination of such a run-off. The only influent of the reservoir is the Los Angeles Aqueduct, containing waters brought from the Owens River. The intake gates on the river may be closed at will and there are frequent waste gates along the course of the aqueduct, from the river to the reservoir, through which the waters of the great ditch may be entirely cast away. These instrumentalities conduce to a perfect control of the Haiwee influent and the waters may be diverted and wasted in periods of flood or at any other time of possible undue contamination from whatever cause.

This peculiarly advantageous location of Haiwee is mentioned in passing, only, as the period of storage which is allowed by its size and shape is alone sufficient to

(Continued on Second Page.)

Chickering



The Aristocrat

In Pianodom there is aristocracy, of course, and in the ranks of the piano elect the Chickering Piano is conceded to be the aristocrat of aristocrats. It dates its lineage back to 1823, and since that time its musical charm has contributed to the home pleasures of many thousands of Americans of culture and fine discrimination.

Beautiful New Styles in Upright, Grand and Player Models Just Received from the Factory

You are cordially invited to call and inspect them. Our convenient, liberal payment plan will make it easy for you to own one of these magnificent instruments. Come in and spend a pleasant half hour of music with us.

Your Used Piano Accepted in Part Payment. Catalog on Request.

NEW SONG
Orange Day in California
The one big song hit of the State. Every friend back East should have a copy mailed to them. Sent post-paid 15c per copy.

Frank J. Hart, President
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MUSIC CO.
333-34 S. BROADWAY
SAN DIEGO—RIVERSIDE—PASADENA—LOS ANGELES

of Los Angeles a positive indication in the waters before the city, and that such dangers are to be avoided to the use of the waste gas, but an added factor of safety is provided.

product is so planned as to secure a palatable, wholesome supply and Haiwee Reservoir safety.

in this opinion do not concern the evidence, but from a proof which leaves possible litigation. On the whole, the splendid indication of the city in acquiring and developing Owens River region.

the plaintiffs for an injunction will have judgment for the

it argued eloquently and for more than two hours analysis of the evidence, and the court in this case. "To condemn this city and this great water supply to the hands of a few individuals, and to allow the city to be placed in the hands of a few individuals, is a most serious matter."

U. L. Robinson Co.

le of Misses' Dresses

volle, linen and been used to fashionable wash frocks. For every type of frock, from rather boyish frocks to those of Varden models.

.....\$6

resses of excellent, modish

6 to 14 year sizes—

.....\$1.25 and \$1.50

its with navy skirt and skirt on mid- s, in 6 to 12 offer exceptions at

.....\$2.50

nnants at Half Price

ogue for late and Summer dresses of London and silk faille, fancy Taffeta and wool Brocade, Whipcord, de Cheval, de Chine, plain, including black—

... 1/2 Price

nnants at Half Price

rt and suit 1/2 to 5-year dresses, Eglonetta Cloth, Alstral, Pancy weaves, and Engage, in black, nearly every

... 1/2 Price

pay and third

Scheme of Control Fails.

Highways will be "Big Pie."

Great Victory is Received.

of the Johnson-Finn plan to control of Los Angeles, \$1,000,000 good money into the hands of the city, Johnson has failed.

the great victory was yesterday by Superintendent Hamilton and Wood.

Time Limit.

WHAT SPECIAL OFFER IS TO CLOSE TONIGHT.

Working Hours of Highest Importance to Those Striving for Gold Prices and Extra Values in "Times Automobile Circulation Campaign" O'clock this Evening the Dead Line.

sum in remittances on the new

subscriptions she has secured. The

remainder of the prizes will be distributed according to the standing of the candidates.

While candidates are making speed

during the last few hours of this special offer, they should observe carefully each stub they fill out, and see that the correct name has been filled in, together with the street and number, as well as the town or city in which the subscriber lives.

And, switching subscriptions will not secure for any extra votes.

That is to say, changing the name of the subscriber from one member of the family to another, at the same address, does not constitute a new subscription. Before a stub is marked "new," be certain that it is actually such, else the votes applying thereon will be forfeited.

HELPFUL ARRANGEMENT.

In many cases candidates will find prospective subscribers who have paid in advance for another daily paper, and do not wish two papers coming to their home at the same time, although they desire to assist the contest of their acquaintance in every possible way. In order that such subscribers may secure the advantage of such subscriptions, the Campaign Manager has arranged to accept all such subscriptions and issue votes on them if they are accompanied by the necessary money to cover them, but these subscriptions will be held for delivery at any future time designated by subscribers.

Every indication points to a busy day today for many of the candidates who have appeared to be out of the race have come from behind with a rush, and are rapidly climbing near the top all within the course of the last few days. This proves conclusively that those who took advantage of this offer placed themselves in a commanding position for the splendid prizes that will be awarded after April 10.

The Times Campaign is rapidly approaching the end, but a little more than three weeks remains before many hearts will be gladdened by the luxurious presents they will receive. Energy and spirit displayed now will resolve themselves into joy and pleasure at the end.

Tomorrow, when the vote standings will again be published, a number of surprises will be disclosed, for the ballot box has been rather heavily tampered with. It will include all votes cast up to 6 o'clock yesterday.

is the Time to Enter.

DATE.....1915.

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THE LOS ANGELES TIMES.

County.....

Dist. No.

Address.....

Only one nomination blank can be credited to a subscriber. The name will not be divulged if so requested.

VOTING COUPON

Good for Ten Votes

Valid from March 10, 1915, to or before March 15, 1915.

The Los Angeles Times

DISTRICT NO.

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BOARD ASKS THE CITY ENGINEER TO RESIGN.

"Most Exclusive Public Official of California," After Nine Years in One Office, Requested to Quit April First Because of Many Complaints—Will Give Public Works Body an Answer Soon.

CITY ENGINEER HAMLIN, said to be the most exclusive public official in California, has been asked to resign by the Board of Public Works, the resignation to take effect April 1.

This statement, made upon the highest authority, came like a thunderbolt at the City Hall yesterday, where for nine years Mr. Hamlin has been City Engineer, always at the pleasure of the board.

It was learned last night that a verbal request for his resignation had been made upon Mr. Hamlin, and that he had agreed to give up the position within a few days. Engineer Hamlin discussed the affair with a number of his intimates, but would make no statement for publication.

No formal action will be taken by the Board of Public Works until a reply to the verbal request is received. It is understood that the resignation is a unit on the matter of the tunnel, and that when Commissioner O'Brien returns from San Francisco, formal notice may be taken at a regular meeting of the board.

President Handley admitted yesterday that such a resignation had been made upon the City Engineer, but he declined to discuss it.

REASONS NOT REVEALED.

In the absence of formal action upon the board's part, there is little that can be gleaned from its members as to the reason for the request for the resignation. Not only are they reluctant to discuss in detail the series of events which led up to the request, but it was impossible to get an expression of any kind from Mr. Hamlin.

It is understood, however, that the board is prepared to take advantage of its power to terminate the appointment of the City Engineer, April 1, and name in his place as soon thereafter as possible an engineer who will institute an entirely new policy in the office.

An accumulation of complaints

History of Aqueduct.

(Continued from Second Page.)

indeed, was freely conceded to be peculiarly astute; nevertheless, when it came to proving her charges, she descended the toboggan slide with facility and dispatch. She was paid \$50 a day in the field and in court, and \$250 for her "pollution" report. She never saw the plaintiff Hart until after she had made a second trip in October. The mysterious Mr. Hildebrand of Philadelphia was with the party on the route.

Dr. Leonard naively testified that she was looking for pollution—it was worth a day in court to hear and see her say "pollution"—and that she discarded all analyses that failed to show pollution, keeping record only of tests that did show it. She made tests of aqueduct water from mains in the city in October and November, and found no bacillus coli. She discarded those analyses because Carpenter told her to do so.

Dr. Leonard was sure that bacteria getting into the water at Bishop arrive alive and frisky at San Fernando, and that one factor of contamination on the headwaters of Owens River condemned the whole supply. Pollution from Bishop would perjure Los Angeles because animals might fall into the aqueduct and supply path for the bacteria on route.

It was alleged in the Hart complaint that "hundreds of animals fall into the aqueduct," and it appeared to be Mr. Carpenter's theory that all the fauna of the desert is possessed of suicidal mania or a malicious purpose to befall with carcasses the water supply of Los Angeles.

Dr. Leonard found in October the remains of one mouse and one rabbit on the shore of Haiwee reservoir, and Dr. Victor dug up the corpse of a drowned coyote that the watchman had buried fifty yards from the shore. Dr. Leonard tested a sample of water taken from the vicinity of the drowned mouse and found it good and free from bacillus coli. She did not tell that in direct testimony, nor did Mr. Carpenter bring out the fact. It was elicited by the court.

Under pressure of close cross-examination, Dr. Leonard admitted that her bacteriological investigation of the aqueduct was of no value whatever. It was not necessary to elicit any admission that her "survey" of the Owens River catchment area was worthless, as that was self-evident.

JOY.

MANY LADIES TO SEE EXPOSITION.

ARE IN MAJORITY IN "TIMES" EXCURSION PARTY.

Hundred Jolly Travelers will Leave for Southern City this Morning and Spend Two Enjoyable Days in Sight-seeing—Perfect Arrangements Please Fair Sex.

"Ladies only" was not included in an announcement of The Times excursion to the beautiful Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, but this might well have been the case, according to the list of reservations for those making up the party, which will leave the Santa Fe station at 8 o'clock this morning.

Previous excursions of The Times have demonstrated beyond a doubt that women in groups or alone will be perfectly cared for and escape the dangers of traveling without chaperone and assistance. Words of praise for the management and conduct of the trips were lavished by individual ladies and they have recommended them to their friends with the result that of the exclusive 100 travelers who will journey southward this morning, the majority are women.

Every comfort has been arranged for them. There is no crowding, no trouble about tickets, hotel accommodations or other details to be feared. On arrival of the special train at San Diego, the travelers will be taken immediately to the fair grounds, while their luggage is sent to the Hotel Sanford. After luncheon at Levy's Cristobal cafe, the visitors will be entertained at the Panama Canal exhibit, and with a general view of the buildings, organ recital and other features. Following breakfast tomorrow morning at the Sanford, the visitors will be given an opportunity to ride about the bay and visit the fortifications and naval station at Point Loma. The Painted Desert, Hawaiian village and other attractions will be open to the excursionists and after the day in the exposition grounds, the travelers will board the train for Los Angeles at 8 o'clock.

Among others who will make up the party are the following named: M. J. Kerwin, H. M. Hubbs, E. Lusher, Charles L. Higgins and wife, Mrs. Steinmetz, Mrs. Goldwater, Mrs. Meyer Siegel, Miss Florio Siegel, Miss Hermine Baer, Miss June Goldwater, M. E. Denervand, F. P. Rempel, Miss

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Suit Scored by Attorneys

(Continued from Second Page.)

hold up their heads and assure their honor who they are. The injunction, evidently, is not sought in good faith. Mr. Carpenter argued that the city is amenable to the State Board of Health and should have applied for a permit from that body. He declared that Owens river is polluted, that polluted water reaches Los Angeles and did not hesitate to use the words "liquid manure" already made notorious by the report of Dr. Elmer Leonard. The zealous witness against the city was in the courtroom when the decision was announced and left immediately afterward.

The city's attorneys and Chief Engineer Mulholland had at once made the recipients of hearty congratulations by leading business men who have been indignant and incensed because of the outrageous attack on the city's water supply.

That it was his thought of the "liquid manure" opinion, Mr. Mulholland replied. "Fine, I knew it ten years ago or the aqueduct would never have been built."

COUPLE ROBBED.

Burly Negro with Gun Stops Woman and Escort, Takes Their Money and Flees.

While George Montgomery of No. 239 West Sixty-third street and Miss Lauretta Deering, No. 356 South Figueroa street, were walking along Lake Shore avenue early last night they were held up by a burly negro who robbed them of \$3.75 and fled. He pointed a gun in the face of Mr. Montgomery and warned Miss Deering that he would shoot her and her escort if either made an outcry.

After the couple had been held for some time until he got out of sight, and they did so. The negro then walked a short distance north of Temple street. Police Detectives Browning and Howe have an excellent description of the bandit.

THAT TUNNEL, ALSO.

The scandal of the pavement in the Third-street tunnel is another of the Board of Public Works as a criticism of the system of the office, rather than as the fault of any individual, and the members of the board feel that it is not their place to discuss it.

Members of the board yesterday pointed to tales of complaints against work in the engineering department. One of the members said it is impossible to get an explanation from City Engineer Hamlin, whose reputation is proverbial for his reluctance to discuss in detail the series of events which led up to the request, but it was impossible to get an expression of any kind from Mr. Hamlin.

It is understood, however, that the board is prepared to take advantage of its power to terminate the appointment of the City Engineer, April 1, and name in his place as soon thereafter as possible an engineer who will institute an entirely new policy in the office.

An accumulation of complaints

History of Aqueduct.

(Continued from Second Page.)

indeed, was freely conceded to be peculiarly astute; nevertheless, when it came to proving her charges, she descended the toboggan slide with facility and dispatch. She was paid \$50 a day in the field and in court, and \$250 for her "pollution" report. She never saw the plaintiff Hart until after she had made a second trip in October. The mysterious Mr. Hildebrand of Philadelphia was with the party on the route.

Dr. Leonard naively testified that she was looking for pollution—it was worth a day in court to hear and see her say "pollution"—and that she discarded all analyses that failed to show pollution, keeping record only of tests that did show it. She made tests of aqueduct water from mains in the city in October and November, and found no bacillus coli. She discarded those analyses because Carpenter told her to do so.

Dr. Leonard was sure that bacteria getting into the water at Bishop arrive alive and frisky at San Fernando, and that one factor of contamination on the headwaters of Owens River condemned the whole supply. Pollution from Bishop would perjure Los Angeles because animals might fall into the aqueduct and supply path for the bacteria on route.

It was alleged in the Hart complaint that "hundreds of animals fall into the aqueduct," and it appeared to be Mr. Carpenter's theory that all the fauna of the desert is possessed of suicidal mania or a malicious purpose to befall with carcasses the water supply of Los Angeles.

Dr. Leonard found in October the remains of one mouse and one rabbit on the shore of Haiwee reservoir, and Dr. Victor dug up the corpse of a drowned coyote that the watchman had buried fifty yards from the shore. Dr. Leonard tested a sample of water taken from the vicinity of the drowned mouse and found it good and free from bacillus coli. She did not tell that in direct testimony, nor did Mr. Carpenter bring out the fact. It was elicited by the court.

Under pressure of close cross-examination, Dr. Leonard admitted that her bacteriological investigation of the aqueduct was of no value whatever. It was not necessary to elicit any admission that her "survey" of the Owens River catchment area was worthless, as that was self-evident.

JOY.

MANY LADIES TO SEE EXPOSITION.

ARE IN MAJORITY IN "TIMES" EXCURSION PARTY.

Hundred Jolly Travelers will Leave for Southern City this Morning and Spend Two Enjoyable Days in Sight-seeing—Perfect Arrangements Please Fair Sex.

"Ladies only" was not included in an announcement of The Times excursion to the beautiful Panama-California Exposition at San Diego, but this might well have been the case, according to the list of reservations for those making up the party, which will leave the Santa Fe station at 8 o'clock this morning.

Previous excursions of The Times have demonstrated beyond a doubt that women in groups or alone will be perfectly cared for and escape the dangers of traveling without chaperone and assistance. Words of praise for the management and conduct of the trips were lavished by individual ladies and they have recommended them to their friends with the result that of the exclusive 100 travelers who will journey southward this morning, the majority are women.

Every comfort has been arranged for them. There is no crowding, no trouble about tickets, hotel accommodations or other details to be feared. On arrival of the special train at San Diego, the travelers will be taken immediately to the fair grounds, while their luggage is sent to the Hotel Sanford. After luncheon at Levy's Cristobal cafe, the visitors will be entertained at the Panama Canal exhibit, and with a general view of the buildings, organ recital and other features. Following breakfast tomorrow morning at the Sanford, the visitors will be given an opportunity to ride about the bay and visit the fortifications and naval station at Point Loma. The Painted Desert, Hawaiian village and other attractions will be open to the excursionists and after the day in the exposition grounds, the travelers will board the train for Los Angeles at 8 o'clock.

Among others who will make up the party are the following named: M. J. Kerwin, H. M. Hubbs, E. Lusher, Charles L. Higgins and wife, Mrs. Steinmetz, Mrs. Goldwater, Mrs. Meyer Siegel, Miss Florio Siegel, Miss Hermine Baer, Miss June Goldwater, M. E. Denervand, F. P. Rempel, Miss

THAT TUNNEL, ALSO.

The scandal of the pavement in the Third-street tunnel is another of the Board of Public Works as a criticism of the system of the office, rather than as the fault of any individual, and the members of the board feel that it is not their place to discuss it.

Members of the board yesterday pointed to tales of complaints against work in the engineering department. One of the members said it is impossible to get an explanation from City Engineer Hamlin, whose reputation is proverbial for his reluctance to discuss in detail the series of events which led up to the request, but it was impossible to get an expression of any kind from Mr. Hamlin.

HEAP INSULTS ON GOOD EGGS.

AT LEAST, SO DEALERS LOOK ON PROPOSED LAWS.

BILL Introduced Making it Obligatory to Mark Henfruit "Imported" if It Comes from Any Eastern Point, Thus Claiming it with Chinese Product—Other Grievances.

Legislation aimed at the produce and commission merchants and the storage and creamery interests would fill several books. The latest to be attacked are all butter and eggs shipped into California from outside territory, whether States of this country or from foreign countries. Members of the Produce Exchange of Los Angeles who are mostly concerned are preparing to fight.

Among recent bills introduced is one which will make it unlawful to sell a single egg that has come from eastern points unless it is stamped with black letters not less than one-eighth of an inch tall. The word to be delicately imposed on the end of the egg (no particular end designated) shall be "imported." Wherever eggs of this character are sold, a sign with letters one foot tall must bear the inscription "Imported eggs sold here." The sign shall be six feet long.

Whereas eggs contain less eastern eggs, whether they be absolutely fresh or storage, a similar sign must be hung. In order to prevent bakers from being overlooked, those who pack cakes, crackers and all other food

Pen Points: By the Staff
What's that, Kitchener? Speaking of the failed olive, etc.
Was it in 1813 or 1814 that the American flag was last raised on English soil?
Lassen Peak has given up the job of being the war news of the front page.
Why use the twilight sleep? More expectant mother try a game of bridge.
The government's suit against the shoe trust has been dismissed. It has no foot to stand on.
The subscriptions to the new German amount to 182,000,000 marks. Money which way the war blows.
The old tulle bow at the back of the dress is again brought to the front by the fashion. Some job, that.
Liberal excursion rates ought to be made for the Mexican military on their trips to the City of Mexico.
Why not mobilize the army of the City Council? Have they all been to the solicitations of friends?
"Should Women Propose?" is the current newspaper article. We take all the chances, or nearly so.
The German government supplies soldiers with beer. Wonder what J. Edgar takes—oh, he takes the beer.
A law has been made by the House prohibiting carrying drums in church. For the choir or the protection?
Safety first is the slogan of the Mayoralty candidates. The backing such candidates will of course safety pins.
The Plate Indians are still on the path in Utah. They have been reading the editorials about our need for war.
Uncle Sam has asked Japan to respect the integrity of China. The emperor William McKinley is remembered by roy Wilson.
Quite a number of the September Republican Presidential nominees of the year are having their bones in the crucible newspapers.
The proposed non-partisan bill is a sort of demerol pill. It is to be buried under an avalanche of in the Legislature.
Venice is in a position to date with herself if she broke even in the races, as claimed. It is quite a moment these parous days.
A lot of us have not yet seen a Federal reserve bank \$5 note. It has been counterfeited already. It is up to date at every turn.
The State of Washington is to return to the executive of the life scarcely fits the crime.
Is this the day that President Wilson sends a note to the English people to the blockade question or the really makes no difference.
President Wilson says he has no need in the American people. He really needs in 1916 in order to the people to have confidence in him.
All hail today to the golden rule of the great products of Southern California. The groves at this season of look like the Field of the Cloth of Gold.
Some of the guesses in England on war will end in July. It would be to celebrate the event on the German front keep your coin in your jeans pocket on it.
John Hays Hammond says that he will prevent an incident in South America. He is not a fortune teller. He is a fortune teller.
As we understand the situation, it is not a matter of life or death. It is a matter of life or death.
Of course the esteemed Democrats are more efficient than the Republicans. They are more efficient than the Republicans. They are more efficient than the Republicans.
A clever man has invented a contrivance that is expected to be the Zeppelins bald-headed when they are in trouble. Why not try the old remedy of putting salt on their heads?
The Los Angeles baseball manager is just such a pitcher from Chicago. He is just such a pitcher from Chicago. He is just such a pitcher from Chicago.
KISS ME GOOD NIGHT.
The day is done and darkness is here. I would not have dreamed of this. I would not have dreamed of this.
And of the kiss that you give me. And of the kiss that you give me.

SURPRISES APPLICANTS.
Judge Makes Those Who Would be Citizens Run Gamut of Additional Questions.
The polygot of nations that applied to the Federal melting pot yesterday for citizenship through the naturalization laws, were treated to a surprise. They were not passed and allowed to take the oath of fealty to the government, until they had run the gamut of questions propounded by Judge Trippet, who wanted to know whether the knowledge of the applicants was limited to what they had learned by rote in the Los Angeles High School, where naturalization classes are conducted, or whether they really had some notion of our form of government.
His questions were out of the ordinary—why the applicant had come to the country, what business he was engaged in, how long he had been in the United States, why did he prefer American citizenship over fealty to some foreign potentate or power, etc.
One of the applicants was Hyman Steinberg, a Rumanian, who had served as a member of Troop D, in the Seventh Cavalry, and was honorably discharged from the service. The fact of his enlistment made it unnecessary that he take out his first papers. Judge Trippet complimented him on being patriotic enough to serve the country of his adoption before he had become a citizen.
The following applicants were admitted to citizenship: William Mangold, John Wendling, Hyman Steinberg, Sam Spevack, Alexander F. Elliott, John Vaseo, Patricia Padooca, Francis Ash, Edward Miller, Charles Okumetun, Charles T. Vandendalen, Charles H. Way, Richard Schank, Robert W. Fletcher, Alfred Meek and Michael McHale.
Wallingford.
SO VERY CLEVER HE IS JAILED.
HE GETS THE MONEY UNTIL HE COMES TO GRIEF.
Friede of Sonoratown Discovers a Trick in Jail. Heeds the Tilt of the Unfortunate on Pretext of Helping Him and has Great but Brief Reputation.
For two weeks many of John Yorba's friends have been pointing him out and saying: "He smart fellow; get the money; smart fellow." John is going to spend several weeks in jail as punishment for his cleverness.
His latest scheme was his smartest, and almost as costly. He was in jail, facing the complaints of several persons, on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Also in jail was Angel Lampasas, a Greek, who operates a popcorn stand at No. 204 South San Pedro street. Battery was the cause of the Lampasas' woes.
After he had recovered from the excitement of the fight he recalled that his popcorn machine was still grinning at the kernels, and that the fluffy output must be getting dark and spoiled. So he begged that his friend Guzo be notified to stop the machine, so Lampasas' had always been an automatic engineer of the popcorn machine, brooking no assistance or interference.
The police permitted him to send a note. John Yorba saw the message written. He took note of the address, and when he went into court that morning, and answered to the charge of disorderly conduct, he put up a plaintive and wheedling plea that won him a suspended sentence.
With hot heels he raced straight to No. 204 South San Pedro street and asked Guzo for \$2, saying that Lampasas wanted it most urgently at once. Guzo, greatly excited at having an employer in the jail, was spurred to liberality, and advanced the \$2, taking them from Lampasas' cash drawer.
Elated over the acquisition of the \$2, Yorba went among his friends, displayed his presence as proof that he was clever in getting out of jail, and then drew the \$2 from his pocket. His friends were so amazed at his ability to do things that they wished to treat. Yorba accepted the admiration and attention, bought in return, and whisked away his \$2.
Its departure resulted in a moment of dolor and then Yorba said: "Pooh, that is nothing—\$2. I get more. I walk down the street and get lots more money. You wait and I get it."
He departed. From a pocket where a hopeful attorney had thrust it, he withdrew a card bearing the attorney's name. He rushed to Guzo again, gave a terrible alarm, indicated that unless Lampasas had the services of an attorney, many years, possibly life, in the penitentiary was ahead, and \$10 must be provided. Guzo despoiled the cash balance and gave Yorba all.
Yorba returned and his reputation expanded anew. He was the talk of Sonoratown until Lampasas returned and then he learned the duplicity of Yorba. So Yorba was arrested and yesterday he was tried and was convicted, and will serve thirty days in the City Jail.
He doesn't want anything said about it, though, for he thinks it will hurt his reputation for cleverness in Sonoratown, and that is an asset, according to him, greatly to be desired.

EIGHT YEARS FOR HARLOW HOLD-UP.
PARTNER OF SELLS AND SLIGH WEERS WHEN SENTENCE IS PRONOUNCED.
Frank Morrow, a waiter, pal of Alfred Sells and C. E. Sligh in the hold-up and robbery of C. Fred Harlow and two detectives in the Harlow home November 4, last, was sentenced to Folsom for eight years by Judge Craig yesterday. Morrow cried like a baby when sentence was pronounced. He mumbled, "Thank you," as he received his sentence.
Sells was recently sentenced to life by Judge Craig for his part in the same robbery. Sligh pleaded not guilty and will be tried on the same charge May 1. Morrow's share of the spoils of the Harlow robbery was about \$12.
Morrow made a tearful plea for leniency. He said he had worked hard and honestly until he met Sells. He declared he had been out of work for a long time and his wife was sick and without food.
"I met Sells and Sligh and they asked me to pull off a job with them," he said. "I refused at first, because they wouldn't tell me what it was. The next day I met them and we had a few drinks. I told them I was game."
Morrow testified that her husband "is a good man and he is all I have in the world." Her eyes were filled with tears while she was on the stand. In passing sentence, Judge Craig said he would take into consideration that it was Morrow's first offense.
BATTLE, CAPTURE CHICKEN THIEVES.
TWO MORE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN IN GUN FIGHT ARE SOUGHT.
John Hernandez and Refugio Pesos, alleged chicken thieves, were arrested yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Modis and Anderson after the neighborhood of El Monte had been terrorized, and A. Stinson had had a gun fight with the accused.
They are held in the County Jail. It is believed the men were accompanied by two others, one of whom is believed to have been wounded by Mr. Stinson.
Early yesterday morning fowls were stolen from the chicken coop of Mrs. F. J. Arterburn, in East San Gabriel. Several men, believed to be the same ones, set off a burglar alarm when they entered the hen coop of Mr. Stinson and he opened fire upon them with a shotgun. The thieves returned the fire, and fully a dozen shots were discharged.
Hernandez and Pesos, when cornered by a posse, refused to hold up their hands, and were only subdued after a struggle. Deputy sheriffs and citizens of El Monte are looking for the other men.
INQUEST WAIVED.
Relatives Satisfied Woman Came to Death Beach Struck by Bicycle Ridden by Unknown.
No inquest will be held in investigation of the death of Miss Martha Whorley, 55 years old, who was killed Thursday night when struck by a bicycle ridden by an unknown man. Relatives indicated that they are satisfied the cause of death has been cleared up, and the coroner waived an inquest.
The accident happened in front of No. 2044 Leeward avenue. Miss Whorley was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital, where she died without regaining consciousness. The rider of the bicycle failed to make any report to the police.

MISSIONARIES TO THIS CITY.
Japan Sending Four to Help in Christianization.
Experienced Young Women to Arrive Here Today.
Must Exchange Native Garb for Special One.
Bringing native Japanese nuns from the Land of the Cherry Blossom across the sea to help Christianize people in Los Angeles—that is the unique situation which has its fulfillment today.
When the steamer Shinyo Maru docks at San Francisco this morning, after a voyage of twenty days from Nagasaki, it will land four Japanese nuns, known as Visitation Sisters, who are to come to Los Angeles to engage in active missionary work here.
Rev. A. Breton, F.F.M., who is in charge of the Japanese Catholic Mission in Los Angeles, is responsible for bringing about the incoming of the Japanese nuns. For five years he was a missionary in Japan, and there became acquainted with the practical work done by the Visitation Sisters. Two years ago he came to Los Angeles, at the invitation of Bishop Connelley, and began an investigation of the possibilities of Catholic mission work among the Japanese here. At that time he found only a small handful of professed Japanese Catholics.
A canvas of the field was made, however, and one by one the adherents to mother church were reached. A Japanese club was opened by Father Breton at No. 707 West Second street and this was the nucleus around which was built the new Catholic mission work among the Japanese. It was not deemed advisable at that time to establish a separate chapel, and the Japanese Catholics were sent to the various parish churches to attend regular services. Their religious instructions, as well as opportunities for social life under desirable environments, were provided for at the clubhouse.
VISITATION SISTERS.
There are now more than sixty practical Japanese Catholics affiliated with this mission. The field has been opened so strongly for more extensive work that, with the approval of the bishop, arrangements were made to send for the Visitation Sisters.
Father Breton left Los Angeles last evening for San Francisco to meet the nuns when they arrive today. Before coming to this city they will go to Sacramento to confer with the Franciscan Sisters of that city, who desire their services in establishing a Japanese Mission in the State capital.
Immediately after the arrival of these four nuns, Sisters Maria Matsumoto, Angela Yamano Tani, Mariya Yajima Yeki and Julienne Oyo Tsi, steps will be taken to establish a Catholic Japanese day nursery in the very heart of the Japanese settlement, between Main street and the Los Angeles River. A location is under consideration on Hewitt street and it is for the Catholic faith. Three hundred years ago the Catholic faith was established there. Then came the closing of the nation to outsiders and the driving out of the Christians. The result was that foreign Catholic priests were banished and many of the native Christians fled to the smaller islands, where they hid themselves away. For almost 150 years Japan was without the ministrations of the ecclesiastical but the faith was maintained in these hidden nooks, and eventually was strengthened by the re-entrance of the priests and missionaries.
The work in Los Angeles has no organized parish to sustain it, so Father Breton has to depend upon contributions for the maintenance of the Japanese mission work. To help defray the expense of bringing the Japanese nuns to this city from Japan a bazaar is to be held in the Young Men's Institute Hall on Spring street on the nights of April 13, 14 and 15. It is expected that various Catholic societies of the city will co-operate in making this bazaar a great success.
EXPERIENCED WORKERS.
The four nuns who are coming to Los Angeles have had wide experience in the mission fields of Nagasaki, Japan. A location is under consideration on Hewitt street and it is for the Catholic faith. Three hundred years ago the Catholic faith was established there. Then came the closing of the nation to outsiders and the driving out of the Christians. The result was that foreign Catholic priests were banished and many of the native Christians fled to the smaller islands, where they hid themselves away. For almost 150 years Japan was without the ministrations of the ecclesiastical but the faith was maintained in these hidden nooks, and eventually was strengthened by the re-entrance of the priests and missionaries.



Four Japanese visitation sisters, Maria Matsumoto, Angela Yamano Tani, Mariya Yajima Yeki and Julienne Oyo Tsi.

CREDITORS' PETITION.
Rubber Company is Alleged to Have Committed Act of Bankruptcy. Receiver Questioned Today.
A petition of creditors of W. D. Newert, operating as the W. D. Newert Rubber Company, doing business at Pico and Hope streets, was filed in the Federal Court yesterday. The petitioners were Chandler & Lyon, who claim \$482.44; Ducommun Hardware Company, \$62.92; and Arthur D. Wilson, \$6.11. It is also alleged that on the 17th inst. W. D. Newert committed an act of bankruptcy of his business to F. A. Chase, of this city.
Judge Trippet will take up the appointment of a receiver this morning. The debts of the company are alleged to be about \$50,000, and the assets about the same. W. H. Moore, Jr., has been suggested as receiver by the Board of Trade, but there is considerable opposition, representing a majority of the creditors opposed to his selection.

Boys' Department
Second Floor
Harris & Frank
437-443 SOUTH SPRING ST.
Mail Orders Promptly Filled

Ready With Spring Togs
for Boys and Young Men
An entire floor devoted to our boys' department—the largest and most completely stocked boys' shop west of Chicago.

Young Men's Long Pants Suits
The young man's keen sense of style will be gratified here. New patterns in the light, easy, drappy models of spring. Some a bit novel, but all in thorough good taste. \$10 will buy a mighty good looking suit and you can go as high as \$30. For the student just graduating into his first long pants suit we carry a specially designed and sized line priced from \$10 to \$17.50.

Knicker Norfolk Suits
New patterns in fabrics for Spring and Summer wear. Hundreds have been in the store but a few weeks. So remarkably well tailored as to cause enthusiastic comment from mothers who have selected from the assortment. Some of the new features are patch pockets, knife or box pleats, cuffs on sleeves and three piece belts. Some have extra pair knickers.
\$5, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10, \$12.50 and \$15

Wash Suits From \$1 to \$5
Middy Blouse and Romper style togs in galates, linen and chambray. The neatest, lightest and most comfortable Spring wear for lads of 2 to 9 years.

New Hats Are Here
Nobby new golf caps in silk and cloth. Patterns in checks to match shepherd plaid suits 50c to \$1.50. Delightful little hats for children in neat, cool materials. Silk, cloth, linen and duck. 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50.
School hats, balmacaans, felt hats and silk hats in solid colors, checks and stripes, \$1, \$1.50 and up.

K. & S. Tapeless Blouse 50c to \$3.
Many new designs and latest patterns in this popular boys' blouse. Sizes 4 to 16 years.

The Cruiser \$3 Shoe for Boys
Built for lasting service. Light, shapely and roomy. Stout Rock Oak hand sewn soles. Black button and lace. Low square heels. An excellent shoe for school and after school usage.

Stout's
The Popular Price Shoe Store.
336 SO. BROADWAY
A Child's Shoes
have much to do with the physical and mental well-being of the little wearer. They should fit PERFECTLY. Our stock is wide, our values excellent, our fitting service unexcelled.

citrus cream
"Just Lemon—That's All!"
cleans the scalp
This "cream" of the lemon is delightful as a shampoo. It cleans and invigorates the scalp and makes the hair soft and beautiful.
25¢ THE TUBE

Life's Gentler Side—Society, Music, Song and the Dance—The Theaters

MOVEMENTS IN SOCIETY.



Miss Mildred French.

Whose engagement to William S. Pitts was recently announced by her grandmother, Mrs. Emma E. Anderson.

EIGHT ladies enjoyed a unique Mexican luncheon as guests of Mrs. L. M. Turner, yesterday, with Mrs. Charles Albert Phillips, honoree. Savory dishes typical of Mexico were served on exquisite Mexican ware, at a long table covered with Mexican work. The place cards were the feathered bird work at which the native Mexicans are so adept in making and the menu throughout was in keeping. At table were Mrs. Phillips,

Mrs. Harmon D. Ryan, Mrs. T. L. Ely, Mrs. W. H. Wyatt, Mrs. Jotham Ely, Jr., of Long Beach, Mrs. W. W. Wood and Mrs. C. M. Brown. Bridge furnished a pleasant afternoon diversion.

Mrs. Hollingsworth's Luncheon.
A pleasant Lenten luncheon was contributed to the week's social happenings when Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth entertained at luncheon, followed by cards, yesterday. Her house guest, Mrs. Marguerite Buckner Stevenson, and Mrs. Charles Peyton

divided honors. Twelve ladies were bidden. Later on, in fact, immediately following the ushering in of Easter, Mrs. Hollingsworth is going to give some large affairs.

At Edell Clubhouse.
Mrs. Henry Putnam Flint, No. 920 New Hampshire avenue, and Mrs. Edwin James Vawter, Jr., entertained with a reception and dancing party Friday evening at the Edell Clubhouse honoring the daughter of Mrs. Flint, Miss Francis Lippincott Flint, and Miss Mabel Gertrude Channell, sister of Mrs. Vawter, two brilliant pianists, who recently returned from abroad, where they tutored under Rudolph Ganz in Berlin and Switzerland, also Mme. Chaigneau-Rummel of Paris. Unbanned ladies included Mrs. Fred W. Boynton, Mrs. John Walter Gray, Mrs. Louis Ford, Mrs. Edward J. Elson, Mrs. Walter Maa, Mrs. Ruthford B. Harris, Mrs. Albert Doerr, Mrs. John Riden, Mrs. William H. Elson, Mrs. W. H. Harmon, Mrs. P. A. Patten, Mrs. Madge H. Connell, Mrs. Laura J. Stabler, Mrs. John H. Mathews, Mrs. John W. Thayer, Mrs. Frank Collier, Mrs. Arthur Jackson, Mrs. Charles Mellon and Miss Florence K. Moore. Serving at the punch were Mrs. Elsie Holmes, Miss Margery Lyle, Miss Marian Jones, Miss Rosemond Boynton, Miss Louella Gardner and Miss Abba Flint. A joint recital was given by the honorees before the reception, which was followed by an enjoyable dancing party, to which 1800 guests were invited.

Mrs. Wood's Luncheon.
Yesterday Mrs. W. W. Wood entertained at luncheon, as a courtesy to Mrs. Amasa McGaffey, who has just come from New Mexico to reside in Los Angeles. Peach blossoms formed an artistic decoration for the long table, where were seated Mrs. Eugene P. Pettigrew, George Goldsmith, Calvin Dealey, R. S. Brown, Mrs. Cook, Arthur J. Waters, Willis Booth, Arthur Bumiller, R. E. Monette and A. H. MacFarlane.

Luncheon Today.
Mrs. Charles G. Rhoads of Elden avenue is entertaining twelve ladies at luncheon today, in compliment to her mother, Mrs. S. Morton of Marshalltown, Iowa, who is a visitor in the city.

St. Patrick's Day Dinner-dance.
Mrs. F. E. Wilbur of Boston entertained Wednesday evening with a charming dinner-dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The occasion was carried out in a color scheme of green, the table being centered with a large harp surrounded by green statuettes. Favors were green, and the cards marked covers for Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wood, Mrs. J. H. Main, Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Fausig of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Nickerson, Mrs. H. S. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook, Miss Constance Currie and J. R. Currie. Following the dinner, the guests were entertained with a concert, after which dancing was enjoyed in the arbor room.

Will Wed Today.
Culminating a romance that had its inception in the "Triple Crown" race, Don L. Hurlbut and Miss Nellie Bernice Hale will be married at 10:30 o'clock, at the home of Mrs. 1529 West Forty-sixth street, Rev. C. W. Cowen officiating. Following the ceremony the couple will leave for a short honeymoon.

Recent Marriage.
Miss Josephine Spiker and E. B. Collins were married on Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. W. E. Knight, chaplain of the Soldiers' Home. The bride has been a member of the First home in Santa Monica for some time. Miss Theresa DeLoft was the only attendant. After the ceremony the wedding party left the home of Mrs. Minnie Briggs. The couple will reside in Pasadena.

A Jolly Dance.
Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Glass, No. 1550 Rimpau, entertained with a St. Patrick's Day dance, Wednesday, honoring Miss Elizabeth Campbell, who is the house guest. The dance was decorated in green. Following the dance, dinner was served.

LAD IS ARRESTED FOR FIFTH TIME.

HAD PROBATION GRANTED HIM FOUR TIMES; ANOTHER BOY IN TROUBLE.

Charged with attempting to steal an automobile, Harold Denman, 15 years old, who lives with his grandparents at No. 428 South Hill street, was arrested early last night by Los Angeles police. The boy denied any intention of driving away the car, which was on Hope street in the vicinity of the Y.M.C.A. house, and admitted he was in it. Two of his companions ran when they saw the officer approaching. The record consists of one burglary, one robbery and two arrests for drunkenness. He has been given probation four times. Denman, 14 years old, No. 1618 Wall street, was arrested at 10 o'clock last night by Patrolman Lewis, who says the boy was in the act of stripping an automobile at Pico and Los Angeles streets. The officer also stated that Smith's partner, Frank Wiloughby, escaped.

THIS GAIN IS LOSS.

Fine Collected by Government in This Case Is Far Exceeded by the Expense.

An exemplification of the old adage that Uncle Sam cares nothing about the expense, if only the culprit is caught, was indicated yesterday, when Mrs. Louise George McDonald paid a fine of \$50 into the Federal Court, after pleading guilty before Judge Trippett, to the charge of sending information through the mails of how to prevent conception. At the time of her indictment by the Federal grand jury, the woman lived at No. 114 East Fifth street. When the case was set for trial some time ago, two witnesses were subpoenaed by the government, E. B. Irwin, Kincaid, Kan., and D. A. Little, Plainfield, Ind. Later the accused made up her mind to plead guilty, which she did yesterday. Now, if the government paid per diem paid by the government to the witnesses was \$430. In the case of John Weber, charged with making a false affidavit in a pension case, the government will pay more than \$1500 witness fees, and the amount involved in the pension is but a few dollars. The Weber case is set for an early trial.

ALL TO HONOR ORANGE DAY.

Nation to Join California in Paying Homage.

Great Floral Parade will be Feature Here.

Expositions and Cities to Stage Celebrations.

The orange is king today. Send some of the royal fruit to your eastern friends.

Every section of the country will join with Los Angeles and California in observance of the occasion. Orange day will be featured, not only in many thousands of homes, and publicly in southern California cities, but at the two expositions as well.

A great floral parade will grace the streets of Los Angeles this morning, and a golden hall of fruit from the floats will remind even the most remote that this is the time to send oranges to friends and kin elsewhere, and remind the world of California's magnificent product.

At 10:15 o'clock this morning, members of the California Orange Day Executive Committee will assemble at Eastlake Park the big delegations that will come from out of town. The parade will start at 11 o'clock, and the county sixty-piece band, and a police, will take up the following line of march: Main street to Seventh, to Spring to First, to Broadway, and south to Eleventh street. Autos and out-of-town floats not at the starting place may join the parade at the "Palm."

With members of the Orange Day Committee in the van, the Southern California citrus will be simply and beautifully represented. Seven floats are entered by the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the San Gabriel Valley, and many ranchmen of the district will be here with several hundred automobiles.

GENERAL OBSERVANCE.
The observance here will be general. Owners of downtown business houses have been asked to decorate the corners of the day with green and orange and attractive window displays. Response had already been effectively yesterday.

Every student of Los Angeles High School was handed a huge, juicy orange with a copy of the school paper yesterday morning. The fruit was given through the courtesy of the California Fruit Exchange, which sent 1100 golden, sun-kissed oranges.

The Pacific Electric will give away 400,000 oranges to passengers on its various lines today. At the same time the fruit will be given to the Sibley Mather, guest candidate of the railway, and hotel men.

The Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House will distribute a supply of the favored fruit bearing the slogan, "Kissed by a Native Sun."

Pennsylvania and Pennsylvania are expected to catch the spirit of a special program arranged for their midwinter picnic at Bismarck Grove yesterday. Many tourists are expected to be there. Already the Keystones of Southern California have done much in sending a load of fruit East in the name of orange day.

It will be a big day at the exposition. More than two score prominent men of the citrus fruit industry started for San Francisco last night and some of them will participate in ceremonies at the big fair there today. In the party are C. C. Chapman of Fullerton, Citrus Protective League; P. J. Dreher, Pomona, California Fruit Exchange; Fred Dreher, Fullerton; E. J. Jewett, Bear Fruit Company; W. E. Spott, Porterville; R. C. Merriman, Exeter; H. C. Conn, Porterville; E. J. Jewett, Bear Fruit Company; and D. H. King and Frank Butler, California Fruit Exchange.

WHAT BOUTH'S DOING.
At San Diego today, will be one of the biggest of the year. Special events have been arranged at the exposition. In addition, the day is set aside for the citrus fruit industry. The State Fair Bureau will meet at the fair also. Oranges will be given away during the day. G. Harold Powell, of the California Fruit Exchange will head the orange day delegation.

For several days numerous shipments of souvenir packages of oranges have left the Whittier express office for eastern points. The rush has just begun and today will see hundreds and perhaps thousands of these packages started on their journey of good cheer. Three celebrations will be staged simultaneously today in Riverside. One is in honor of the new through freight car to this city over the Pacific Electric last Monday. Another is in honor of this city; and the third, and by no means the least important, is in recognition of the fortieth anniversary of the Washington naval orange.

A high school athletic tournament, a great industrial growth, drills by the cadets from the Sherman Indian School, a municipal carnival, street dancing, and a few other things are included in the day's program. Six bands will furnish the music for the combined celebrations.

The Southern everywhere will pay honor to the day. Santa Barbara is in gala attire and shipments of oranges are heavy. Redlands has put in golden orders for a vast supply of the fruit. A carload of oranges will be given away, and a second carload will be sent to the city. San Bernardino will send 100 automobiles to the city. To do your part, send some oranges East!

MEXICAN TOMATOES DUE.

Produce Merchant Takes a Chance and Lands Product for Two Years Very Scarce Here.

Mexican tomatoes, which for two years have been almost as scarce as orchids on the Los Angeles market, will arrive here this morning. The steamer Mary Dodge, with a cargo of 1500 crates, arrived at San Diego yesterday afternoon from the town of Altata, a place 110 miles south of Manzanilla and at the lower end of the State of Sinaloa.

The entire shipment is consigned to the local produce firm of Moyers-Darling & Hinton, for the reason that Mr. Darling took a chance. He went into Mexico several months ago, quietly secured the contract for the tomato crop, and arranged for the picking and packing of the tomatoes and traveling with them on the five-day journey to San Diego.

The stock would have been brought directly to Los Angeles but for the fact that the shipment from San Diego to this city costs no more by rail than the shipment from the Los Angeles harbor to the city proper, and the tomatoes are reported in excellent condition, and of high color and will be sold at a bare market, the Cuba and Florida stock being cleaned up.

The opening price on the stock will be about \$3 a four-basket crate, which is 50 cents less than the southeastern stock sold for. Another shipment will arrive in about two weeks, Mr. Darling having secured contracts on a big crop at San Jose de Cabal.

Music.

STRIKES CHORD OF NEW AND OLD.

BEETHOVEN, SCHUBERT, WAGNER AND DEBUSSY.

Varied Moods and Spiritual Recollections are Woven Together at Interesting Symphony Concert—Triple Concerto Possesses Uniqueness.

BY EDWIN F. SCHALCHERT.

It is a long run from the limpid beauty of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony in B Minor" to the meandering vaporousness of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." And Los Angeles art lovers had an opportunity to find the two poles of their recent choices in the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra yesterday afternoon at Trinity Auditorium. Yet it must be said that between the two compositions mentioned there is a certain spiritual likeness.

It is a further run, however, from the suggestion of old-fashioned embroidery in the Beethoven "Triple Concerto" to the rustling vagaries of the Debussy tone poem. There is, moreover, no spiritual likeness in this case. "The Afternoon of a Faun" and the "Unfinished Symphony in B Minor" both contain a breath of growing thing, and it is the growth of the hothouse, perhaps; in the other, the freedom of the great open space. But in either case it is a growth, and it is suggested.

In the Beethoven concerto the atmosphere is changed. It is a work which suggests the refinement of the palace of kings. It lacks fresh air. One may be thankful that it is not considered among the best of the master's works. It is not a vast of his trust, deepest qualities in any sense. But it is interesting none the less. The last movement presents a pleasing swiftness.

The work is one which presents certain peculiarities of rhythm. Furthermore, it is not altogether grateful in the first two movements. The performance of the three artists was spirited and the unity of design was commendable, although at times a slightly more satisfactory balance of tone would be desirable. The feature can very likely be strengthened with the second rendition.

Thilo Becker's work was inclusive and clear-cut, but could have been given a little more body at times to advantage. Her work at the close was clear and the labor in coping with the work. It has been a pleasant surprise to find the necessity for tempering the richness of his tone a little too much at times, but it shows that the labor in coping with the work. It has been a pleasant surprise to find the necessity for tempering the richness of his tone a little too much at times, but it shows that the labor in coping with the work.

The work of the orchestra was commendable and convincing. Their familiarity with the numbers making up the main part of the program allowed them greater freedom in interpretation than usual. Herr Thilo Becker's work was inclusive and clear-cut, but could have been given a little more body at times to advantage. Her work at the close was clear and the labor in coping with the work. It has been a pleasant surprise to find the necessity for tempering the richness of his tone a little too much at times, but it shows that the labor in coping with the work.

On Q. T.

SLIPS IN HERE QUITE UNAWARES.

MAUD ALDAN IS ENJOYING REST IN THIS CITY.

Fascinating Dancer Seeks Quiet Here After Busy Season in Antipodes—Will go on to London Later—Expects to Tour This Country Next Year.

Maud Allan, the fascinating dancer, whose interpretation of Macbeth's "Spring Song" can set the birds and trees laughing for joy, is in town.

Her arrival was as quiet and unpretentious as her own delightful personality. It nevertheless was quite different also from her last visit to this city, with a flare of

the time when she appeared at Temple Auditorium five years ago. This time Maud Allan has come here to rest after a strenuous season in Australia, where she has won many laurels. She is staying with her parents, who live on Lucile street. They have resided in this city for some four years.

In six or seven weeks she will return to London, where she will join her assisting artists and resume her work, giving a number of benefit performances. Next season she will probably return to this country for a tour.

She is laying plans for a number of new features for her coming appearances. It is to be hoped that Los Angeles art lovers will have an opportunity of witnessing her work next season—as in all likelihood they will—for she has greatly developed her artistry in the past few years.

She talked with the delightful unaffectedness of a true artist about her dancing yesterday. The secret of her success lies largely in her leaving much to the imagination of her audience. It leaves her art free and unrestricted.

She lays much stress on the power of suggestion. "I seek to bring out

the time when she appeared at Temple Auditorium five years ago.

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happening

Women to Drive Nails for Gospel Tabernacle.



luel Arbuthnot on Bent street on
aturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Rev.
M. Crist and Harry W. White of-
ficiating. She was a native of Ohio
and came to Pomona with her family
in 1892. She died yesterday at the
home of her daughter, Mrs. William
H. Crist, 100 South Towne avenue. Mrs.
Crist leaves six sons and daughters,
twenty-four grandchildren, forty-
one great-grandchildren and eight
at great-grandchildren.

VAN NUTS, MARCH 19.—At an election to be held tomorrow voters will cast their ballots for or against the proposition of annexation to Los Angeles. The territory affected by the election comprises about 30,000 acres of the townships of Van Nuts, Pacoima, Zelma, Chatsworth and Marian. San Fernando city, Burbank and Lancaster are not included.

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... Valley.

NEIGHBOR

AT OUR DOOR.

flower show, which was staged in the pergola of the fine arts building and was arranged as a typical Spanish flower market. A wild flower exhibit gathered by the school children of the county was a feature, particularly admired by the tourists who had come from the snow and sleet of the east.

LAMES SUDEN.

Fire Sweeps Photographer's Shop in Brief Time After Unexplained

BLOW COUNTRY MAN
(Local Correspondent)

YUCAIPA, March 18.—The YUCAIPA, A. Harold, of the Country Club left his place and Redlands on his way home some time between 10 and 11 o'clock. The robbers entered the garage to turn on the lights and saw the car. They then blew open the door and entered in which Mr. Harold was sitting. They forced the door open.

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tion District No. 2, with the exception of about 480 acres. The Owensmouth site of Owensmouth is situated. Owensmouth is a part of the irrigation district, but owing to peculiar local situation, it is outside of the question of annexing to Los Angeles city until some time in the future.

About two months ago the irrigation district voted in favor of a \$2,650,000 bond issue for the purpose of installing the main line to carry off water from the Los Angeles aqueduct. The law provides that the County Board of Supervisors must sell the bonds for the district within the county and does not empower any body other than the Supervisors to sell the bonds.

If the irrigation district annexed to Los Angeles city before the bonds were sold by the Supervisors the \$2,650,000 bond issue would automatically become invalid, because the Supervisors would have lost their control over the district and could not sell the bonds.

Attorneys in charge of the legal status of the bond issue and the formation of the district are now leaving a portion of the district outside of the city would serve to control the control of the Supervisors over the district and enable that

[illegible]

Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds, Trade—Local Produce Market—Citrus Market

FINANCIAL.

COPPER ENJOYS A GOOD RISE.

SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE IS MADE IN PRICE OF METAL.

The General Investment and Speculative Market Regains Its former strength. Tons and increased values are the rule—Five and a Half Millions in Gold Imports.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Stocks today recovered more of the ground lost in the early days of the attack, but with a few unimportant exceptions, showing marked strength. The decision of the London Stock Exchange to bring the American shares on its list down to the minimum established by the local exchange was without the unfavorable effect anticipated in some quarters. In fact, the result was quite the reverse, a moderate demand for our stocks being reported from London.

Gains embraced all the leading issues. Advances in the copper were most substantial on announcement of a slight advance in the price of the metal.

Bethlehem Steel was the center of interest, however, finding increased points on total deliveries of 30,000 shares.

More gold imports were announced, partly from Canada, making a total of \$5,000,000 for the week. Exchange markets as a whole were steady.

Bank clearings of this center show a substantial gain over last week, but are still behind the corresponding period of last year, six months money is 2 per cent bid, but loaning a fraction higher.

Total sales of stocks amounted to \$65,000,000.

Weakness on New York Central debenture sales and other speculative issues were the features of the bond market. Total sales, par value, aggregated \$22,000,000.

United States bonds were unchanged on call.

NEW YORK STOCKS.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

NEW YORK Curb Stocks.

NEW YORK, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

Boston Stock Market.

BOSTON, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

Chicago Stock Market.

CHICAGO, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

San Francisco Stock Market.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

Portland Stock Market.

PORTLAND, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

Seattle Stock Market.

SEATTLE, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

San Jose Stock Market.

SAN JOSE, March 19.—Following are the closing prices, and high and low quotations today:

Stocks and Bonds.

Stock	Price	Stock	Price
Amalgamated	100	Amalgamated	100
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The Public Service.

At the City Hall.

CITY DRY DOCK AT THE HARBOR.

CHANCE FOR BIG IMPROVEMENT IS VERY BRIGHT.

Commission Reports Progress on Ship Building to Council, Backed by Opinion of City Attorney that Existing Bond Money May be Used for Work.

Definite progress is being made by the Harbor Commission toward the establishment of a municipal dry dock and shipyard at the harbor, according to a report from the commission to the Council yesterday.

It is quite likely that the Harbor Commission will find it possible to make this needed improvement with the remaining outer harbor bond funds. It had been expected that additional harbor bonds would have to be voted in order to make the proposed improvement.

Negotiations have been going on for some time between the Harbor Commission and the Craig Shipbuilding Company to have that concern move its dry dock from Long Beach to a permanent site on Smith's Island.

"The Craig Shipbuilding Company," said City Attorney Stephens in a letter to the commission, explaining the matter, "has submitted blue prints of a proposed improvement at Smith's Island which is situated principally in what is termed as the inner harbor, but a portion of the northern end being in the inner harbor. The improvement consists of the construction of a dry dock and launching basin and paraphernalia appropriate thereto; and from conversation with J. F. Craig, I learn that the principal portion, in fact more than three-quarters of the expenditure therefor, will be made south of the line which is designated in the bond issue as the division line between the inner and outer harbors. He also tells me that that portion which lies in the inner harbor will be more in the nature of an approach to the main works, and generally an adjunct of the main works, instead of being an independent improvement."

"The question submitted to me is, under these conditions, can the money voted for the improvement of the outer harbor be expended for this whole improvement, consisting as it does, of constructing dry docks in the inner harbor and dredging, piling, etc., for approach and basin partly in the inner harbor. My opinion, based on these same improvements, is, and I so advise you, that the conditions herein set forth indicate that the improvement of Smith's Island cannot be made to the best advantage for the development of the outer harbor without the incidental improvement to the inner harbor; and that it is legal and proper to consider the matter as one improvement, and to pay therefor entirely out of the bond moneys appropriated to the outer harbor."

The Harbor Commission is also considering the question of establishing a temporary immigration station at the end of shed No. 1, on municipal dock No. 1, which construction was authorized by the commission a fortnight ago.

MUNICIPALLY OWNED.

CITY BALKED OVER LINE.
The trials and tribulations of municipally-owned street car lines cropped out once more in the Council yesterday upon a report of the Public Works Committee in relation to the South Park avenue line from Jefferson to Glaucon avenues. The Council, in adopting the report, asks the City Attorney for an opinion as to whether the cost of putting the line in shape could be charged to the abutting property owners or to an assessment district to be created for the purpose.

The Los Angeles Railway Corporation is using the line, although the courts have held that the rails and ties belong to the city. The street car company pays \$1 a year for the use of the line, but has no franchise. It so happens that South Park avenue is paved on both sides of the street car tracks, and the rails and ties stick up above the street grade to the eternal aggravation of the persons living in that part of the city. The city has no money with which to lower the tracks and pave the space and for obvious reasons cannot compel the street car company to do it. What the Council wants to know is if it can make an improved municipally-owned line at the expense of the people who are complaining of the obviously distressing condition.

Councilman Bryant, chairman of the committee, said that the request for legal advice was by no means the solution of the problem, but he invited any other suggestions which would be better than that Councilman Williams fought the report, but had nothing better to offer and the buck was passed to the City Attorney.

Reopening for Tunnel.

The Board of Public Utilities and the Public Utilities Committee of the Council will go over the ground next Monday of the proposed rerouting of the California-street line of the Los Angeles Railway. The rerouting is caused by the proposed lowering of the North Broadway tunnel. Property owners who own property along the street have expressed a desire to have the temporary line routed by way of Temple and Hill streets to California street, instead of by way of Grand avenue. It had been agreed that the line be routed by way of North Broadway to Temple street, and thence to California street, west of the portion affected by the lowering of the grade.

Letter the Streets.

"Bussard" peddlers and hucksters are befouling streets in the southern part of the city with decayed fruit and vegetables, and all sorts of rubbish, according to a complaint to the Board of Public Utilities. From the South Park Improvement Association. The most unsanitary part of the streets is between South Park and McKinley avenues on Forty-third street, says the complaint. While the matter is being investigated by the City Engineer, police may be asked to arrest any peddler who litters the street with refuse.

Improvements Ordered.

The Council yesterday adopted ordinances for the following improvements: For the paving of Bay street from Santa Fe avenue to eastern terminus; the paving of Twenty-second street from Hoover street to Vermont avenue; the sewerage of Mesa avenue and Avenue 61 sewer district; the sewerage of Mesa avenue and Avenue 18 sewer district; sewerage of Dorchester avenue from Harvard boulevard to Ardmore; for the improvement of An-

draws boulevard from First to Sixth and other streets, and also for the sewerage by private contract of California avenue, between Hollywood boulevard and Tuca street.

Halt Triangle Building.

To prevent the erection of a building on the triangular bit of ground at the intersection of Hollywood boulevard, Vermont and Prospect avenues, the City Council yesterday made tentative plans to condemn the property for street purposes. This action automatically prevents the building of a structure on the triangular portion of the city's plans mature. Prospect and Vermont avenues have just been paved with asphalt on two sides of the piece and Sunset boulevard will be paved on the south side later. The assessment against the property for the paving on the three sides will virtually amount to condemnation. At present there are two or three small stores on the ground.

Low in Our Midst.

Low Shank, former Mayor of Indianapolis, and one of the most picturesque figures in American municipal politics, addressed the City Council yesterday, following an eloquent introduction by Councilman Snowden, who used to do auctioneering with Mr. Shank when the latter was extremely young. Ex-Mayor Shank is playing a vaudeville engagement in Los Angeles and he told the Councilmen that he had solved the problem of the high cost of living in Los Angeles, for the first time since he accumulated the hobby. The solution, he said, came through a constant stream of invitations to breakfasts, lunches and dinners, and he hadn't been allowed to settle a single check.

Municipal Misconduct.

The Municipal Efficiency Commission yesterday asked the Board of Public Works to fit up new efficiency quarters in the offices formerly used by the City Engineer in the City Hall. Craig, I learn that the principal portion, in fact more than three-quarters of the expenditure therefor, will be made south of the line which is designated in the bond issue as the division line between the inner and outer harbors. He also tells me that that portion which lies in the inner harbor will be more in the nature of an approach to the main works, and generally an adjunct of the main works, instead of being an independent improvement."

The Park Commission yesterday asked the Board of Public Works to allow the Los Angeles Railway Corporation to remove tracks on Thirty-ninth street from Vermont avenue to Hoover street, so that the commission's plans for entrance to Exposition Park may be carried out. The Council yesterday sanctioned the abandonment of the line.

The Council yesterday refused to appropriate money enough to send a fire drill team to the competition at the San Francisco exposition. The Fire Commission made the request.

At the Courthouse.

ALLEGED ESTATE IS MISMANAGED.
RANNELLS ADMINISTRATOR IS SUBJECT OF CHARGES.

Petition Filed for Grandson Removed as Head of Affairs. Property Said to Have Suffered Under His Regime.

A petition for the removal of Alfred W. Rannells as administrator of the estate of his father, Samuel D. Rannells, late head of the Rannells Land Company, was filed yesterday by Attorney Bauer and Attorney R. W. Wallace, guardian of Burdette B. Wallace, a grandson and a legatee under the will of Mr. Rannells. A charge of mismanagement is alleged in the petition.

Mr. Rannells died January 1, 1913. His estate was appraised at \$41,904.35, the bulk consisting of 49,850 shares of stock of the Rannells Land Company, the appraised value being \$32,467.55. The income on this stock is \$200 a month. It is alleged that Alfred W. Rannells, as administrator, failed, refused and neglected to collect any portion of the income from the company for the office of the estate, but has collected it, converting it to his own use and employing the income to defray his personal expenses.

It is further charged that by the use of this stock he has procured himself to be elected secretary and business manager of the corporation and its several properties. Another charge is that he is neglecting the affairs of the corporation for several months he has resided in San Francisco, from which city it is impossible, it is asserted, to administer the company's affairs. The properties being located in Los Angeles and Riverside counties.

Mr. Rannells is said to have neglected to properly care for or pay the taxes and licenses against the corporation or to rest its properties. It is alleged that the property of the corporation is being wasted and dissipated by reason of this alleged neglect and mismanagement of the administrator.

Mr. Wallace, as guardian, asks that Mr. Rannells' appointment as administrator be revoked and for an accounting. Burdette was bequeathed one-fourth of the estate. The three children were given the other three-fourths.

NO DEATH DAMAGES.

CHILD KILLED BY TRUCK.
The star witness in the \$25,000 damage suit of Joseph L. Minghini, a police officer, against the Simons Brick Company and James R. Sawyer, one of the drivers for the death of little Minghini, the officer's 1-year-old son, was Floyd V. Minghini, 11 years old, an eyewitness. Floyd had the timidity of a child, but he was clear and sometimes corrected the attorneys when they were not correct in the location of the streets at the scene of the accident. The story told in the led was that he and Mike were playing in West Jefferson street. Mike was riding a tricycle. A brick wagon came along and he was extended from the rear, and Floyd amused himself by jumping up on it. Mike trundled along behind. Suddenly the wagon stopped and the driver started to back it. The tricycle was struck. Mike knocked off and a wheel of the heavy wagon passed over his body.

It was alleged that the driver was negligent; that he should have given warning of his intention to back. The defendant set up that a child of 11 years had no right to play in the street. The court found for the defendant.

der grew that such a volume of sound could emanate from such a body.

SCRAP IN CORRIDOR.

ONE MAN KNOCKED OUT.
The connecting links between a suit over a crop of Lancaster apples and a knock-down and drag-out sort of a scrap yesterday afternoon were Charles Atkins and W. P. Cooper. The latter was the receiving end, and according to eyewitnesses on the second floor of the Courthouse, he did not have a chance to show his bunches of fives.

The suit was tried before Judge Jackson. The alleged assault on Mr. Cooper was pulled off in the corridor as the parties to the litigation and witnesses crowded through the door. Mr. Cooper said that Mr. Atkins, witness for William M. Springer, the plaintiff, came up to him, the case being under discussion, swung and landed on his face, and as he reeled against the wall, kicked him below the belt.

Several women in the throng raised a cry; there was an excited movement among the men, and acting quickly, Attorney Evans hustled Mr. Atkins out of the Courthouse and into an automobile. Meantime, Mr. Cooper was succored by his friends. He took a taxi cab to the hotel, and when he obtained a little rest, he started for the City Prosecutor's office to swear out a complaint for assault and battery. Judge Jackson's decision was unprovoked.

Mr. Atkins is one of a number of men who harvested Cooper & Son's crop of apples. He declared the assault was unprovoked.

ALLEGED POLICE.

HAMMEL FIGHTS FOR CASH.
The State Board of Control must be represented in Judge Shenk's court April 5 to show cause why certain bills contracted during the regime of Sheriff Hammel and held up by the board should not be allowed. These bills, aggregating \$119,25, represent money paid out by the Sheriff, but the board, after allowing some claims involving 1700 items, states Attorney Leon M. Moss, discovered that the Sheriff's deputy had not paid for railroad fares and meals for prisoners transported to the penitentiary the amount claimed.

Mr. Hammel claims that the board cannot go back in the former demands because they have been passed upon and approved and are all right. The board sets up, however, that they are not all right and should not have been approved, and proposes to collect \$219,25. Mr. Hammel says the board has no more authority to render judgment against him than to tramp on the street.

The alleged discovery of the overcharge seems to have been made when politics was hot. The disallowed claims represent Mr. Hammel's last month in office.

WAITING FOR HIM.

HAAS MAY NOT ESCAPE.
If "Rev." Oscar Haas escapes through a breach in the information charging him with obtaining money under false representations, and under which he was convicted by a jury in Judge Houser's court, he will be rearrested as he leaves the courtroom. The motion for arrest of judgment was argued yesterday and the case continued until this morning for the determination of the court.

A warrant for Mr. Haas's arrest is in the Sheriff's hands, the prosecuting witness being Laura L. Lehman of Riverside, who gave Mr. Haas about \$1200 for land he sold her in Riverside county. She, like the other alleged victims of the so-called spiritualist, claims the land was misrepresented and that she was induced to invest in it by reason of his vanced spiritualistic claims.

The case of Lizzie Schadt, who paid Haas \$8000 for sixty acres of this land, is waiting to be pushed, if the motion for arrest of judgment is granted. Deputy District Attorney Keetch has other cases in hand, so that Haas's chances of escaping appear to be slim.

SIX YEARS APART.

ARE DIVORCED.
It came to the parting of the ways with Mrs. Minnie M. Foley and John F. Foley. He is a Christian Science practitioner. They have been married fourteen years, but for six years, Mrs. Foley testified in her divorce suit yesterday, they were wedded in name only.

One day Mr. Foley asked for the key of his trunk, and he was going to take a room elsewhere, and went away. "You had not been living as man and wife for six years?" queried Judge Monroe.

"Yes," replied Mr. Foley. "Did you think your religion prevented you doing so?"

"Not necessarily," was the answer. Mr. Foley further stated he did not like the idea of divorce, and he deemed it folly to attempt to live together again because they would not be happy. He did not think it right for them to live apart in different sections of the country.

The parties did not agree on the question of their refusing to live together. He said she told him she would not; she denied that she had said it. The court granted a decree on the ground of desertion.

HONORS NIECE.

FOR FAITHFUL SERVICE.
In a codicil dated May 29, 1910, to his will, executed April 13, 1914, Horace Bellows, who died at Long Beach on the 11th inst., pays a tribute to his niece, Alice Mann, who is directed to receive \$1500 before the general distribution of his \$16,000 estate.

"For several years now and up to the present time," the codicil states, "she has devoted herself entirely to my personal service, caring for me through an affliction which has rendered it necessary to have continuous care. Her services in that behalf are such as money cannot compensate."

No account of the will was given to money paid to the time of his death. The petition for the probate of the will and codicil was filed yesterday by Mrs. Viola B. Forbush, Mr. Bellows's sister, who is bequeathed the entire estate for life. At her death it is to be divided equally among Viola Mann and ten nephews and nieces.

COURT PARAGRAPHS.

PROCEEDINGS IN BRIEF.
TITLE APPLICATION. The application of Amos D. Kirschman and others to have fourteen parcels of land registered under the Torrens Land Act was filed yesterday. They ask the court to declare their title and interest in the lots and to have the registrar of titles register the same.

Your Own Druggist Will Tell You
Try Moline Eye Remedy for Red, Watery, Itchy Eyes. Guaranteed. Write for Book of the Eye, by Mail from Moline Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Children's Day in Our Garment Week.
—Grown-ups and their apparel take second place today, for it's children's day in this great sale. School children and the kindergartens there are economies untold in toggerly for them all. It's their Garment Day, remember.

First on the List—Girls' Dresses, \$1.25.
—There's never a lassie who goes to school who will not thoroughly enjoy wearing these pretty dresses. And mothers will save the trouble of making them. They are of Anderson gingham, ratines and percales in a host of pretty patterns and styles. And these dresses—they're only \$1.25, in 6 to 14-year sizes.

Gingham Dresses at \$2.95.
—these in 6 to 16-year sizes
—However hard a girl is to please she can't do otherwise than like many of these pretty, washable frocks. There are Gretchen, suspender, middie and long waist styles in gingham and cotton poplins that are impossible to resist.

Gingham Dresses \$1.25.
—Gretchen, middie and long waist styles; 6 to 16-year sizes—the prettiest lot of school dresses we have ever seen at \$1.25.

Coat Economy at \$3.50.
—Only a few of these—and so, the Garment Week price, \$3.50. We can't promise they'll be here all day, for there are few alike and all are in pretty styles. Of serge, checks and fancy mixtures; tailored and long waist models; 6 to 12-year sizes.

Girls' New Coats at \$5.00.
—Half the school girls of today wear sport coats. They wear either high or long waisted models. Here are all the styles in each, and at a low price for coats so worn. Of serge, checks, covert cloth and mixtures; lined or unlined; 14-year sizes.

Boys' 2-trouser Suits \$5.00.
—Attractive suits—probably the superior of any you've seen at \$5.00 in reliability of fabrics, carefulness of tailoring and reinforcements where wear comes hardest. In the percales, brown mixtures and shepherd checks; in sizes 6 to 14-year sizes.

Boys' Wash Suits at \$3.50.
—Dependable dressy suits of Hosiery and percales that are cool, comfortable and smart. Smart middie and Oliver Twist effects in percales and fancy combination effects; in 2 to 14-year sizes.

Boys' Blouses, 75c.—bought to sell at 75c. This price; neat patterns of percales and mixtures; 7 to 16-year sizes.

Boys' New Hats, \$1.00.—the latest styles of all the year sizes. Also Duck hats at 75c.

Light Weight Undershirts, 50c.—white and blue. Knee length and closed neck; made of fine cotton.

Confirmation.
—The proper toggerly for boys and girls. Confirmation Service, Reader Service, and all the latest merchandise and at lowest prices. Write for the list of the confirmation service.

Boys' Blue Serge Norfolk Suits, \$5.00.—a pair of blue serge Norfolk suits, with white shirt, white socks, and white shoes. Also a pair of blue serge Norfolk suits, with white shirt, white socks, and white shoes. Also a pair of blue serge Norfolk suits, with white shirt, white socks, and white shoes.

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PLANT TO EMPLOY TWO HUNDRED MEN
TO MAKE FINE WOOLLEN
FACTORY ALSO BEING
COMPLETION NOW.

The largest felt-manufacturing plant on the Coast, for manufacturing felt, will be put in operation soon by the E. G. Judah Co. About 200 men will be employed in the plant, which is situated in the hills in Southern California.

The same company is manufacturing machinery for the manufacture of calcimine, cold water paint, and other products for the trade upon a large tract at the corner of Main and Buena Vista streets.

The company is closely associated with the Paraffine Paint Company of San Francisco and also with Standard Paint Company of New York, these associated companies being the largest manufacturers in the world of their lines, employing several millions of dollars of capital.

E. G. Judah, the president of the Paraffine Paint Company, is connected with various other commercial associations, one of the directors of the Manufacturers' Association of Commerce, and vice-president of the Metropolitan Exhibit.

The factory department under the direct supervision of Dusan, W. R. Dusan will be manager. R. S. Shalinski, manager of the Paraffine Paint Company, is one of the directors of the Paraffine Paint Company, is very interested in a very extensive manufacturing enterprises in Los Angeles.

JAHNKE'S NEW CAFE
Announcement is made that about May 15 Jahnke's Cafe will open a new cafe in the Llanero, No. 524 South Spring street, at the Alexandria Hotel.

If You Want to Know
about rates, fares, shipping, etc., write to Jahnke's Cafe, 524 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal., or to Jahnke's Cafe, 524 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal., or to Jahnke's Cafe, 524 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal.

ge Day—Today
and a souvenir to your friends—It is the heart of every Californian. Buy your oranges at the Crates—One dozen containing 16 oranges—40c. Oranges, 40c. Day, at 25c. Express charges prepaid to any address in the United States. Oranges, 15c. 25c. dozen. Crates—Fourth Floor and Main Floor.

t Week!
and the kindergarten children.

esses, \$1.75
And mothers will find a lot of pretty patterns and a lot of money.

ddies, 59c each
here!

Juniors' Dresses \$3
—Designed especially for girls of 13 to 17—these extremely becoming styles range in price from \$8.95—all of pretty materials.

Coats at \$5
Today wear sport coats; the latest models. Here are all the new price for coats so new. They are mixtures; lined or unlined.

\$5.00
the superior of any we've ever seen, careflessness of tailoring and the hardest. In the popular price checks; in sizes 6 to 18 years.

Wash Suits at \$1.50
dresy suits of Hydrograde material, with white and colored.

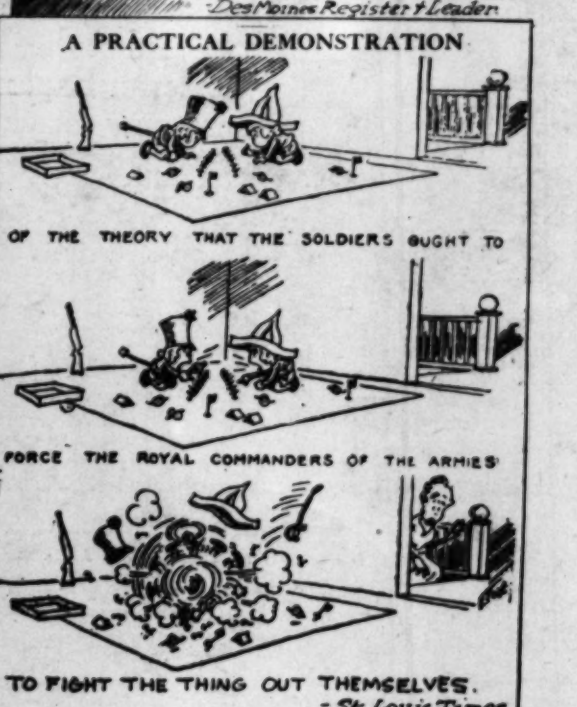
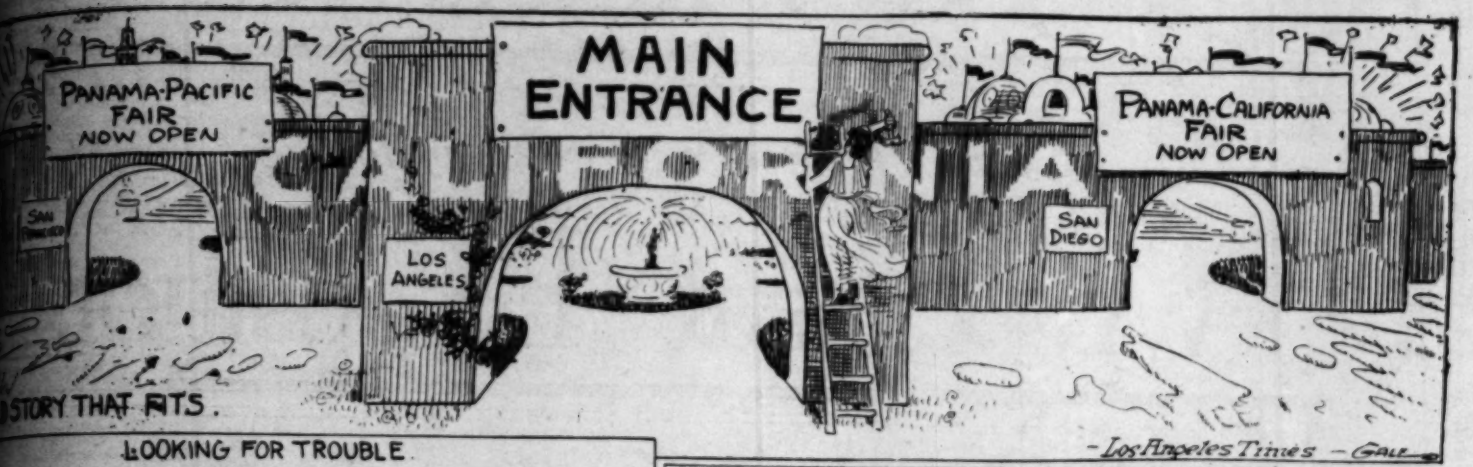
Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly

Unique Magazine of the Sensuous Southwest

1915 Year—New Series Volume VII, No. 12. SATURDAY MARCH 20, 1915. Single Copies, by mail, Or at News Agencies, | TEN CENTS

Recent Cartoons.



In 8
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Liberty Under Law
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**WORST BLIZZARD IN YEARS
IS RAGING IN SOUTH DAKOTA**

Illustrated Weekly.

THE TIMES MAGAZINE

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Special Section Devoted Each Sunday to California's

Los Angeles Times

Weekly Issue Over 96,000

LAND has celebrated its first birthday. For a youngster only a year old it shows enough health to join the better baby brigade.

MOVEMENT is on foot to see to the better housing of immigrants in this State. We heartily concur in opinion that the immigrants should be housed and not exploited.

LOS ANGELES is more alive musically than ever in its history. There is just one concert after another. This is fitting. A city so musical should send up endless song.

WHEN the State roads are finished and opened, as they soon will be, from Santa Barbara to San Diego, Southern California will have a scenic automobile route unsurpassed in any part of the world.

WOMAN at Huntington Park who works all day in Los Angeles almost enough money garden on a patch of ground only 18 by 50 to pay for a small house. Making money on land is all in knowing

Michigan made a big turnout at picnic at Sycamore Grove last night. Every town in Southern Michigan was handsomely represented and there was abundant evidence that the people from Michigan believe in all dinner pail.

E. Southern California Arboricul-
tural Association held the biggest
celebration of its existence at San Diego
yesterday. It should have been
held here. If there is anything that
grows do better than anything
else in the world, it is growing trees.

Diego is making a bid for the fair next year, and will use the position grounds for the site. This district covers all of San Diego, Riverside and Imperial and should make a splendid site. It will have the advantage of a beautiful setting through taking advantage of the preparations for the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

This Special Section will be profusely illustrated and contain graphically written, illuminating articles by special correspondents describing both Fairs from every angle of view, and will be invaluable to readers who contemplate visiting the Expositions, as well as to those who may be unable to do so.

Probably no other newspaper in the world gives its readers such a variety of fresh, up-to-the-minute information, brilliant editorials, delightful fiction, descriptive matter of historic interest, and cleverly written articles of general interest as does the Los Angeles Times.

As usual The Times Illustrated Weekly and the Semi-Monthly Magazine will be distributed with the Sunday Times in 1915, and we believe that the addition of the Special Section devoted to the wonderful Expositions at San Diego and San Francisco will attract many new readers to this surpassing and incomparable newspaper.

The subscription price of the Times daily and Sunday is \$9.00 per year. Seventy-five cents per month postage paid. Sunday only \$3.50 per year. Sample copies and advertising rates sent anywhere on application.

PUBLISHERS, TIMES BUILDING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HARRISON GRAY OTIS, President, Editor and General Manager.

—A little Dutch boy is going to tell you about "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Do you know the story? Yes, the same place, on the Fourth Floor, at 3:00 o'clock sharp. Then you and the Hamburger Story Girl will go up to the Arrow Theater. The picture for you will be "Doc Yak and



—Attractive suits—probably the superior of any we've seen for \$5.00 in reliability of fabrics, carefulness of tailoring, reinforcements where wear comes hardest. In the new brown mixtures and shepherd checks; in slues 6 to 10.

cupies the leading position among British statesmen, hold the founders of the American republic in deep veneration and high esteem, accounting them as having been possessed of a wisdom and insight into affairs almost miraculous, certainly partaking of the nature of high inspiration.

The Olive Branch.

WE HAVE raisin day, nut sundae, arbor day and a few other notable calendar assignments in honor of some of our natural industries and resources. This month we celebrate orange day, and now olive day is being paged in the corridors of time. March came in like an orange blossom and goes out like an olive branch. All in favor of matrimony and peace say "Aye."

The ayes have it. There's a girl artist in Ohio named Olive Day. She has a complexion to match her first name, and it goes without saying that she is a nice Day. She might properly be brought to California to serve as queen on the day of the olive.

Good old Noah and his floating menagerie also should be represented in the parade. A floral dove with twigs of olive in its beak would do to lead off with, while Bryan and Champ Clark, locked arm in arm, and singing "Comrades," would make a fit finale for the peace procession.

Olive day might indeed be made notable.

The man who ate the first olive, the girl who negotiated the first lobster, and the fat party who masticated the first ripe olive are all heroic pioneers, although their identity is somewhat obscure. The raw and unprocessed olive for unalloyed bitterness of heart has the green persimmon, overshadowed and makes Peruvian bark taste quite palatable.

But now that the simple process of extracting the bitterness is understood, the olive comes to the table as a masterful relish.

The olive with its stinger pulled is fodder for the gods. The olive and the fig stood side by side at the dawn of history. Mother Eve was a connoisseur of fig-leaf apparel and Shem climbed an olive tree the day after the flood subsided. The uses of the fig and olive for food and oil have been understood to some extent during the entire flight of recorded time, but never until the present year and in the golden State of California have they come wholly and fully unto their own.

It is only now that the method of propagating, pruning and producing the perfect olive is really understood. The processed ripe olive of the banquet table of today is as different from the gnarled specimens gathered by the mission fathers from their pioneer trees as the peach varies from the onion. The earlier olives almost ran wild. They practically seeded or otherwise reproduced themselves, and they grew without care or consequence. If the crop were gathered at all, some of it would be pressed for an inferior quality of olive oil and the rest would be wasted on a cheap grade of soap.

But it is different now. The man with a modern olive orchard is on the sunny side of Easy Street, and has one of the most reliable and profitable crops that this wonderful climate and country can offer. The groves are laid out and cultivated by experts, along scientific lines.



For some years past cuttings have been taken only from the largest and best trees, having the most perfect type of fruit. The result is that young trees now coming into bearing are almost revolutionary in the lusciousness and beauty of their product. The ripe olives undergo a uniform and skilled process of treatment which brings them to the table massive, meaty and mellow. There is no hint of their pristine bitterness, and there is in fact a piquancy and attractiveness that can be found in no other fruit on God's green earth. The eastern market is just beginning to understand and appreciate the ripened olives of California, and they are chasing the green pickled product of Spain and Italy off the board.

While it is true that the olive is an acquired taste, it is much easier for the stranger to take it on with the ripened than with the green ones.

As a life preserver, the ripe olive stands near the top of the list of human fodder. Here in California a man will make a meal of a cupful of them and it will be an appetizing and invigorating meal at that.

A quart of olives contains more nutriment than a bale of hay, so cut out the hay and celebrate olive day with a bucket of plump and perfect Sevillanos.

Protecting Our Fish.

RECENTLY a bill was signed by the Governor of Oregon and by the Governor of Washington providing for joint regulation of fishing in the Columbia River. Heretofore, no agreement has been reached between these two States providing for any control of taking fish in that great stream. The consequence has been a go-as-you-please game in fishing in the Columbia, with decidedly disastrous results to those on both banks of the river, and much more than that to the people of the whole country.

This condition so chaotic and disastrous has not been peculiar to the two States in question here, nor to the Columbia River. It is a question far-reaching, and the law just referred to marks a long step forward in the control of this important industry brought about by a great enlightenment in the minds of the general public.

Many men are living today who remember when the Sacramento was about as famous for its salmon fishing as the Columbia River is today. Although this stream runs its whole distance through California, no steps were taken to regulate the taking of salmon therein until it was too late, in that there were no fish in the stream worth fishing for. The matter has been taken up again under government supervision, and the Sacramento is being rapidly restocked with fish.

Half a century ago every lake and stream in the central part of the United States, and other parts, too, literally teemed with sturgeon. The rose of this fish is the basis of the "Russian" caviar, which, for many years, although bearing a Russian brand, was prepared in New Jersey from sturgeon taken in American waters. The fish was taken without any restraint, slaughtered most ruthlessly, the carcasses left to feed the crows or to be used for fertilizer on the farms, until today that useful food fish is almost absolutely extinct in the United States. The subject is well worth national attention, and ought to be taken up at once with a view to restocking the fresh-water lakes and streams of America with sturgeon.

Along the Canadian border there are a great many bodies of fresh water where food fish abound, the protection of which demanded international steps for an agreement between the Dominion and the United States similar to that just made between Washington and Oregon.

He Was Too Slow on the Draw.

By Herbert Kaufman.

You're constantly anticipating coming events — they invariably cast their shadows before you.

All of us are ready to bear witness to your foresight. Hardly a move of importance has transpired in recent years which you did not sense in advance. You are an extraordinary man—but there's a screw loose in your make-up.

Gifted with the basic essential for leadership — doesn't it ever strike you as strange that you haven't been able to apply your gift of analysis to practical advantage?

Opportunity seems to have singled you out for a favorite. Time and again, contrary to her habit, she has returned to your door and tipped you off on the future.

So clearly have you perceived inevitable changes in means and methods that it's hard to reconcile your obscurity and poverty with such manifest sagacity.

You certainly predicted half the vital changes that have transpired in the past decade and should have made half a dozen fortunes by the mere turn of the hand.

Recall how you figured out the shifting of the business center to its present location.

Remember your prognostications on the automobile? Recollect how hard you worked to awaken us to the big chances offered to the first men shrewd enough to secure commercial truck agencies.

We must hand it to you—as a

combination soothsayer and voyant you stand at the head of the class.

But what good has it done you? What benefit have you derived from your "hunches?"

We've faith in your judgment but none in you.

You've a pronounced hunch how, but no sense of when. You know it and show it, but "go it."

Wisdom isn't worth a rag if it's a laggard. Unutilized information is as worthless as ignorance; knowledge is not power until it is applied.

You are quite correct in your theory that the aeroplane industry will shortly produce another lot of millionaires, but it is equally certain that you will not be among them.

Join a gun club and practice the traps; learn how to fire at the right moment—you hold your hair trigger, but you never pull it.

Many a forty-niner repented in pace because he placed his reliance on the accuracy of his marksmanship.

It was the misfortune of more than one pioneer with a gun to run foul of a citizen swifter wrist.

The life story of a man condensed in an early epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Buck Tolliver. He was too slow on the draw."

(Copyright, 1915, by Herbert Kaufman.)

Trustees of the Polytechnic Elementary School at Pasadena had a shock when Miss Virginia Pease, the competent principal of the institution, announced that she would have to retire to a place on the advisory board, as the management of one husband would be all the active work she would care to undertake at the conclusion of the present term. The trustees surrendered with much regret, as Miss Pease has been a decided success in her position for the past seven years.

The ranching is getting so good in Southern California that a man is preparing to start a whale farm in the channel between here and Catalina. He wants the whales for ambergris and is now trying to discover a food that will give a whale the liver complaint. If he makes his whales sicker than the law allows, his name will be given to the humane society. The community will not stand by and see whales suffer. We have always been a little ashamed of Jonah.

One who has an appreciation of the beautiful in nature will have a rare chance to enjoy life if he will make a tour through Southern California at any time during the next two months. And let him not fail to visit the desert, which will blossom with marvelous beauty, and present color schemes that are a wonder as well as a delight.

Los Angeles cannot be too proud of its Park Commission. The members of that body are men of ideas and energy. They get beautiful results with the limited means at their disposal.

The Democrats indorsed master at Orange a man of age. President Wilson made shortly after his inauguration person more than 65 years should receive a government. He ought to allow his preference in the feelings of a man and an individual.

The poppies are abundant and the butterflies are in the yellow fields. Everywhere have turned poets, and they feel like a nightingale and can't make a sound. They make a man who looks like an Apollo.

One would think that the of-doors so beautiful, one would take the play of children but nothing is more to be seen on the morning of the day in question. Los Angeles than the best of the country. Its playgrounds are the most beautiful in the world and would be a shining credit to any city.

California remains peaceful the way that the fleur-de-lis. Here, if any of us wanted to, we could grow iris better than we could beat India raising lotus.

Los Angeles has an alligator. Some of the alligators do not clearly as parrots, but they know just about everything.

A Thing of Beauty.

GENTLE John Keats sings, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever, its loveliness increases." Keats knew Switzerland and the Riviera as well as any corner of his native England. He therefore saw things of beauty in the way of landscape. He never saw the crowning glory of beauty. No one has seen who has not been in the Great Southwest. And when was it ever such a thing of beauty, a joy forever, its loveliness increasing every minute, as it was on Sunday, March 14?

It was mid-Lent Sunday, or as the French call it "mi-careme," and by an interesting coincidence almost exactly the mid-day of the almanac or the headlines of the newspaper, for surely nothing in the world of outdoors suggested anything so beautiful as the day of the Good Old Southwest from where the dashing of the mountains tops, was throbbing and pulsing with summer heat so that involuntarily the song "The Good Old Southwest" rose in one's mind.

Mid-Lent Sunday in the English church is also in the Latin church, is known as Refreshment Sunday, and therefore the religiousist had a right, between services at least, to enjoy the glories of the day. The Great Southwest is particularly attractive at all times, and superlatively so on a day like last Sunday. And perhaps the people of the city did not enjoy it as much as they should.

The whole reach of highways, the mesas, plains and river sides with motorists big and little, come and go, whirling the city-liver away from its noises, away from crowded centers, away from glaring pavements, into the quiet country, and those who had automobiles had the splendid system of travel to take them about as fast and as comfortably as they could go in a \$500 car.

One sat under the shadows of the hills, the paths descended from their vehicles, and one's climb tortuous canyons rich with trees, to pick poppies that glowed like golden chalices to the sun, and gather amuls, literally bundles, of yellow mustard.

Santa Clara Valley Glories.

MARCH 4 was Santa Clara Day at the Panama-Pacific Exposition now in full swing in San Francisco. Prosperous people of that charming section of the State came up fifty or sixty miles by car or automobile to celebrate the day. They carried into the crowded streets of the city and to the exposition grounds a mass of the country and an exhibition of blossoms that might loudly challenge the world to match it. Yearly in Santa Clara county they have what they call Blossom Day and it always comes on a holiday between February and March. Santa Clara is where most of the crop of California is produced and this fruit is known the name of Santa Clara goes with it. But only those who have seen the valley in spring-time can realize the glory of blossom season in that earthly paradise. The Santa Clara valley is crowded at the exposition grounds with photographs each one with a mass of blossoms gathered from fruit trees on the morning of the day in question. It was a sight never to be forgotten and scarcely to be matched in a hundred years.

Southern California ought to have a day like this, and it ought to come some time in the next six weeks. In no sense of rivalry or ambition to excel, but in a here. If any of us wanted to, we could grow iris better than we could beat India raising lotus. And why not include with the blossoms the fruit? It is a fact only known in the orange-growing countries that the crop of the trees are blooming for the next month or so while the orchards are still full of ripe fruit.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

RACING IN SOL

ARS

WORST BLIZZARD IN YEARS IS RAGING IN SOUTHERN

By Frank G. Carpenter.

HOW THE WAR IS AFFECTING IT IN ARGENTINA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

The Mercado Central de Frutos is the largest wool market of the world. In connection with Bahia Blanca, the great port of Southern Argentina, it handles practically all of the wool grown in the republic and something like 200,000,000 pounds pass through it each year. The market is owned by a stock company, which has a capital of \$2,000,000 in gold, and which for a number of years has been paying dividends from 13 to 15 per cent. It has buildings which cover acres, and it is said to be the largest market anywhere under one roof. The main building is of brick, with

Method of Handling.

The Argentine wool crop is growing in value. The quantity is not as great as it has been in the past, but the quality is steadily improving, the amount per sheep growing, and today the average fleece is one-third again as large as it was in 1860.

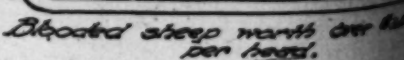
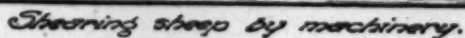
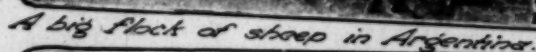
An Increase in Numbers

But the sheep of Argentina are not divided up in that way. They are mostly in enormous holdings. I know several men who each own 100,000 sheep, and there is a Chilean stock company at the Strait of Magellan which is said to own in the neighborhood of 2,000,000. On the Alvear estate

New Freezing Factories

So far the sheep of the south have raised almost altogether for themselves. They are now establishing manufacturing factories in Patagonia, at the Strait of Magellan, and the result will be an increase in the exports of frozen mutton and wool. There are certain breeds of sheep that produce better mutton than others, and some will be in demand. Today there are a million Rambouillets in Chabot, and millions of them scattered in other parts of Patagonia. The Pampas and Fuego sheep are chiefly Romney.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO)



at 3:00 o'clock sharp. Then you and the Hamburger Story Girl will go up to the Arrow Theater. The picture for you will be "Doc Yak and Santa Claus." You remember what fun you had last Saturday—don't

reinforcements where wear comes hardest. In the brown mixtures and shepherd checks; in some 6 to 10

Los Angeles Times

Friends.

was slow work, because a live breeze sprang up from the north and the waves were rolling against me.

"I saw that it would take me an hour more to get back to the hotel working way, and I remembered all at once I had to catch the 5-o'clock train. I was at least a mile from shore, considerably two miles from the hotel, and a good mile from the railway station at the end of the lake. I saw that if I expected to reach the shore at all in time to catch the train I would have to make for the end. I let the boat swing around and started to swim behind it, pushing it with my arms. I made better headway, I was pretty mean work, because the water was half-full of water, and just as I was a drag. I knew that the hotel people would recover the boat all right, so I simply went on, and I started for the shore alone.

"I figured that I had no time to waste, wanted to catch that train, so I swam my long overhand sailor stroke—ways found that I can make better headway that way. The wind kept getting up and for the last half-mile or so I was in the white caps. I wanted to see the ladies, that even in a little lake like this, you can get up a pretty good sea. You get the wind to coming right. I mind the waves, however, because they sort of helped me along.

"When I was about a hundred yards from the shore I heard the engine whistle at the station at the north of the lake. I was somewhat exhausted by that time, but I had often swum before, and I was not so tired as I felt. I saw the train coming along through the woods, and I made a final spurt.

"Did you ever!" observed Mrs. Deane with an upward roll of the eyes. "Just as I came out on the bank and stopped at the station, and I had a run. I swung on the platform and wheels began to turn. I got on the side opposite the station, and that reason, the people on the train didn't see me.

"I sat out on the front end of the car, till the conductor came along, and he explained my predicament to him. He recognized me—I had been on the train two or three times with a party of men in a private car—and he put the cage car at my disposal so I could sit in it.

"It was late in the evening when I arrived in Milwaukee. I took a cab to my hotel, and when I called a clerk gave a yell and threw up his hands. You see, the hotel people up at the lake had found the boat, and they were sure, of course, that I had been drowned, and had telegraphed the news to Milwaukee and from Milwaukee it had been sent over the country by the Associated Press.

"I hurried around to the newspaper offices to deny the rumor. It was true, they had an obituary notice about me, and I was long already set up. The part of it all was what the publisher Plankin said. They decided that man could have swum ashore in the water, but the conductor told me they had to give in."

"Well, I think it's perfectly natural that you had the courage to swim, and that boat and swim such a long distance," said Miss Milbury.

"I wanted to catch that train," said Doc. "Both the women were, so I saw this feat of swimming that Doc had done them of a high dive into the Chicago River, made as the result of a fall from a Miss Durbin of Tallahassee, Louisiana, and other stories.

While the good-nights were being said, Doc promised to call again. Miss Milbury had whispered that Doc was exceedingly interesting," and the women were happy.

The ensuing conversation between Doc and the dentist had bordered on the funny. "Well, Doc, she's a darned fine girl," she asked the dentist.

"Remarkable—remarkable."

Don't you think so?" "I don't know, but that she has a good deal of common sense. That's one of them have now, Doc, is common sense. The mother seems to be a very nice person also." "But she's so big! Gee! but she's not like the large women?" "I don't positively dislike any of them, but she happens to be rather stout, but I don't believe I could like a very large woman. I don't object to a plump one, but I wouldn't care for one as fat as Mrs. Milbury is."

"I'm very sorry to hear you say that." "Sorry? Why so?" "Because, my dear sir, the daughter, in ten or fifteen years from now, will be fully as large as the mother is at present."

"Good heavens! Why—how do you know?" "I argue from the well-known laws of heredity. Those two women are just alike both in temperament and physical characteristics. You can see that by merely looking at them."

"Oh, I don't know. There is a certain family resemblance, to be sure, but—no, I can't see it."

"Naturally there is not a close resemblance, because one is 22 and the other is probably 45, but what the daughter is now, the mother was twenty years ago. I know that, because I looked through the album while you and Miss Milbury were at the piano, and there was a picture of the mother taken years ago, and it might pass for a photograph of the daughter today, only the mother was then slimmer than the daughter is at the present time."

"Slimmer?" gasped the dentist.

"It's a fact. I hope I'm not meddling in saying what I have. But it's only right that you should know it. The young lady is charming and, just at present, decidedly attractive, but you may take my word for it, in the course of a few years she will be stout—quite stout—possibly as large as her mother."

"That settles it," said the dentist, in a voice which sounded strangely hollow. "I have observed hundreds of cases," added Doc.

The dentist could not trust himself to speak. He alighted from the car and walked over to the hotel in staring silence, as if all hope were dead.

[Copyright, 1915, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.]

The Orphan Lady. By Glen Catherwood.

STER MARGARET. The air was crisp and clear, and the sun shone lay in patches of yellow over the gray dust of the streets. The maple trees, though they were here and there and everywhere rustled beneath Margaret's feet, and she smiled happily, and she walked on, as she walked on, turning her face upward and gazing into the crystal purity of the sky.

She left the railway station, and she walked in one hand. She walked a little that her mother had been frequent, there really enough. I had often swum before, and I was not so tired as I felt. I saw the train coming along through the woods, and I made a final spurt.

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girl's portion. In a week Margaret Hale, too, was an orphan.

The rebellion that crept into her heart was almost an accusation against God. Why had He not taken away the fine old house, the beautiful pictures, the stocks and bonds that lay unused in the bank? But no! It was her mother that needs must go—the one great treasure that Margaret prized and loved above everything else on earth. Why? Why? was her clamorous and bitter cry.

The days that followed were like a dream to Margaret Hale. She ate and slept, she read and talked; but the old zest in life was gone. She took no interest, no pleasure in her little round of daily duties, and she performed them only because she must.

At first she remained dully at home, but after a time she began to take long walks through the chilly, pallid November twilight, whose neutral grays seemed like many pictures painted around one solitary figure in black—that of herself. The young girl was on the verge of a deep and morbid melancholia, but the servants in the house neither saw nor cared.

But there was one person who saw and who cared—a little girl who sometimes crept out to the gate of the orphan asylum and watched with wistful eyes for the "beautiful lady" who had once given her a bunch of violets. The lady often passed just before night-time, but she never saw the little girl's glances of love and appeal.

The young lady was dressed in black now, and the little girl knew what this meant. "She's an orphan," she said to herself—"she's an orphan, just like me."

She was a serious little girl, and she used to sit for a long time on the cold doorstep and ponder over the beautiful lady, till at last the matron would call her and tell her it was time for supper.

After supper she would think about the beautiful lady till bedtime, and she even remembered her in her halting, drowsy little prayers—and please, God, bless the beautiful lady and make her happy."

The next evening she would scamper out again, eagerly on the watch for Margaret Hale. Would God answer her prayer? Would the beautiful lady be happy?

"It's getting so dark I can't see plain," she thought, with an anxious little flutter at her heart. "But I think she's happier'n she was. 'Tany rate, she walks more like she did the day she gave me the violets—kind o' free and careless-like. Ain't she grand and beautiful, though! I just love her!"

Later, cuddled in the cool white sheets of her cot-bed, she whispered over and over: "I just love her! I just love her!" and so fell asleep.

Once it rained. It was a cold, drizzly rain, and the little girl should not have gone out to swing on the gate. But she did, and she waited and waited for Margaret. But Margaret did not come, and the little girl went in at last, very cold and shivery, and woefully disappointed.

ago, and whose praises they have been singing ever since? The bunch was given to Dorothy, I remember, and she distributed it."

"Who is the young lady?" "Someone who lives in the immediate vicinity, I think. Somehow, I have an impression that she has passed here a number of times, and that the children have made comments. I can't remember very exactly, for I was too busy to notice what they said. Ask little Lucy in the morning. She and Dorothy are chums, I believe."

"Well," sighed the nurse patiently; "well, all right. Shall I call Dr. Lawrence in the morning. She's pretty feverish."

"If you think best. Good-night, Miss Deane."

"Good-night," said the nurse. Fussy, genial, hearty Dr. Lawrence felt of little Dorothy's pulse, looked at her tongue, asked a dozen questions, and then issued this command: "Call the 'beautiful lady' at once, Miss Deane. The child needs her."

"But we don't know who she is, doctor," poor, tired Miss Deane protested.

"Find out, then," said Dr. Lawrence. So Lucy was called and questioned. "I don't know her name," said the child, glancing in trembling awe at the restless form in the bed. "She just goes by the 'aylum' most every evening. She gave us violets once. She's real tall. Her hair is kind o' reddish. She wears black clothes, though she didn't the first time. Dorothy says she's an orphan lady."

"Humph!" muttered Dr. Lawrence, stroking his chin thoughtfully. "That's all, Lucy. Thank you. Send for Miss Margaret Hale, Miss Deane. She lives in the next block, and she is an 'orphan lady.' Tell her we want her here."

There was the flicker of a smile on Miss Deane's long, pale face. "I think, doctor," she said demurely, "that Miss Hale will be a trifle too old for this asylum—won't she?"

"Eh, what?" said Dr. Lawrence. "Oh, I see." He threw back his head and laughed. "Very good, Miss Deane," he acknowledged, "very good indeed. But she won't be too old to be a nurse here—eh, Miss Deane?"

"No," Miss Deane agreed. She gave Dr. Lawrence a glance of sharp scrutiny. Had he meant to give her a little thrust? But the doctor's smiling face showed no signs of self-consciousness.

Margaret Hale absolutely refused to accompany the messenger from the orphan asylum, and Dr. Lawrence was compelled to go and see her himself. He had been the Hale's family physician; he had known Margaret since she was a baby, and he spoke to her today with much singleness of heart and in all sincerity.

only think of the millions whose lot is far, far worse than your own. Good-by, and God bless you, my child."

And Margaret went. At the sudden coming of the "beautiful lady" there was wonder and awe among the orphans at the asylum. Was this tall and lovely creature really to be Dorothy's nurse? They could hardly believe it, for the only nurse they had ever seen was Miss Deane, and Miss Deane was—well, different.

New and undreamt-of capacities, powers, sympathies awoke in Margaret Hale at sight of that flushed face on the pillow. She was a born nurse who had at last come into her own. She was quick and observant, deft and tireless—and a new and mighty love crept into her heart, a love for the forsaken and the suffering ones of this world.

The crisis in little Dorothy's illness came. It passed, and the child slept a sound and refreshing sleep. When she woke, the beautiful lady was holding her hand and smiling into her eyes.

"I—knew—you would come," whispered the child, weakly but happily. "I—just—knew you would. We're both orphans, ain't we? Maybe that's—why—I love you so much."

Then she smiled and went to sleep again. Margaret gently disengaged the thin, clinging fingers and fell on her knees beside the bed.

A month later Margaret gave a festival to her "little sisters" at her home. There were gifts for everybody. No one was forgotten, for love does not forget.

The children flocked around Sister Margaret, as they had begun to call her, clinging to her skirts and almost suffocating her with their caresses.

Dr. Lawrence stepped in for a peep at the merry-making, and when he looked at Margaret's radiant face a suspicious moisture crept into his sharp old eyes.

"Hm!" he muttered to himself. "My diagnosis was correct, and my medicine good. After all, it's only love, and lots of it, that the sad world needs. When once people find this out—and I only wish they would hurry up!—we'll 'throw physic to the dogs!'"

The Piano Keyboard's Limit. [Indianapolis News:] Pianos of standard size have a keyboard of seven octaves and three notes—fifty-two white keys. There is a reason for this limit. As it is, the keys at either end of the keyboard are rarely used, and the tones that can now be produced, from the lowest to the highest, include all that have any definite musical value to the human ear. If the compass of the keyboard were extended the added keys would produce sounds or noises without any musical significance. It is possible for the human ear to perceive sounds over a range of about eleven octaves, but the production of musical sounds is confined to the seven and one-third octaves.

Doubtful Compliment. [Youth's Companion:] The politeness of the Japanese is proverbial. At a social occasion in Washington a young woman happened to say to an attaché of the Japanese embassy:

"In your country you compress the women's feet, do you not?"

"No, madam," responded the Japanese. "That is, or rather was, a Chinese custom. In Japan we allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size."

And then, after a bow, he added in the politest of tones:

"Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam."



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WORST BLIZZARD IN YEARS
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As Envoy from a Princess. By Alice Harriman.

AN ALASKAN MYSTERY.

ORMSBEE opened his eyes as the faint scent of an unknown perfume reached him. Then, because he was sorely wounded, he drifted, as easily as a nautilus on a summer sea, farther out on the ocean lapping the shores of visible existence.

"Quaak! Quaak!" Ormsbee moved uneasily. The raucous cry, repeated, stirred him sufficiently to make him turn his colorless, studious face toward a shaft of light streaming through an open window, on whose age-darkened sill perched a big, lustreous raven, with blue-gray beak. Although the man felt unable to stir, he saw that he was in some building; and while the fragrance permeated his senses more insistently, he dully noted the tender, new growth of a Sitkan spruce, beyond the sharp-eyed intruder.

As Ormsbee struggled against returning unconsciousness, the nodding, light-green bough tips swayed and sparkled against the sky forming their background. Gradually they seemed to resolve into a necklace of emeralds shimmering on a velvet cushion of dark-blue. A thrill of joy shot through the numbing lethargy. Here, here were the jewels—once possessed by Cleopatra, whose various owners since her reign he had pleased in tracing through years of leisurely, systematic research. He had always felt sure that he would ultimately find them—and here they were!

Like an epicure prolonging enjoyment by dalliance, Ormsbee restrained his impatience to grasp what he conceived to be the long-sought gems. As in a dream he felt himself a spectator as the Sorceress of the Nile dangled the emeralds while reveling with love-maddened Antony. This vision merged into a picture of a Roman nobleman, who had become owner of the jewels in the wars of the period, holding the slender, dull-gold chain with its priceless pendants temptingly toward a matron hitherto above reproach. The centuries ran through his mind like the sand in an hour-glass and now he watched Peter the Great, with bloodstained hands, tossing the bauble lightly to a vivacious favorite. As she reached lightly for the gift, Ormsbee sprang to get them for himself—but he clutched the empty air and naught was near but the raven and the treetop outside, swaying in the Alaskan breeze.

"Quaak! Quaak!" The queer call made the man forget the fantasy of the emerald spruce tips. With inquisitive eye the bird scanned the prostrate figure, changing its note to a persuasive "Yup-quook!" as it flew down and pecked in friendly fashion at Ormsbee's watch guard. Then, with sidling hop and curious walk it tugged and pulled, intent on carrying away the bright object that had struck its fancy.

With continuing languor, Ormsbee watched the droll antics of the bird, smiling faintly at its capriciousity.

His interest aroused to reality, he changed his position slightly, and from watching the raven he noted that the western sun struck on many icons; on paintings all but covered with hand-wrought silver; on vessels of gold and copper; and in the gathering twilight he could see, in the far corner, a carved table supporting a massive pearl-and-jeweled gold crown covered with glass. The perfume came, so it seemed, from a lighted lamp of curiously carved silver hanging in the middle of the ceiling.

An indistinct recollection of a recent idle hour spent in the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael with a chance acquaintance from the steamer came to him as he recognized the ikonastras and the silver doors behind the altar steps. Why was he lying on the floor of this old church in Sitka? Why this sharp pain in his head as he tried to move? Vainly Ormsbee tried to reason, to explain. But all he could recall was that he had come to Sitka because, while in St. Petersburg, he had heard that Cleopatra's emerald had been brought to Russian America at the beginning of the nineteenth century when the great Baranoff held despotic and magnificent sway as its first Governor. That rumor had been sufficient. Ormsbee came to Sitka. Then, more defi-

nately, he recalled the persistent companionship of a man whom he at first disliked, then admired. This admiration for the stranger's savoir faire and surpassing knowledge of the world, of history and of art, became deep distrust when Ormsbee accidentally discovered, as they strolled through the quaint Alaskan hamlet, that although the stranger had never been seen at the table or on deck, yet they had been fellow-passengers from Vladivostok. Lastly, he bethought him of the stranger's snarl of triumph as they climbed the hill leading to the old Russian graveyard, back of the church. Once more he saw the malignant face through swiftly-flowing blood; then—these hard boards, a friendly raven, and the fast-dying day.

Ormsbee lay in such position that he could see the gentle, pure face of the pictured Mother of God, surrounded with its aureole and gown of heavily chased silver, as it hung in a side room. A farewell beam fell on it as the sufferer became aware of a presence. With an effort, which brought sweat drops to his forehead and sent the raven into the open, he turned sufficiently to see a woman kneeling on the altar steps. Even through the gathering shadows Ormsbee could see her sad, beautiful profile, strangely like the Madonna's; and he knew she was un mindful of him or of the returning bird.

When he had been in the church before, he had noted the peculiar ugliness of the Sitkan Siwash women at their devotions, and also the characteristic Indian odor. This woman was of an entirely different type, and he realized suddenly that the subtle odor, which he had thought came from the lamp, emanated from her trailing garments. Such entreaty she put into her supplications that Ormsbee closed his eyes, feeling that he intruded by even so much as a glance. The raven's wing brushed him as it flew past, then a soft rustle of silken cloth drew near and a liquid tone sounded:

"Poor fellow! Hast thou, too, been flogged for bringing in gold instead of furs to the trading post, as they flogged Eustrate yesterday?"

Opening his eyes, Ormsbee saw soft, pitying, dark-blue eyes, shaded by long black lashes, near his own, and a gracious form bending over him.

Between his dismay at being in such sorry plight and surprise at hearing the speech of Russia, Ormsbee did not at once reply, but made shift to rise. With a groan, he fell back, blood flowing anew from his scalp. "Do not move, I pray," the voice urged, and he was gently pressed backward. "I will put this under thy head and bring water to lave thy wound."

With a graceful, undulating movement the woman loosed from her shoulders a long, dark cape, folded and slipped it under Ormsbee's head. With wondering gaze he looked at the beautiful girl, and as the cool fingers touched his forehead he grew less feverish—felt strength flow again through sadly emptied veins.

"Now, something more." The tones echoed through the church like a far-off silver bell. Ormsbee looked after her as she went past the Royal Gates. This strange and seemingly royal lady was either unaware of or indifferent to the strict rule that none but the highest in the priesthood of the Greek church might know or see what lay behind those gates of solid silver. Surely, thought Ormsbee, she must be a hallucination—this high-born lady in rich white gown heavy with gold embroidery. No such manner of person lived in Sitka—not now; of that he was confident. Yet—here she came, soft, dusky hair piled high, a thread-like string of emeralds gleaming in its masses adding beauty to her small, proudly-held head. But pride manifested itself only in bearing; infinite compassion radiated like starbeams as she again bent over him.

From a hand-beaten gold bowl, whose incrustations of diamond, sapphire, ruby and emerald showed their hearts of flame as she held his head in the hollow of her exquisitely rounded arm, she gave him of a pale, translucent liquor unlike anything that he had ever drunk. Instantly he felt renewed; and presently, after she had washed away the slowly dripping blood from his thick hair with water brought from the inner room, he attempted again to rise, feeling able to help himself.

"Nay, rest," she urged, with no trace of self-consciousness. "Thou canst walk after a little. I dare not go within the stockade for food," she continued, trembling somewhat. "Saracheff would kill me—if he knew that I had again bribed the guard—had left the fort—kill me as Baranoff meant to kill Eustrate."

"Baranoff!" Ormsbee caught at the historic name. "Baranoff!" But feeling the coldness of a withdrawn confidence, he subsided.

"Eustrate will die from Baranoff's flogging ere tomorrow's sun unless thou wilt help us," the lady whispered after a brooding silence. Although great tears brimmed and fell, she did not cease to soothe Ormsbee's aching forehead with slender, magnetic fingers.

"Madam!" cried Ormsbee, also speaking Russian, and sitting upright in his American determination to get at and be done with mystery, "who art thou? What is this talk of flogging—and of Baranoff? Baranoff has been dead nigh a hundred years!"

"Wilt thou help me?"

Her inattention to his outburst chilled her listener. He was not unused to strange adventures, but this surpassed any other. In his affluent leisure he had elected to search for the wondrous necklace of which he had first learned from a papyrus roll taken from an Egyptian tomb. From Egypt to Rome he had traced its history; from Rome it had been taken to Greece; from Athens to Russia; from Russia to Sitka. But what strange incidents he had encountered in his wanderings were as nothing to this. A cultured, lovely young woman, coming to him in the dusk of an ancient church and talking of a man being flogged by Baranoff—flogged yesterday—by Baranoff! What was he to think?

"I will help thee," he said, as his companion bent still lower and his eyes looked hers. "But thou must tell me more. How is it that thou—thou—art here?" A comprehensive look indicated every detail of her attire and her regal bearing. "And who is Eustrate?"

"I will tell thee. But, first, drink once more."

Again the soft arm circled his shoulders, and as Ormsbee obediently drank the liquor he felt the past century slip away into nothingness. Wonder, curiosity, incredulity, amazement, ceased. The raven flew to her shoulder and the lady gently pushed it away.

"It is mine. I have tamed it," she explained. "Ravens are companionable in this savage land—more trustworthy than human beings," she added, sadly. "I am told they live nigh a hundred years." She spoke as one thinking of a possibility, almost inaudibly.

"Tell me of thyself," begged Ormsbee, touching the hand that still held the golden bowl.

"I—I am the Princess Nadaashda." Her intonation made the harsh name musical. "Saracheff wants—"

"To marry thee?" Ormsbee supplied, as a shudder swept over the enchanting form.

"Yes."

"But, good heaven! Thou dost not have to marry him if thou dost not so desire—not in this age."

A puzzled look came over the shadowed face. "This age?" the Princess repeated. "I think thou dost not understand. Daughters of Czars born out of wedlock have to marry as they are bid in any age."

"Thou shalt not marry him—I will help thee!" affirmed Ormsbee, valorously, venturing to kiss the slender hand in pledge. "Tell me what thou most desirest?"

"Save Eustrate! It is all I ask!"

"Will that save thee?" A pang of instant jealousy struck fire, so soon had the princess's charm penetrated Ormsbee's hitherto untouched heart.

"How should I think of myself when Eustrate is dying, perchance, as we linger? He is my brother."

"Thy brother!" A wave of relief swept over the man. "Tell me what I need to know, so that I may work with thee to save him."

As Ormsbee spoke the Princess hastened to rise and, assisting him, shook out her cape and prepared to leave the church.

"Nay—stay—Nadaashda," the name came naturally and was accepted by its owner as naturally. "Thou must explain. I know not

what to do. Where is thy brother?"

"Eustrate was away from our steamer when I was taken by a raven brought here," the Princess said. "He discovered that Saracheff had with Baranoff that I should be his bride! Oh, thou canst know what Saracheff is! Eustrate and I were coming to Sitka—so far from Russia—to do research work or to work in the church. He was in disguise."

"And he was recognized?"

"Prompted, seeing that he must come as best he might in the darkness."

"He and the others of the party whom thou dost come here," the Princess said, "put to the most humiliating task. I have never been able to speak to them though we see each other every day, afraid to make a sign. Last night Eustrate was drunk—drunk—drunk. Then I sought my brother, but he had been tortured earlier in the day. I found that he had been plotting to escape even as I, too, had been plotting to escape."

"Where didst thou find him?"

"In an Indian tomb on the hill back of the stockade. He lies there now, bleeding—bleeding as my heart for him," she concluded, clinging to him and recalling her plight.

Her listener could find no word of compassion was felt. "Why—"

"Eustrate brought in gold and turned from a far-away trip," she continued more calmly, "and he was flogged. Baranoff fears that he will overrun what he now rules here. Therefore, he tortured him. Does Baranoff know who he is?"

"Yes. Saracheff discovered him in Eustrate's delirium. In the Lady of Sorrows, help us!"

"Thou hast but to tell me his name."

"Wilt thou not take him?"

The quick response showed that she had been long meditating. "Key to his chains!"

Ormsbee shuddered. He had heard Indians often died of malnutrition like tombs were lost to the world.

"Can there be no way by which he can escape?"

The Princess Nadaashda heard. With a wild sob she told him that she would take his place in the stocks where they have hung his guard kicks him to make his lives to suffer—wilt thou love I entreat thee not to let Eustrate be so young—and he will die—I shall be happy to take his place."

"Dear Princess," Ormsbee said, "let us hasten."

"God is good! He has made it possible for us to enter the tomb. Thou art come to torture me."

"But—" she began, realizing that she must be so young and so beautiful, and that she would have to take his place in the stocks where they have hung his guard kicks him to make his lives to suffer—wilt thou love I entreat thee not to let Eustrate be so young—and he will die—I shall be happy to take his place."

"I will arrange the matter to assure her. Thou hast handed it to him. Thou art get thy brother away—"

"Yes. We went, my brother, to him. She knew the son by one of the Russian names he had given her the key. Baranoff is merciless in his will. He has reserved for himself the torture, because I cannot call beautiful."

"Thou wilt never be happy. Listen! When we are in the stocks, thou shalt be able to unlock his chains, as I have done. I will then think that thou art with Baranoff's mistress while thou leadest Eustrate to his suddenly remembered provision for their further escape from the stocks."

"Where?"

"Eustrate hath come to the harbor; and we will wait there."

"Good!" again exclaimed Ormsbee. "Thou art a brave girl. A heavy fog had covered the harbor until the darkness was revealed. Not a sound of life came from the heavy air save the sleepy caw of the raven perched in the spruce—a sound that called only when the devil bird that calls only when the raven is taken to Seattle."

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The Oldest of the Inter-marine Canals.

By Frank R. Arnold.

GOOD ENGINEERING.

THE canal in Southern France which, with the help of the Garonne River, unites the Atlantic and the Mediterranean is the oldest, longest, and least known of the world's inter-marine canals. Built in the seventeenth century, it has always been known as the Canal du Midi or du Languedoc. Starting at Toulouse, it runs about 150 miles in an easterly direction until it finds the Mediterranean at the port of Cette. It is thus about three times as long as the Panama Canal, but in its locks, proportions, boats, and general traffic it is very similar to the Erie Canal in its palmy days.

When you come out of the railway station at Toulouse you have to cross the canal before you can get into the city. The boulevards along by it are named for Riquet and Bonrepos; for the father, who planned the canal but died six months before it was finished, and the son who completed the work. And a little way up the canal is a statue to Pierre Paul Riquet, the inscriptions of which give the history of the canal in a nutshell. One side tells how the two seas are joined at the divide of Naurouse and how the water comes down there from the mountains to make the commercial highway. From the other sides you learn that the edict for construction went forth from Louis XIV on October 5, 1666, and that navigation began on May 15, 1681, and that the grateful city of Toulouse dedicated this monument to its benefactor in 1853. Riquet quite modestly turns his back to his great work as well as on a set of veterinary school buildings on the other side, and beams on Toulouse. Well may he look at the city with satisfaction, for his canal in his day was almost as great a feat of engineering as the Panama Canal is today, and it laid the foundation for the prosperity of Toulouse as a center of inland commerce.

The dream of uniting the Atlantic with the Mediterranean, the first of the two-sea canal dreams, had many champions before Riquet made it come true. It looked fairly feasible. Between Aquitaine and Languedoc the Cevennes lower down to only 189 meters above the sea before rising again to join the Pyrenees. On one side is the Garonne flowing to the Atlantic; on the other, the Aude flowing down to the Mediterranean. It was only natural that Francis the First, with such an adviser as Leonardo da Vinci, should think of joining these two provinces, rivers and seas. Leonardo had given his countrymen the practical art of operating canal locks, as well as the inscrutable Mona Lisa, and if the King and his painter had lived long enough they might have put the thing through. Under Henry IV and Louis XIII the project came up again and again, and when Riquet went to Colbert and told him he could produce the water to supply the canal on the divide the minister was ready to listen, especially as Riquet came well recommended by the Archbishop of Toulouse. Colbert was ever ready to support any plan to advance the financial welfare of France and increase the glory of Louis XIV, and so after various commissioners had examined the plan for four years, Riquet was supplied with money from the gabelle and went to work on his canal, which, according to him, was going to make the Strait of Gibraltar a superfluous passage and was going to reduce the revenues of the King of Spain at Cadix. It took fifteen years to do it, and the salt taxes didn't begin to pay for the work, especially as Louis needed his money to keep England and Spain at respectful distances, so that Riquet had to use his own private funds and plunge his family into debts that it took years of canal tolls to pay. He had the spirit of great inventors and was willing to pay any cost. "I look on this work," said he, "as the dearest of my children, and this is so true that, though I have two daughters to establish in life, I prefer to keep them at home for some time yet and use toward the expense of my work the money that I had intended to use for their dowries." All this and more you can read between the lines of the inscriptions on Riquet's monument. His was a life devoted to the accomplishment of one fixed purpose, but like Moses, he died just before he saw his efforts come to success.

To find the starting point of the canal, you have to take a car out to the "Bassin

de l'embouchure," near the Garonne just below the city. This is the meeting-place of three canals and is separated from the river by three locks. The oldest of the three canals is Riquet's, and is in the center. The one between that and the Garonne is the Brienne Canal, about a mile long, which, constructed in the middle of the eighteenth century, was originally built to allow boats to pass around the Bazacle dam, which bars the Garonne. It now also supplies water for the third canal, called the Lateral, which was completed in 1854 and follows along the Garonne toward Bordeaux.

The great trade on the canal is in wine from Algeria and Spain which comes in at Cette and is used in "cutting" the French wines. The canal rates average about 5 francs a ton for wine and wheat, and 30 for trunks, just about half what the railroad would charge between Cette and Toulouse. The empty wine hogsheads cost 1 franc each to return. To get this freight an independent boat owner has to pay the freight agents at Toulouse 5 cents a ton. His returns for a three weeks' trip to Cette and back come to from 300 to 400 francs, and usually he has a sailor to whom he pays 40 francs a month, and then there are the towing expenses of 25 francs across the Etang de Thau just before getting to Cette. The canal belongs now to the state, and everyone is free to use it. It is only, however, since 1898 that the commerce on it has been of value. For the forty years before that date it was leased to the Midi railroad, which charged such high canal rates that all carrying had to be done by rail and the canal commerce in ten years dropped from 31,000,000 to 24,000,000 francs, and by 1874 was only 16,000,000. Now the railroad rates have gone down 50 per cent. Many of the canal boats nowadays belong to freight companies such as the Compagnie de l'Union Riveraine, the Compagnie des Salins du Midi, and the Compagnie Duffaut. These hire families at 110 francs per month to attend their boats. Boats stay in the same families for generations. Children are born on them and old people die there. The boat owner has no expenses except his family, his tow horses and his crew of one man, and oftentimes he and his wife do all the work of steering, lock opening, and driving the horses.

As you leave Toulouse for the Mediterranean, the canal, on mounting toward the divide, passes through a fine corn, wheat and alfalfa farming country. It is a broad fertile plain shut in on both sides by low hills like the Platte Valley in Nebraska. A rare thing in France, where villages abound, it is a country of scattered farms, even the churches with their octagonal brick towers in the Toulouse style having only one or two houses about them. Flocks of geese are in every barnyard, for geese is the mainstay of the local meat supply. White oxen do all the work in the fields, but are too "molasse," the boatmen say, to draw the canal boats. A New Englander would say they are as slow as cold molasses. The canal banks are lined with elm and plane trees, and the views between give a series of moving farm pictures that stand out with a Colorado-like clearness, for this country is what Henri Martin, the Paris mural painter, calls the land of limpid light.

It takes from one to two days to reach Naurouse, where the divide is. Here one has the best chance to see how admirably Riquet planned his work, for it was there he solved the chief difficulty of the canal, the problem of water supply. Up to the north and east, for twenty-five miles at least, extends the Black Mountain, the most southerly ramification of the Cevennes. On the Toulouse side is the River Sor, and on the Mediterranean were many small mountain streams running into tributaries of the Aude, the chief river on that side. Riquet, who lived at Revel, not far from Naurouse, had given twenty-two years of study to the problem before he proved to the King's commissioners that he could tap the Sor on one side and bring the Alzau, the Lampy, and three other mountain streams into a reservoir above Naurouse. The initiatory ditch was finished on October 5, 1665, and thus proved to Louis and Colbert the feasibility of the canal.

At Naurouse today you find a "blez de partage" of about two kilometers. Blez is the old German word for bed, and in modern

French is spelled "bief" and means the space between two locks. Here, where the water comes in from the reservoirs of Lampy and St. Ferreol, which are filled from the Sor, Lampy and Alzau mountain rivers, is an iron tablet indicating the distance of the various water supplies that make up the canal. The farthest away is the Alzau, 65,242 meters distant, while the nearest is the St. Ferreol Basin, only 38,121 meters away. Riquet has his monument at Toulouse, as we have seen. He also has one at Beziers, where he was born, and one, besides, upon the mountain where the highest stream is tapped, and here at Naurouse his descendants erected in 1825 an obelisk in his memory, on a huge pile of pudding stone. This is his most fitting memorial, though it is surprisingly grim and simple for a French emblem, being much like a toy Bunker Hill monument.

The Toulouse side of the canal Riquet pushed through in about two years, having at one time a force of 7200 workers, including 600 women, while 1000 others were busy on the mountain reservoirs and ditches. The first stretch on the east side was as far as Trebes, beyond Carcassonne, and as locks abound, it took more time. The first important town you come to is Castelnaudary, a dead, provincial town with the usual central square surrounded by sleepy cafes. The harbor is finer than that of Toulouse, and the town rises from it to the octagonal church tower with a certain gray dignity, for all the buildings are of stone on that side of Naurouse.

Castelnaudary played an important part in the picturesque history of the canal, as it was here in May, 1681, that the first boats passing through the canal paused for the episcopal blessing of the canal waters. Early in the month Monsieur d'Aguesseau, intendant of Languedoc, accompanied by Riquet's two sons, the Baron of Bonrepos and the Count of Caraman, and several state officials, had passed through the dry canal from Beziers to Toulouse testing all parts and giving orders to let in the water.

On May 15 the same company left for the first navigation of the entire canal. They were met on the 18th at Castelnaudary by the Cardinal de Bonzy, Archbishop of Narbonne, and other bishops, who prepared the Church of St. Roch for the inaugural ceremony. The next day the Bishop of St. Papoul, as bishop of the diocese, gave his blessing to the waters of the canal, to the boats and all the assembly. The ceremony ended with a Te Deum, prayers for the King, shots of cannon and musketry by the happy inhabitants of Castelnaudary, who had never before seen so much water in their arid department and who were astounded to see a fleet where there had been previously scarcely enough water for culinary purposes. The cardinal and the officials then went on board. Their boat was 57 feet long and 12 feet broad, cut up into three parts, a room at each end and a large cabin between, 22 feet long and lighted by six windows, for the company. This boat was followed by two others, one for the servants and one for the kitchen and dining-room. The cardinal's boat was towed by a kind of galley on which was an orchestra of violins, oboes and trumpets. Last of all came twenty-three boats laden with merchandise from England and Holland on their way to the Beaulacra fair. The commerce on the canal down to the last century was always larger just before the fair of Beaulacra in July, and at the time of the spring and autumn fairs at Bordeaux.

From Castelnaudary on to Beziers the Black Mountain is ever on the left, while to the right are distant glimpses of the Pyrenees. The country becomes more and more southern in appearance until you reach Carcassonne, which rises up from the Aude, the most medieval sight in France. From then on the country is wholly given over to the grape, and you can see the peasants dusting the leaves with Bordeaux mixture. Every lock-keeper's house has its fig tree and blooming oleanders beside the door, and when the broom is in bloom the canal is a winding path of pink and gold which now and then gives way to dense hedges of cypress. At Trebes Riquet had planned to use Aude River, which flows through the town, but found its bed too rocky and its volume of water too uncertain to be used for commerce. Beyond Agens there are no

locks for fifty-three kilometers. The banks grow umbrellas and plane trees as well as abundant wild blackberries and almonds. At the Cresse River the canal sends an eighteen-kilometer branch to Narbonne, whose cathedral is plainly visible against the southern sky. Then all the country becomes a lake bed converted into a mass of vineyards. It is the former site of the old Lake Rubens, which Lake Bonneville of the State of Utah of it you drop into the marshes by the Malpas tunnel, long. This is an extraordinary enough. Above the hill is the road from Beziers to Narbonne; the hill is Riquet's tunnel, the first canal in the world, and below tunnels, one for the railroad and aqueduct—some perforation, would say.

In the flat country to which ascends by nine locks at Beziers volcanic humps, two rivers, the Orb River, then Agde by the finally the mountain of the Mediterranean. Except for the country is monotonous with the windbreaks of the tamarisks. Every available spot has its Oglous the canal proper and boats are towed for about twice across the Etang de Thau into Cette. The Mountain of Cette in that flat country as Big near Boston. It reminds one of Gibraltar. The main streets and you have views constantly Mediterranean. Connected with land only by a strip of mud, become an island. Across the Etang de Thau is the town famous for its wines even in the try. The port of Cette is a maze of canals and seems to be the lower part of the town, all due to the planning of Riquet fully as much as the He had to have a Mediterranean the Mountain of Cette was a canal from the Etang de Thau filled in land and constructed breakwaters. The whole is artificial, and even today against nature has to be the invading sand and is ever-increasing commerce Spain and Italy.

After a trip on the canal Cete you can understand of engineering passed for the seventeenth and eighteenth why the great Vauban when he examined the "I would give all that I have that there remains for have created this masterpiece canal-makers are among the earth, and Riquet is them.

A Difficult Task.

[Washington Star:] famous Carmen, said, azure skies and bright the blue Mediterranean ice and New York open.

"There's a story that of Carmen. If you you won't go far wrong It's a story about a like girl, whose their wedding day:

"Now I've married this—the first time you you."

"The girl blew a cloud into her husband's face and said:

"And the second what will you do then."

Solid Comfort.

[Christian Register:] up from her novel: "Fol what do you suppose for to a man?"

Father (who is a chit quittal, I should think.



Canals.

Scenes Along the Du Midi Canal.

locks for fifty-three kilometers. The banks grow umbrella and pinon pines, well as abundant wild blackberries and almonds. At the Cresse River the canal sends an eighteen-kilometer branch down Narbonne, whose cathedral spire is plainly visible against the southern sky. Then all the country becomes an immense lake bed converted into a mammoth of vineyards. It is the former marshy country of the old Lake Rubens, which is filled by its geological history the Lake Bonneville of the State of Utah. If you drop into the Mediterranean marshes by the Malpas tunnel, 130 long. This is an extraordinary knot of roughness. Above the hill is the old road from Beziers to Narbonne; through hill is Riquet's tunnel, the first submarine canal in the world, and below are two tunnels, one for the railroad and one aqueduct—some perforation, a would say.

In the flat country to which the canal ascends by nine locks at Beziers are volcanic humps, two rivers and a The humps represent first Beziers Orb River, then Agde by the Herault, finally the mountain of Cette close to the Mediterranean. Except for these the country is monotonous with vineyards, tected by windbreaks of tamarack and Every available spot has its vine. Ouglous the canal proper ends, and boats are towed for about twelve kilometers across the Etang de Thau into the Certe. The Mountain of Cette stands in that flat country as Big Blue Hill near Boston. It reminds one vaguely Gibraltar. The main streets all go and you have views constantly of the Mediterranean. Connected with the land only by a strip of sand, it could become an island. Across the end of Etang de Thau is the town of Toulon famous for its wines even in a wine try. The port of Cette is made up of sins and canals and seems to be the lower part of the town. The all due to the planning and Riquet fully as much as the canal. He had to have a Mediterranean the Mountain of Cette was a which he might tie it. At its base a canal from the Etang de Thau filled in land and constructed breakwaters. The whole harbor artificial, and even today the against nature has to be kept up the invading sand and to accommodate ever-increasing commerce from Spain and Italy.

After a trip on the canal from Cette you can understand why of engineering passed for a of seventeenth and eighteenth centuries why the great Vauban should when he examined the completed "I would give all that I have and that there remains for me to do I have created this masterpiece." The canal-makers are among the earth, and Riquet is not to them.

A Difficult Answer.

[Washington Star:] Mrs. famous Carmen, said, as the azure skies and bright, warm the blue Mediterranean toward ice and New York opera:

"There's a story that illustrates of Carmen. If you keep this you won't go far wrong in place. It's a story about a beautiful, like girl, whose husband and their wedding day:

"Now I've married you, me this—the first time you deceive you."

"The girl blew a cloud of smoke into her husband's face, laughed and said:

"And the second time I what will you do then, dear?"

Solid Comfort.

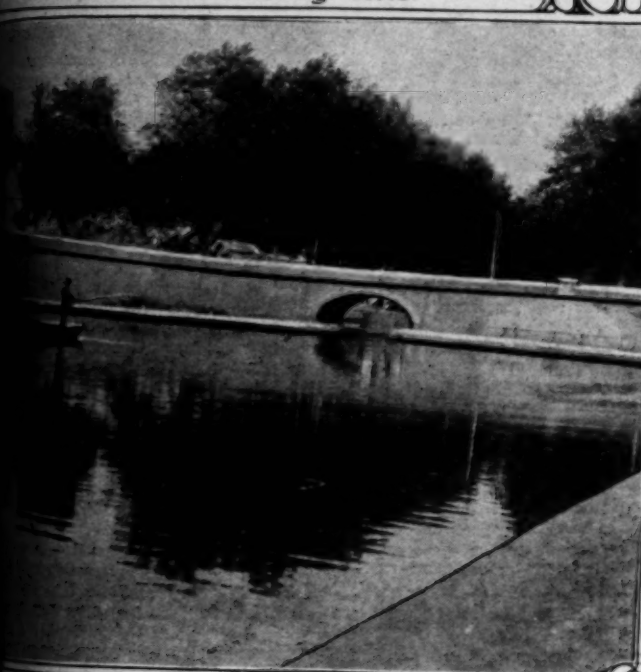
[Christian Register:] Daughter up from her novel:) Father, in what do you suppose brings the fort to a man? Father (who is a district judge) quitted, I should think.



The canal entering Cette.



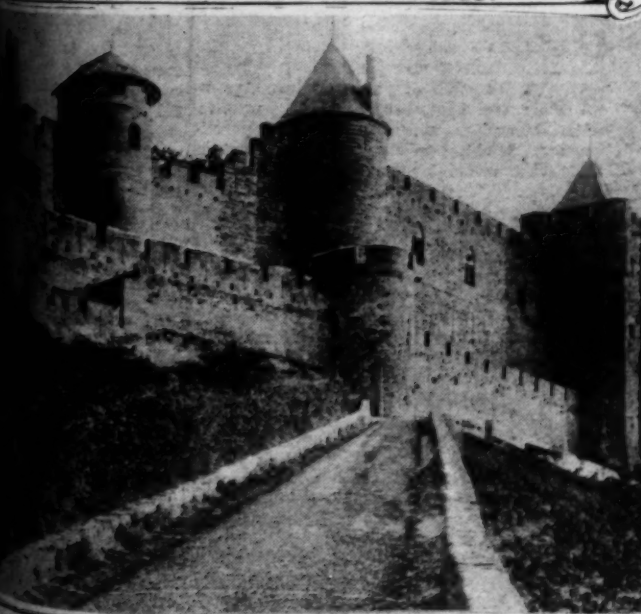
Where the canal crosses Orb River at Beziers.



The Basin de l'Embarcadere at Toulouse.



The nine locks at Beziers.



The Fortress of Carcassonne as they appear from the canal. Statue to Riquet at Toulouse.



Two miles of cypress windbreak near Carcassonne.

comes hardest. In the popular and checks; in sizes 6 to 18 years. Wash Suits at \$1.50

New York and the Atlantic border States are to have the Cabinet premier as a visitor during the summer months on his political pilgrimages to be conducted exclusive of his regular lecture engagements.

WASHINGTON. President Will decides to make a swing around the world.

WORST BLIZZARD IN YEAR

Storm.

Good Short Stories

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources

Compiled for the Times.

A Terrible Effort.

NOW that the washing hung on the line, Mrs. Moran was leaning over the back fence and discussing with sympathetic Mrs. Regan the problem of bringing up a daughter. Privately, Mrs. Regan considered that Maggie Moran was born lazy, but Maggie's mother held that Maggie's case was not so simple.

"It ain't that Maggie's not willin'," said Mrs. Moran. "Willin' she is, and active on her bicycle, and always ready to run an errand for you. But she ain't one that hears work callin' or sees it a-lookin' at her."

"It's easier to do a thing yourself than to be tellin' others," said Mrs. Regan, understandingly.

"And that's the truth," agreed Mrs. Moran. "But Maggie ain't to blame, although maybe she's a little too easy discouraged. I've seen her tryin'. Last winter I says to her: 'Maggie, I says, 'every time you find something to do to help mother round the house, I'll give ye a cent.' That started her hard at it, Mrs. Regan, and 'twas a full two weeks before she got discouraged and give it up."

"And how much did she make?" asked Mrs. Regan.

"Nine cents," said Mrs. Moran, "but I called it a dime."—[Youth's Companion.

A Neat Reply.

IN "MY VARIED LIFE," F. C. Phillips tells an amusing story of the English judge, the late Sir George Honyman, who wrote a wretched hand. On one occasion Sir George sent a note to a friend among the lawyers seated at the barristers' table.

Not being able to make head or tail of it, the friend scribbled something absolutely undecipherable upon a half sheet of note paper and passed it up to the judge. Sir George looked somewhat annoyed when he glanced at it, and when the court rose he spoke to his friend, and said: "What do you mean by this? I asked you to come and dine with me tonight."

"Yes," said the barrister, "and I replied that I should be extremely glad to do so."—[Youth's Companion.

A Democratic Army.

TO ILLUSTRATE the democratic spirit that prevails in the British volunteer army, this story is told in Punch.

A company of the sportsmen's regiment was being drilled at New Forest. The sergeant, an elderly stableman, said to one of the young recruits, who happened to be the brother of an earl:

"Head up, Montalg!" (So he pronounced the name.) "Head up, chest out, shoulders back!"

"My name isn't Montalg—it's Montague," said the young man.

"Very good, Montague," said the sergeant. "For speaking up like that you can just do four days' flogging."

Enough.

"WHY are you for the allies?" a friend asked a solemn-looking individual who looked as if there had been much suffering in his life. "Is it because you abhor Prussian militarism?"

"No."

"Is it that you fear Germany's desire to expand, to absorb foreign lands? Is it that you dislike the German character?"

"No," replied the solemn-looking individual.

"Well, why are you for the allies?"

"Because," said the other with a pensive air, "I once ate some sauerkraut."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Sandy Knew Signs.

SANDY, strolling up the banks of the river, came upon an English visitor fishing in the stream.

"Man," said Sandy, "ye winna catch any fish there. You'll hae tae gang a bit further up till ye come tae a guid spot."

"Ah," said the visitor, "but how will I know when I come to a good spot?"

"Hoots, man," said Sandy, "you can easy tell a guid spot by the number of empty bottles lyin' about."—[Chicago News.

Obedied Orders.

A CERTAIN captain, who shall be nameless, having been ordered on foreign service, gave a farewell dinner to his regiment.

Addressing the men before they commenced to eat, he said:

"Now, lads, treat this dinner as you would an enemy."

After dinner he discovered Private Robinson stowing bottles of champagne away in a bag. Highly incensed, the captain asked him what he meant by such conduct.

"Why, sir," said Robinson, "I'm only obeying orders."

"Obeying orders?" roared the captain. "What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer. "You told us to treat the dinner like an enemy, and you know, sir, when we meet an enemy, those we don't kill we take prisoners."—[Baltimore American.

For Uncle John.

THE small daughter of the house was busily setting the table for expected company when her mother called to her:

"Put down three forks at each place, dear."

Having made some observations on her own account when the expected guests had dined with her mother before, she inquired thoughtfully:

"Shall I give Uncle John three knives?"—[Chicago News.

Respectable Origin.

THOSE who know the Prince of Wales intimately say that he is as fond of a joke now as he was when he was a little boy—and in his nursery days his quaint sayings were proverbial in the royal family.

The late King Edward used to tell the following story. The King asked the little Prince what part of history he was then studying.

"All about Perkin Warbeck," replied His Royal Highness.

"And who was he?" inquired His Majesty, anxious to test his grandson's knowledge.

"Oh," answered the Prince, "he pretended he was the son of a king; but he wasn't. He was the son of respectable parents!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Fascinated by His Model.

THE weekly meeting of the Married Ladies' Society for the Better Control and Guidance of Husbands had just been called to order by the president.

"Members will now tell their troubles, one at a time," said the chair.

A meek-looking little woman stood up in a far corner of the room.

"My husband," she quavered, "is in love with his model."

The buzz of gossip suddenly ceased, and all eyes were turned upon the speaker.

"But your husband is not an artist," argued the president. "He runs an iron foundry, doesn't he?"

"Yes'm," said the meek lady, "but all the same he loves his model. You see, he's a self-made man."—[London Standard.

Happened in Boston.

LITTLE WENDELL HOLMES EMERSON of Boston was resting sedately with his book in the park shortly after dinner. He had eaten too much. He knew perfectly well he had eaten too much, and he was surprised and shocked at himself. He hoped fervently that no one would notice his condition.

Just then a kindly old lady appeared and sat down beside him. "Ah," thought Wendell, "I have sadly injured her esthetic sensibilities."

By this time the kind old lady was firmly settled. "My little boy," said she, "are you over eight?"

It was wonderful to see how the young Mr. Emerson recovered his dignity. That a woman with such outlandish grammar should dare to criticize him was unbelievable. "No, madam," said he, proudly, "I have over-eaten."—[National Monthly.

Ways to Break It.

HIS teacher was having a hard time explaining the lesson.

"Tommy, you can learn this if you make up your mind. It's not one bit smart to appear dull. I know that you're just as bright as any boy in the class. Remember, Tommy, where there's a will there's a way."

"Aw," broke in Tommy, "I know all dat, I do. Me fadder's a lawyer, an' I heard him say it lots o' times."

"You should not have interrupted me, but I am glad that your father has taught you the old adage. Can you repeat it to me?"

"Sure. Me fadder says dat where der's a will der's always a bunch o' poor relatives."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Inside Information Wanted.

"U M, YES! Ah!" remarked the medic, in his best bedside manner to his patient as they stood in the consulting-room. "I'll give you the following prescriptions. And he handed him three small packages.

The patient opened them and read the directions.

"A powder for my headache," he said aloud; "a pellet for my liver," he continued, "and a capsule for my gouty foot." Then he stopped and pondered deeply for a moment. "I say doctor," he queried, "how'll the little beggars know the right place to go when they get inside?"—[Philadelphia Ledger.

Blood Money.

THERE was a crash and a grunt as old Mr. Tiddieby fell on the slippery pavement and slid along for several yards. When he recovered his eyesight he discovered a small urchin rocking with laughter.

But there was a serious and bigger urchin standing not far off, and to him old Tiddieby spoke.

"I will give you a shilling," quoth he, "if you will give that unfeeling little wretch a good thrashing."

"I ain't no 'red assassin, guv'nor, and I don't want your bob; but I'll wallop the little beggar within an inch of his life if you'll give us that show all over again!"—[Answers.

Two at Least.

MISS PAULL was one of the teachers at the Mission Sunday-school. One Sunday the subject of the lesson was, "The Second Commandment," and Miss Paull began by asking little Adelbert Dugan the question:

"Now, Adelbert, have we any idols in this country?"

For a moment the boy hesitated, and then replied:

"Yes, ma'am. Me dad's idle, and me uncle, too."—[Household Journal.

So Pleasant.

IT WAS a club dinner, and Mrs. Anderson, a social climber, was seated next to Mrs. Murgridge, a society woman of prominence. Wishing to engage in conversation with the social leader, Mrs. Anderson remarked:

"I understand that you have a son who is studying music, Mrs. Murgridge."

"Yes, my son is a great musician," replied the social leader, rather coldly. "He is now studying in the Paris Conservatory."

"Really! How nice!" replied the social aspirant. "It must be so pleasant to be able to sit among flowers all day and not disturb anyone with the practicing!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

People Ground Down.

"WASN'T King John a wicked man?" said the professor's little daughter the other evening. "He used to run over people with his motor cars."

The professor was puzzled. "Haven't you made a mistake?" he inquired doubtfully. "Surely your teacher didn't tell you that?"

"Oh, yes, she did. She told us that King John ground down the people with his taxis."—[Town and Country.

Correct.

A CANADIAN named Casey was pointed to a government building. Casey was not. The building, however, understood technicality.

"Well, Casey," said the man who do you know about law, Casey.

"To tell the truth," replied Casey, "I don't know a single thing."

The examiner reported that "that he had examined Mr. Casey's knowledge of the law, and his information and belief."

answered the question that he had him correctly." The examiner fore admitted.—[Law Notes.

Fortunate.

THE German went into the midst of a crowd in a hall of rifle bullets, and speed to get away. He was on the side the driver put his hand and shivered.

"Why did you shiver, man at the wheel, too long to look around."

"I couldn't help it," was the reply. "I just went through my mind what would have happened if I were killed."

"What they're like."

"Not Like Us."

MRS. ANDERSON was in the bath and she has in her bath as ever descended from the cook said to her maid:

"To husband he said to her: 'Oh, no, Phoebe, he is a plain Mrs. Anderson.'"

"Well," said the maid, "wasn't like us, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was."

"Close Buying."

COMMENT me to be a shopper for real estate the manager of a real estate office. "We received a letter the other day that taught me."

"She was considering a yard of silk at 50 cents a yard. She left a remnant of which the salesman should take."

"What'll it cost?" asked the salesman.

"Fifty cents."

"I'll take it," said the salesman.

"and you may keep the rest off."—[Youth's Companion.

The Sailor's Object.

THE American sailors who last year were our soldiers to enter the army. When it was over, they can War, Capt. Lee, the commander-in-chief of the army, was ordered to work to defend a line of Jackies of a new kind into the trenches, and they were to be flying, but the sailors fully. They remained and their captain's name was Lee.

"My men," he said, "banks to hide behind, and at the enemy."

But Lee would not sweat away at the Mexicans, and thus protected, and to seek the shelter of the ship's captain's name was Lee.

"Well, Capt. Lee, reckon you were right did save some of my men or wounded, but you no use for dirt under the want is a clear duty."

fact is, captain, I don't ing, anyway. B. Companion.

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fact is, captain, I don't ing, anyway. B. Companion.

"My men," he said, "banks to hide behind, and at the enemy."

But Lee would not sweat away at the Mexicans, and thus protected, and to seek the shelter of the ship's captain's name was Lee.

"Well, Capt. Lee, reckon you were right did save some of my men or wounded, but you no use for dirt under the want is a clear duty."

fact is, captain, I don't ing, anyway. B. Companion.

The M

GREENEABLE SOCIETY.

EVERYTHING all right, sir?" The head waiter paused solicitously.

"Very good," commended Warren.

"Very good," commended Warren.

"Very good," commended Warren.

"Very good," commended Warren.

"Very good," commended Warren.

"Very good," commended Warren.

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"Very good," commended Warren.

"Very good," commended Warren.

of Anecdotes Gathered
from Many Sources

The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Urrer.

WOMANLY SOCIETY.

"All right, sir?" The

man passed solicitously.

"Good," commended Warren.

"Now, but it begins to

get dark."

"I don't know," said the

man. "Used to be

after the theater. Now they

do you know about law, any-

"To tell the truth," replied

"I don't know a single thing."

The examiner reported in

"that he had examined Mr. Casey

knowledge of the law, and, to

his information and belief,

answered the questions that he

him correctly." The aspirant

fore admitted.—[Law Notes.

Correct.

A CANADIAN named Casey pointed to a government placard. It had to be held by a society, however, undertook to

"Well, Casey," said the examiner, "do you know about law, any-

"To tell the truth," replied

"I don't know a single thing."

The examiner reported in

"that he had examined Mr. Casey

knowledge of the law, and, to

his information and belief,

answered the questions that he

him correctly." The aspirant

fore admitted.—[Law Notes.

Fortunate.

THE German scout car

into the midst of a French

in a hall of rifle bullets,

speed to get away. Suddenly

side the driver put his hand

and shivered.

"Why did you shiver, driver?"

man at the wheel, too busy

to look around.

"I couldn't help it," was the

let just went through my arm,

what would have happened if

tire."—[New York Evening Post.

Not Like Us.

MRS. ANDERSON'S husband

Mrs. Anderson is an American

and she has in her employ a

and ever descended from her

cook said to her mistress:

"Ye' husband he ain't no

"Oh, no, Phoebe, he is a

pled Mrs. Anderson.

"Well," said the cook, "I

wasn't like us, missus."—[The

Close Buying.

COMMEND me to the

shopper for real

the manager of a velvet

ment. "We received a

other day that taught us

"She was considering the

yard of silk at 80 cents. The

chase left a remnant of a

which the salesman

should take.

"What'll it cost?" asked

"Fifty cents."

"I'll take it," was the

"and you may keep the

off."—[Youth's Companion.

The Sailor's Objection.

THE American troops who

Crus last year were

our soldiers to enter the

tury. When it was

can War, Capt. Robert

the commander-in-chief of

army, was ordered to

works to defend a battery

jackies of a man-of-war

into the trenches, and

lying, but the sailors

fully. They resented being

and their captains

Lee.

"My men," he said, "I

banks to hide behind; but

and at the enemy."

But Lee would not

sweated away at the

the Mexicans opened

thus protected, and

to seek the shelter of

The ship's captain felt

an apology, and made

"Well, Capt. Lee,"

reckon you were right. I

did move some of my

wounded, but you know

no use for dirt banks

want is a clear deck

fact is, captain, I don't

ing, anyway. It isn't

Companion.

but I couldn't help bearing. They're quar-
reling, and she said she was tired of sup-
porting him. Dear, DO women really do
that? How can a man take money from a
woman?"

"That's not a man," with a contemptuous
snort. "That's only one of these pin-
headed skates who hang around Broadway."

The orchestra had stopped now, and
above the buzz of voices Helen caught the
woman's, excited:

"Sure I'm sore! I've got a right to be
sore. And it ain't just the money, it's all
the lies you've told me—that's what makes
me sore."

Again the man's muffled retort, which
Helen could not hear. But she could see
his insolent shrug and sneering defiance.
He was leaning back, a cigar in his mouth,
his hands in his pockets.

Suddenly, in the mirror, his eyes met
Helen's, and he took her with a bold, in-
solent stare. She turned away, the blood
leaping to her face.

"Want anything else?" asked Warren,
taking up the dinner card.

"No—no, it's so close in here," feeling
that the man's gaze was still upon her.
"Let's get out into the fresh air."

What had he thought? Was he presump-
tuous enough to mistake her glance for ad-
miration? Studiously she kept her eyes
from the mirror while Warren paid the
check. But as the waiter helped her on
with her wrap, she saw by a swift side
glance that the man was still watching her.

"What's the hurry?" demanded Warren,
as she pushed past him in her eagerness to
escape from that insistent gaze.

"Oh, my hair's every way. I'm going in
here," turning toward a curtained doorway,
while he got his coat from the check boy.

Even in the dressing-room Helen could
not throw off the unpleasant impression of
the man's presumptuous stare. Her face
still burned as she nervously smoothed her
hair.

The door swung open. There was a whiff
of a heavy lilac perfume. Helen caught
her breath—it was the woman who had sat
behind them.

Without a glance at Helen, she dropped
into a chair before one of the dressing ta-

bles and proceeded to take a powder rag
from her stocking.

Under the glaring shadeless light she
looked much older, and showed the effects
of the wine much more than in the restau-
rant.

"Where's that maid? Ain't there no pow-
der round this place?"

"I haven't seen any maid, but I can give
you some powder," offered Helen.

Without a word the woman held out a
soiled piece of chamois, and Helen sifted
on it a little powder from the tiny box she
always carried.

"That's enough. Thanks. I'm all in to-
night," dabbing on the powder. "Plague
take it," as it scattered on her blue satin
bust.

She made a half-hearted attempt to brush
it off with her handkerchief. Then sud-
denly she dropped her head into her large
jeweled hands with a hiccuping sob.

"Oh, I'm all in tonight! Say, what'd you
think of a man who'd blow in your money
on another woman? A lazy, worthless—
Oh, but what's the use? I tell you I'm all
in—it's my head."

"Wine always makes my head ache. I
wouldn't drink any more tonight, if I were
you," advised Helen.

"Oh, it ain't the wine, it's that hound.
He treats me as though I was the dirt un-
der his feet. But I'll show him," vindic-
tively. "I'll get back at him. And as for
that little minx—Oh, but what's the
use?" And her head went down on the
dressing table.

For a moment Helen stood awkward and
embarrassed. Her first impulse was to
slip away, for she knew Warren was wait-
ing impatiently just outside. Then she
went over and touched the heaving blue
satin shoulder.

"I wouldn't give way so. He'll see that
you've been crying."

Here the door opened again and a girl
swished in—a typical Broadway type, slim,
short-skirted, with white spats and a fruit-
sauce hat.

"What's the matter? powdering her nose
with an indifferent glance at the sobbing
woman. "She sick?"

"She's just a little upset," murmured

Helen, ashamed of not wanting to seem to
be connected with her.

"A drop too much, eh? Buck up, old
girl." Then pulling up her stockings and
pulling down her shirt waist, she swung
out.

"You're all right now, aren't you?" asked
Helen soothingly.

The woman was gazing in the mirror at
her tear-beared eyes.

"God! how old I look. That's why he's
tagging after that little squirt! But she
can't hold him—she ain't got a red cent.
Oh, that's where I've got him," gloatingly.
"And he'll walk the chalk or he'll not get
another penny. Oh, I can hold him all
right—long as I'm making good money."

"But why do you want to hold him if he
only cares for your money?"

"Why?" excitedly. "Don't you think I
get lonely? Don't I want somebody to take
me out? And he's got a way with him,
Jack has, that any woman would fall for.
Got a cigarette?"

Helen shook her head.

"Where's that maid gone, anyway? She
always has cigarettes. Yes, I know he's
not worth holdin' on to. Go ahead, tell me
I'm a fool! But if I work hard for my
money, why shouldn't I throw it away if I
want to?"

"I can't stay any longer," murmured
Helen. "My—somebody's waiting for me."
She had caught back the word husband,
fearing the suggested companionship and
security might add to the woman's dejection.

"Say, have that boy out there get me a
box of cigarettes," thrusting at Helen a dol-
lar bill. "I'm all in. Got to have one to
quiet me."

Outside Warren was pacing scowlingly up
and down the corridor.

"What under heaven? Just about to send
in for you."

"Oh, dear, the strangest thing! That
woman, the one who sat behind us, in there.
She's gone all to pieces. I'm afraid
she's—"

"She's soused, that's what's the matter.
Don't waste any sympathy on her."

"But I've got to send her in some ciga-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN.)

Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

CHILD PILOT.

lost his zest
in the sea of life;
had given to please me best,
glory in sweet

child, have led me

to the quest of

belly in fresh tack,

of the joy it brings!

Teacher.

do you like to go to

and tell him that

when you are handing

child he will remem-

not right in such or

The ship's captain felt

an apology, and made

"Well, Capt. Lee,"

reckon you were right. I

did move some of my

wounded, but you know

no use for dirt banks

want is a clear deck

fact is, captain, I don't

ing, anyway. It isn't

Companion.

Wash Suits at \$1

Wash Suits at \$1

Wash Suits at \$1

Wash Suits at \$1

Wash Suits at \$1

Wash Suits at \$1

Wash Suits at \$1

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Wash Suits at \$1

Wash Suits at \$1

moral right, look out. If he finds out that
when you once issue a pronouncement,
you will stick to it, right or wrong, he has
your weakness uncovered. He will lose re-
spect for your authority, and while seeming
to yield obedience, will surely commence his
experimentation to find out right and wrong
for himself, and will be likely to believe that
whatever is pleasing is right and good. You
have placed yourself too far away from him,
by your assumption of infallibility, for him
to consult with you. Therefore he blunders
along alone, and the tragedy is begun.

Your child is naturally frank, unless he
has some hereditary defect. He wishes to
blurt out everything to you. He has a rapid-
fire question apparatus, and you check its
action at your peril. Many times you sup-
press his questioning because you yourself
cannot answer, and you do not wish him to
discover this fact. If you do not answer
every question he will take it to someone
else who will perhaps mislead him; or he
will take it to life itself. He will have his
answer. Sometimes he will go to his own
ruin to obtain it.

Keep a little tablet, good father or moth-
er, and record every question that your
child shall ask of you to which you cannot
give an immediate answer. It will prove a
most interesting experiment, and an educa-
tion to you. Find him a true answer, and
give it to him betimes. You may, by strat-
egy, lead him away from a subject you con-
sider dangerous for him, and cause him to
forget temporarily. But his mind will come
about to the same point again, and some-
body less wise and less safe may be near
by at that time to answer him.

I have seen you, Mother, in public places
with your child, in a state of utter mental
detachment. Busy with your own thoughts,
or with a grown companion, you forgot
everything about the child beside you ex-
cepting that its physical presence must be
accounted for. The child's face was vacant,
patient, bored. It realized its isolation. It
was in your power to treat it with dis-
courtesy. I hear you laugh at the idea of
"discourtesy" to your own child. But in
that day when you are old and helpless, and
you have turned all of your earthly posses-
sions over to your sons and daughters, you
may have cause to remember something
that you neglected in their early training.

Don't let that barrier of difference in age
and interests rise up between you and your
child. Make his interests yours, and you
will be surprised by the wonder-world he
will open up to you. He will keep you
hustling to maintain your pace with his con-
stant grasping after new knowledge. He
will teach you things you have never before
thought about. He will compel you to test
your own moral code hour by hour, if you
deal fairly with him. He will teach you
that smug, dead axioms do not answer the
needs of life. If you will condescend to play
with him on terms of equality, he will re-
juvenate you. He will love you, respect you
and obey you the more readily when he
feels that he is understood.

Yes, I know I have harped on this subject
before; and I shall continue to harp until
you parents grow to understand.

Do's and Don'ts for Spring-Feverists.

Don't, because you have a new spring

gown and are anxious to "beat your friends
and neighbors to it," lay aside the comfy
coat you have been wearing, on an early
spring day, and pay for your triumph in
three weeks of mustard baths, black medi-
cine and closed windows, while spring is
laughing at you outside.

Don't take it for granted that the whole
family has just got to be run down and half
sick as soon as spring opens, and make their
lives miserable by the annual bottle of
blood-purifier. Plenty of outdoor exercise,
deep breathing, fruit and early spring vege-
tables, combined with regulation of the hab-
its, will prove more effective, and leave no
damaging results. The observance of Lent is
healthier than spring tonics.

If you get up in the morning feeling "that
lassitude," don a dressing robe, throw your
windows wide open, go through some vigor-
ous exercises, then take a cold sponge bath,
and don't eat too much breakfast, or wallow
in coffee.

Don't be unwary—if you are maid or
bachelor—of the gentle, balmy seductiveness
of a spring morning. It may throw a
film of rosy romance over the man or girl
whom you would know—in a normal state
of mind—to be quite capable of making you
miserable for life.

Don't—if you are married—fail to take
your life partner for a holiday to some beau-
tiful spot, where the thrill and sweetness of
awakening life is all about you. Since the
die is already cast, for good or ill, the woo-
ing of spring can do no greater harm than
to reawaken dear old memories, and per-
haps bring the brilliant hues back to the
gossamer wings of flagging romance.

Southern California Birds Win in New York.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

FINE LEGHORNS.

VISITORS to the late Los Angeles Poultry Show will recollect the fine exhibit of Brown Leghorns put up by Williams Bros., of Fullerton. In type and color of plumage they were superb. Some of these same birds were sent to the Madison Square (New York) poultry show, where they came in competition with the best specimens that the East could produce. The manner in which they stood by the colors and behaved under the critical eye of the experts, is told by Judge Hewes in the following words:

"In the single-comb Brown Leghorns the eastern breeders were treated to a genuine surprise. Williams Bros., of Fullerton, Cal., winning first, third and fifth cock, fifth hen, first pullet and first pen. Their first and second cocks were undoubtedly two of the best male birds we have handled in New York in the past five years. They had shape and Leghorn type, as well as the perfect Brown Leghorn color that has made this breed one of the most popular of the small, parti-colored breeds. The striping in neck and back was almost perfect, and the general harmony of color, running from one section to another, with the brilliant red, without being too dark on the surface and still holding the perfect striping in neck and back, was a picture for an artist and a rare treat for the lovers of high class Single Comb Brown Leghorns."

A Crow From Pennsylvania.

It is always pleasant to be commended, especially when the commendation comes from an unexpected source. Now the poultry readers of the Times Illustrated Weekly are not only a numerous family, but they also cover a very wide geographical area, as witness the following correspondence from D. G. Katzmillier in far-away Pennsylvania, detailing the proud performance of seven Barred Rock hens:

"Editor Los Angeles Times: A cousin living in your city for many years has been sending, for some time to her eastern cousins, a copy of the Los Angeles Times, which is read with much interest, and the writer has been greatly interested in reading the articles on poultry and what is doing in the poultry line in California. In this connection, possibly poultry fanciers of California will be interested to learn what chickens can do in Pennsylvania."

"I have a pen of seven Barred Rocks, hatched August 23, 1914, which laid their first egg January 25, 1915, when five months and two days old. I kept a record beginning February 1, and during this month (twenty-eight days) they laid ninety-seven eggs. With the exception of two days when I got only one egg, I gathered daily three, four, five and six eggs, except February 22, when I gathered seven eggs, thus proving on that date all were laying."

"On February 23, when exactly six months old, I weighed the first pullet 1



HAPPY GROUPS OF WYANDOTTES.

The White Wyandotte has been a great favorite in the American class wherever a white plumage has admirers, a good producing breed and a fine quality of table fowl is a consideration. In California they have long been popular both as a commercial variety and also as a fanciers' fowl. In the egg-laying contests the Wyandotte hens have given a good account of themselves, while for eating there is nothing better than the Wyandotte broiler or roaster—being of rapid growth, producing a plump and juicy carcass in less time than some other breeds. The pictures are those of Mrs. C. D. Hubbard's White Wyandottes at Carpinteria, Santa Barbara county.

could lay my hands on which weighed six and one-half pounds strong. The cockerel tipped the scale at eight pounds.

"The foregoing record seems remarkable to me for the reason that young pullets begin laying when five months old, in mid-winter with climatic conditions embracing snow, cold rains, and frequently close to zero."

"These pullets don't know what warm food is, their ration consisted of wheat, cracked corn, oats, bread and meat scraps, fresh water and the only green food was cabbage."

That is certainly a good record and we regret that some of Mr. Katzmillier's birds are not in the egg-laying contests now in progress at the San Diego and San Francisco expositions. However, we suggest that he enter them at the Panama-Pacific International Poultry Exposition and that he come out in person and see what we have to offer in web and feather.

Simplifying Chick Feeding.

With multitudes of folders, pamphlets, catalogues and books that are now to be had almost for the asking, it seems almost impossible to say anything new or out of the way on chick feeding. But for the fact that many people think that chicks must be fed differently from their elders, we should not have referred to the subject at all. The dry chick feeds on the market are compounded of much the same grains as the dry poultry foods, only ground finer. "For sixteen or seventeen years I have been feeding young chickens with the same food as old hens, with the exception that the chickens got fine instead of coarse cracked corn feed in the middle of the morning and got mash the last thing at night," writes the editor of "Farm Poultry." "This year my boy, on his own account, still further simplified the feeding. His chickens, about fifty, have been fed just the same as the old hens, except that they got mash the last thing in the evening as well as the first thing in the morning. There has not been a pound of grain but whole wheat, whole oats and coarse (sometimes very coarse) cracked corn brought on the place this year. The chickens have grown just as well. I have told this to a number of poultrymen as I met them, and found several who had been simplifying their own feeding of young chickens; and one who had grown several hundred chickens, feeding practically the same. He is an old breeder, and declares he never had better chickens. Some say this is all right for chicks hatched and reared by hens, but you can't do it if using artificial methods."

Poultry for Profit.

Gradually California is acquiring a horticultural and agricultural literature peculiarly her own answering to our varied conditions of soils and climate as well as great diversity of production. Books on pomology, on ornamental gardening, and vegetable growing have already acquired a place

of their own; and within the past six months there have appeared two practical books on poultry culture, both of which possess the distinction of being written by women. The former of these, written by Mrs. Swaygood of Pomona, was reviewed in these columns November 21, 1914; it is with equal pleasure that we now give attention to Jean A. Kothen's "Poultry for Profit," a compact volume of some 239 pages, published by the California Cultivator of Los Angeles.

The author of this manual has covered the subject fully, giving the salient features and practices of an enlightened poultry culture as it applies to California conditions, based largely on personal experiences, and intelligent compilations from recognized authorities. The chief topics covered in the book are "Housing and Yarding," "Incubation and Brooding," "Feeds and Feeding," "Mating and Breeding," "Markets and Marketing" and "Sanitation and Hygiene." There are some fifteen textural figures and about thirty full-page illustrations.

A Spring Poultry Show.

It is the purpose of the Southern California Breeders' Association to hold a Spring show some time in the latter part of April, in which only breeding pens are to be featured. There will be a nominal entry fee, and an admission price. It is thought that such a fixture will act as a sort of clearing house for breeding stock, it being understood that every pen exhibited will be for sale at a stipulated price. All exhibits will be judged much the same as at regular poultry shows.

Caught on the Wing.

For the month of February there were shipped from Petaluma 262,508 dozen of poultry, showing an increase over the same period last year of 53,428 dozen.

There are, according to an English authority, three distinct varieties of Indian Runner ducks, viz.: the Fawn, the White and the English Pencilled.

Automatic exercisers throw the grain

Foothill Feather Farm

TRUE SILVER CAMPINES the Poultry of the Distant Past, the Fowl of the Future, long established in Belgium, England and Canada, but comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated. Breeding birds for sale.

Crystal White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners), Black Minorcas, (ribbon getters), "Red" R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

Fowls and eggs supplied. Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Pigeons, Deer, Goats and Dogs also.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM, No. 7049 W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood District. A picturesque spot. 30 minutes from the city, 15 minutes from Van Nuys, 45 minutes from the San Fernando Valley generally, via the Cahuenga Pass. Phone Home 57278.



JEAN A. KOTHEN,

Author of the book, "Poultry for Profit."

among the litter when wanted quantities, causing the birds to get them.

It is understood that in San Francisco, Detroit, Indianapolis and Falls are all making a comparison of the 1915 meeting of the American association.

Easy hens, like any man, are plentiful; but you can kill the chicken lice and profitable travel in the same harness, as body.

Good stock will respond while the mongrel often does not.

Alfalfa is an excellent feed for poultry, and one-third as much fat as oysters. Fuel is twice as much as beef, and one-third as much as cheese.

The United States consumes an average of only thirty eggs a year for the United States, while in poultry culture these are the white.

The Chemical and Statistical

That veteran of the poultry

try journalism, Michael E. H.

outdone by the statistical

eral Department of Agricul

sected the product of the

hen along chemical, and

with the following results:

The outside of a fresh

an albuminous or membra

At the moment the egg

stance is of a sticky

hardens when it comes in

air. The purpose of this

vent the egg from spoiling,

be washed, this coating is

keeping qualities are great

After being laid, a por

contained in the egg is

piration, notwithstanding

of the shell, and the clea

rible membrane lining it

Don't Neglect

in the summer. Try

of Feeding as described

"Chickens from Shell to

Coulson Co., Pa.

Three Imports

We are the

The best incubator

Jubilee Model

The best Egg

Midland Model

The best Chick

Steenbeck

Aggeler & M

Main Store, 68

Branch Store,

Organic Fe

Ground Tankage

Fine Blood

Ground Sheep

Commercial

Nitrogen and Phosph

organic sources

Car Loads or Less

HAUSER

LOS ANGELES

Broadway 222

Orpington-S

Y

Ground Sheep

Red, Light, Brown

Car Loads or Less

C. K. B

1st St. and La

They must be fed always ALL

A fresh egg is practically full, while an old egg there is more or less vacancy due to the loss by transpiration. The loss is shown by holding the egg to a strong light.

The average length of a hen's egg is 2.37 inches.

The average diameter, at the broad end, is .875 inches.

The average weight, about one-eighth of a pound, is 50 per cent. water, 16 per cent. yolk, and 33 per cent. fat.

The yolk is colored by a pigment, which, it is believed, does not exist in all fowls.

Chickens like and profitable travel in the same harness, as body.

The number of the product in-

clude 4 per cent. less protein and

while the mongrel often does not

protein and one-third as much fat

preferably fed freshly cut. The

chickens; twice as much protein and

alfalfa with hot water

two-thirds that of beef, and one-

rich cheese.

a fresh egg is three days.

of the egg spoils more quickly

the white.

the egg the less is that sweet,

noticeable.

egg beats to a froth easier than

is sink.

a longer time to boil a fresh

does a stale one.

egg, when boiled, the white will

shell. When the egg is a few

the shell peels off smoothly.

weight when cooked.

How

THEIR RATIONS.

destined for the Thanksgiving

may be yarded successfully

the time they "show the red."

that is, when the red caru-

ble membrane lining it

to show on the head and neck, at

about three months.

plenty of land, it is of

to let the turkeys have free

in this way they will be able to

a moment of their food, and

little cost until the fat-

ness begins, a couple of weeks be-

fore. But as far as their

growth are concerned, if rightly

they can be shoved ahead about

yards on a range.

on a range should be fed every

they are shut in for the

will keep them from getting

and will insure a good, steady

whole corn and oats, half and half,

as good a ration as can be fed

birds. If the birds have good ap-

petites all they will stuff; if they

are hungry, reduce the feed

amount.

birds a more complicated

summary. They should be fed a

whole grains, with clam

shell, charcoal, and coarse beef

They must have, also, every

of green food—alfalfa,

lawn clippings or kale

they will eat a surprising

clean water is of course es-

to give yarded birds only

in the morning, and reserve the

until late afternoon. Along

with a beautiful feed of the

also dry mash in a

There should be as much of the

as the birds will eat, with a lit-

le mash—straight wheat bran

anything—should be gauged,

so that it all will be consumed

This method sends the birds to

fall crops; it enables them to

digest the next morning by

clearing out the bran from the

morning feed of green stuff

from getting too hungry, while

without any food at all through

of the afternoon keeps them

allows them to work up the nec-

essary for the big evening ration.

growth, young turkeys must be

every night with their crops

they must be fed always ALL

at 3:00 o'clock sharp. Then you and the Hamburger Story Girl will go up to the Arrow Theater. The picture for you will be "Doc Yak and Santa Claus." You remember what fun you had last Saturday—don't

reinforcements where wear comes hard—brown mixtures and shepherd checks; in also



The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Avocado

Signs of Heart Weakness.

RECENT studies of blood pressure have developed the fact that there are certain well-defined symptoms of heart weakness that are the forerunners of organic heart disease, which, if corrected, will prevent actual organic troubles. Prof. Moritz of Munich has recently formulated certain tests, many of which may be made by any one.

Having in mind that the normal pulse rate is about seventy-two beats per minute, Prof. Moritz points out that a gradual acceleration of the pulse when the person is at rest is an important sign of encroaching weakness of the heart. Acceleration which persists after physical exercise is also an indication, which may be tested by taking the pulse while reclining, and taking it again after bending the knees and straightening the legs ten times while standing. This exercise accelerates the heart; but if the cardiac muscles are in good condition, the heart beat drops back to normal within two minutes if the person reclines immediately. If the rapid pulse continues longer than this it is an indication that the heart has begun to weaken.

Another symptom of heart weakness is a pulse that continues beating rapidly during sleep; but of course a test for this condition cannot be self-applied. It should be remembered, however, that after a day of violent exercise to those unaccustomed to it, the heart is always accelerated at night. But this acceleration does not persist after the first twenty-four hours.

Many persons suffer from a sense of suffocation as a result of sudden nervous strain, shock, or fright. If this condition is purely of nervous origin, it is relieved by exercise. But if there is a tendency to heart weakness, exercise will increase the sense of suffocation instead of causing it to diminish.

Another sign of heart weakness is a sense of suffocation which is not present while the person is awake, but comes on shortly after dropping asleep. And still another indication is an inability to hold the breath for at least thirty-five or forty seconds.

Blood Pressure.

One of the great triumphs of modern medicine is the interpretation of the meaning of the variations of the blood pressure in the arteries, and the invention of a simple device for testing this pressure. Indeed, the significance of the pressure in the vessels is so important that many insurance companies now require that it be accurately recorded before accepting a risk, since abnormal pressure may be an indication of approaching disease which as yet gives no other symptom.

It is understood, of course, that the blood in the vessels is under a certain amount of pressure normally, and that this pressure varies within certain limits, being increased by exercise, and decreasing during rest. Such variations, however, are merely indicative of normal health. But certain diseases, such as those involving the blood vessels, the kidneys, or the heart, produce an increased pressure in the blood vessels before the organs themselves are sufficiently involved to give the ordinary symptoms. In short, the amount of blood pressure is a kind of barometer, and a very accurate one, of systemic conditions.

But unlike the weather barometer, which merely portends the storm, this blood barometer suggests a way of preventing it. The systemic storm is dependent upon certain definite bodily abnormalities. By correcting these the blood barometer needle may be swung back to the normal and kept there, thus averting the impending catastrophe. It is with this object in view that the hygienists are now advocating the routine practice of having the blood pressure tested periodically, to make sure that no systemic storms are brewing.

Poisoning From Gasoline Fumes.

The fumes of gasoline are generally supposed to be harmless, even when inhaled freely and for a long time. But it appears that such is not always the case, judged by the effect produced by these fumes on some of the workmen engaged in the occupation of filling automobile tanks, or others

brought constantly in contact with the vapors. For cases where various unpleasant symptoms have been reported are becoming common; and at least one case of inflammation of the brain with partial paralysis is on record.

In this last case the man fell unconscious while engaged in his regular work of filling gasoline tanks. He did not regain consciousness completely for eleven days. And when he did so it was found that the muscles of his eyes were partially paralyzed, and there was paralysis of the left arm and leg, accompanied by great dizziness and headaches. The paralysis and resulting weakness did not entirely disappear for several months.

Although there is every reason to believe that inhaling the fumes from the gasoline tanks caused this condition, it is thought that it was the volatile impurities in the gasoline, rather than the gasoline fumes themselves that produced the poisonous effects. But in any event it is well to remember that there is a certain amount of danger from the fumes of gasoline products if inhaled for a long time.

Injuries From Athletic Training.

Every one knows that a certain amount of athletic training is a good thing, and that too strenuous training is harmful. But reliable statistics about the actual harm done by overtraining, or the wrong kind of training, are not readily available, because many of the ill effects do not develop until later in life and are usually not associated with the early athletics.

Prof. Torgersen of Sweden, who has been making a careful study of Scandinavian athletes, has reached the conclusion that most of the injuries resulting from athletics are due to gruelling contests by men whose course of training has been too short, or men who were physically unfit for training in the beginning; and that little harm, if any, results in athletes who are really fit. He shows, however, that temporary ailments, even of a seemingly trivial nature, may make a well trained athlete unfit for contests. For example, a distance runner who had undergone a long course of training developed a case of slight tonsillitis on the morning of the race. He felt perfectly well, and as his pulse and temperature were normal, he was allowed to compete. He collapsed within 300 feet of the goal with signs of heart weakness, and has never completely recovered.

It is a common practice among athletes, when they have some slight indisposition, to go into the gymnasium and "work it off," and this method is frequently successful. But ordinary hard gymnasium work is not to be compared with a gruelling contest, in which every muscle and nerve are strained to the utmost, and where every ounce of reserve force is called into play.

Cause of Decayed Teeth.

Primitive man did not need tooth lotions and antiseptic dentrifices, for many times daily the teeth and mouth were disinfected by the germ-destroying and inhibiting acids of juicy fruits. At feeding times, the chewing muscles were brought into vigorous action and the teeth made to strike their roots deeper into their bony sockets by the exercise of cracking nuts, while their crowns were thoroughly brushed, scoured and polished by the chewing of fibrous roots and other esculents. The splendid dentures of the gorilla, which still sticks to the original primate bill of fare, afford good evidence of the efficiency of a natural diet as a means of teeth conservation.

The teeth of modern man are almost altogether deprived of these natural protective influences. Fruits are eaten as a luxury rather than as a substantial part of the diet, and many people eat no fruit at all. By milling and cooking processes, the cellulose and other resisting structures of the food are so broken up that the grinding functions of the teeth becomes superfluous, and the mouth becomes simply a port of entry for foodstuffs.

But the fundamental cause of dental decay lies deeper still. In a general way, all matters of diet which tend to deteriorate the body by lowering the vital resistance may encourage dental decay. This is especially true of influences which impair diges-

tion, as any such injury shows itself immediately in general impairment of nutrition. —[Medical Progress.

Lead Poisoning From Cosmetics.

Cheap cosmetics are likely to be harmful because they may contain some preparation of lead. And lead poisoning is a serious matter, not only to the individual poisoned, but to his offspring. Moreover, the symptoms of lead poisoning appear so gradually, and in so many peculiar guises, that it may not be suspected until it is fully established, and most difficult to cure.

An analysis of the cheap cosmetics shows that many of them contain "Flake White," which is a subcarbonate of lead. When preparations containing this are applied to the skin in the usual manner—that is, rubbed on the face with a moist sponge—a certain amount of the lead is absorbed, and may produce lead poisoning in which the symptoms make their appearance so slowly that they are not detected as the effects of lead for a long time. Face powders which contain lead may also produce poisoning; and recent investigations seem to show that as a result of using such powders, "many women suffer from lead intoxication of varying degrees, causing in them anemia, debility, constipation, etc., and perhaps nephritis."

One of the investigators expresses the opinion that "many cases of general nervous debility, some cases of insanity and various types of paralysis are caused by the use of cosmetics containing lead." And he adds, "I am convinced that lead absorbed in this manner is an important contributing factor in impairing the health and lessening the general efficiency of a considerable number of women."

It does not appear that the better grades of cosmetics and face powders contain lead. But lead is the basis of most of the cheap preparations.

Correcting Flatness of Boiled Water.

It is generally conceded that the most practical and effective way to purify water for drinking purposes is to boil it. It is possible, of course, to filter out the germs; but filters that really accomplish this effectually are complicated and expensive. Moreover, one can never be certain that even an effective filter may not develop defects that are not easily detected, and thus be worse than useless.

With boiled water, however, there are no complications: it is simply a matter of making sure that the water actually boils. Unfortunately this same useful boiling process leaves the water flat, tasteless and unpalatable to most persons. But this flatness may be corrected by running the boiled water through an ordinary coarse sandstone filter. Such a filter restores the taste completely, although it should not be relied upon to remove the impurities from unboiled water. It appears, therefore, that the most useful function of the ordinary stone filter is that of restoring the taste to water which has been purified by boiling, rather than by helping in the purifying process itself.

Rev. John Wesley, Healer.

The work of the Rev. John Wesley as a preacher has so completely overshadowed the other accomplishments of this remarkable man, that his work as a physician is practically forgotten. Yet during his life he was known almost as widely for his skill in healing diseases as for his success in saving souls. His little volume of domestic medicine, "Primitive Physic," published in 1747, was one of the most popular books of its time, and passed through thirty-two editions. Some of the remedies suggested in these various editions are interesting as demonstrating the fantastic notions about diseases and remedies that prevailed in the great preacher's time.

For example, to cure ulcers in the mouth, or cancer, Wesley recommends that one "blow the ashes of scarlet cloth into the mouth or throat. It seldom fails," he says. For other cancers, "one may wear a sheet of lead constantly over the growth;" or use "powdered horse-spurs (warts that grow on the inside of the horse's fore legs) dissolved in ale, or goose-dung and calandine externally." For consumption, "take a cow-hoel

from the tripe house, ready made, and mix with it a quart of new milk, two ounces of hartshorn shavings and infusion of ginger; put all of these in a bottle and let it stand in a warm place for three days. Let it continue there until the patient is cold; and let the patient eat of it in an oven after the usual manner. This has cured many." And his favorite treatment was to "bacco smoke down the throat."

To cure rheumatism, Wesley recommended that the patient "very gently rub a little turpentine over the affected parts, and let the patient breathe into the hole for a short time." For white specks in the eye, he recommended that the patient "put a little ear wax in the eye."

Oilless Cod Liver Oil.

Owing to the fact that the taste and impalatability of cod liver oil is one of the chief reasons why it is not taken in many cases, strenuous efforts have been made by manufacturers to remove these unpleasant features. As a result, a certain amount of the oil has been placed on the market, which is alleged to retain all the virtues of the oil itself, without the disagreeable taste. But exhaustive experiments have demonstrated that the emulsions of these preparations are not in direct proportion to their fishy character and smell and taste.

It appears, therefore, that the observations of Prof. Street of the Agricultural Experiment Station, who has been making exhaustive experiments, that the full benefit of this oil is not obtained by the use of emulsions, is unfortunately true. And it is a common observation that there is still much guesswork in the conditions in which cod liver oil is indicated, and the ones in which it cannot be used.

However, there are many instances that rival the oil of cod liver in energy-givers. Pure olive oil, for example, and almond oil, which are both fairly good substitutes, and equal cod liver oil in the most important respects. Therefore, it is far better to use these substitutes for the emulsions than to experiment with the less products, whose purity is dependent upon the skill of the manufacturer.

Fear and Disease.

The relationship between fear and disease has long been recognized by observation that people are more likely to have disease when they are in a state of fear, worry, sorrow and definite physical ailments.

The primary effect of disease is intestinal stagnation, by relaxation and dilation. Both these conditions lead to toxic matter from the circulation, thus producing an effect upon the nervous system in a "vicious circle" manner. That is, a state in which the body is in a state of diseased condition, and the mind is in a state of fear and worry, and the mind produces physical ailments, and the physical ailments produce more fear and worry.

Courage and optimism, on the other hand, produce precisely opposite effects, and tend to restore the system. And undoubtedly the beneficial effects of the "culta" in certain effects are not dependent upon the intangible spiritual effects upon the perfectly healthy muscles of the body. In fact, physical conditions first, and then the

PLANTABLE TREES.

Many thousands of avocado (alligator pear) trees planted about Southern California during the past five years are now showing evidence as to their adaptation to these parts. The trees which survived the hard freeze of last winter are now prospering in full bloom. The young lemons and oranges are now showing evidence as to their adaptation to these parts. The trees which survived the hard freeze of last winter are now prospering in full bloom. The young lemons and oranges are now showing evidence as to their adaptation to these parts.

As a matter of fact, the planting of this rich fruit, is becoming generally known. The trees are now showing evidence as to their adaptation to these parts. The trees which survived the hard freeze of last winter are now prospering in full bloom. The young lemons and oranges are now showing evidence as to their adaptation to these parts. The trees which survived the hard freeze of last winter are now prospering in full bloom. The young lemons and oranges are now showing evidence as to their adaptation to these parts.

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At the Dic... now command... inside circles... Blakeman var... have future f...

The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntun.

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, L.

"Home,"

Grow Proven Plants.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.

DO NOT begin garden planting in violent opposition to natural conditions and needs. Grow only plants that are known to do well under conditions of soil and climate somewhat comparable with those obtaining in your garden, more particularly in the matter of trees and shrubs, for these make the foundation and framework of your garden. If you indulge in a few novelties or tender plants in lesser material, they are but incidentals, and if failure results the garden plan is not interfered with, for the necessary fundamental work still stands a substantial and satisfying structure.

Do not have many kinds of plants, for miscellaneous mixtures seriously detract from the restfulness, simplicity and dignity of the garden as an entirety. If you have trial grounds for experimental planting then collections of many kinds are desirable, but for a home garden you should rather have many of a kind. In the former numerous labels are a necessity; in the home garden there should be none. Have a plan of your garden on paper; note thereon the position of every plant by number. Jot down these key numbers on the margin of the plan, on a separate sheet, or better still, keep a garden book of records. After each number place both botanical and popular name of plant. Then, labels may come and labels may go, but the records remain forever. When your work is under way as herein outlined and have become really interested, then you are indeed under the magic spell of the true garden spirit, the perfect peace (for the time being) that overcometh all troubles and sorrows, that undefined and undefinable natural charm that woos and wins every impressionable soul seeking to build the garden beautiful.

The Back Yard

THE back yard should be attractive, interesting, and far more homelike and comfortable than the front yard. The same rules of planning should apply, but they need not be so closely observed. The back yard should be largely a "family affair." If there is insufficient room at the side of the house, toward the rear, for tennis court or croquet grounds, where these are desired, the back yard is the proper place for them.

Here is the part upon which to lavish your homely affections. Have a place in which to swing a hammock and have at least one arbor or covered seat, or a playhouse for the children, and if there is sufficient room, have them all, and more. Here arbors may be covered with grapes or other vines of economic value. The ornamental trees and shrubs may be of orange, loquat, avocado, guava, carissa, and others bearing edible crops. The herbs may be artichoke, rhubarb and parsley. In the borders may be all sorts of vegetables in clumps and patches; still it may conform more or less to the first rule of landscaping—preserve open centers.

At the extreme rear should be the chief background of the whole picture, a background of some solidarity, whether of fruit trees or a tangled mass of vines over a tall fence. If at the south end of the premises the taller shade trees may be used, planted for ornament, yet where their shade may contribute to the comfort of the household. It may be that a lawn is desirable even though it prove a bleaching ground for the family washing and centered by a revolving clothes dryer. If grass is thought to involve too much labor in caretaking or calls for too much dampness through watering, here is a chance for lippia, which needs no summer watering, and the more it is trod the better it will qualify as a mere soil cover to protect all from either dust or mud, or both. If ash and garbage cans, compost heaps, or hotbeds are necessary or advisable, screen them off from the general survey by means of shrubs or vine-covered trellises, but do not give up making the back yard interesting and attractive for the reason that these things are present. Recognize utility, but do not banish order, comfort and all display of artistic effects.



SABAL PALMETTO.

Keep Active.

KEEP up strenuously all gardening operations during March. It is the last grand chance in many lines to plant for best results. All bulbs, roots and plants of a tender nature may now be put in the soil, as danger from frosts is no longer a menace to free planting of tropical vegetation. All material considered hardy should be planted at once if you wish any worth-while results this year. Do not leave until next week any garden work you may do now.

Icebergs and Sea Water.

[Youth's Companion:] That the temperature of sea water rises slightly near an iceberg, as one man of science has asserted, is a conclusion not borne out by the investigations of the Bureau of Standards. During the summer patrol of the United States steamships Chester and Birmingham in the North Atlantic, members of the staff of the bureau took automatic records of the temperature of the water. The records show that changes of temperature in the sea far from icebergs are at least as great and sudden as the changes near them, and that they do not point to the presence of icebergs. They find also that an iceberg more often lowers than raises the temperature of the water near it. These conclusions are identical with those arrived at by the observers on the Scotia, which was sent out to the Newfoundland Banks by the British Board of Trade in the summer of 1913, except that they more often observed small rises of temperature in the neighborhood of icebergs.

Unemotional Tommy.

[Washington Star:] "The English complain that soldiers' wives, while their husbands are fighting at the front, pay too many visits to the public houses. The Germans complain that their soldiers' wives are extravagant and shop and lunch out too much. The French complain—but why continue this dismal catalogue?"

The speaker, Hamilton Holt of the New York Anti-Armament League, sighed and resumed:

"I am afraid that the spirit of those left at home is but too well epitomized in the anecdote of little Tommy.

"Little Tommy's big brother, a volunteer, was starting off in his new uniform for the front.

"Good-by, all," the young man said, 'and if I don't come back—'

"Here a sob overcame him, but, repressing it, he went on: '—If I don't come back—'

"If you don't come back, Joe," interrupted little Tommy, 'can't I have your bike?'"

The Southern Palmetto.

THE palmetto native to the southeastern corner of the United States does not find our climate sufficiently hot and moist to produce a rate of growth such as takes place in its native habitat. For years the present writer presumed that lack of atmospheric humidity was mainly responsible for the slow development noted in these palms at Los Angeles and in surrounding territory. But judging from a half-dozen palms growing at points more remote from the coast, it would seem that lack of heat is a more important consideration. The palmetto we illustrate is just a score of years old. It is growing in J. Harrison Wright's garden at Riverside and is larger than any of similar age in or near Los Angeles.

Love's Labor Lost.

[Detroit Free Press:] "I had tough luck the other night."
"What was the matter?"
"I promised my wife to be home at 10 o'clock."
"And didn't get home until 2 o'clock, I suppose."
"No, I was home at 9:30."
"I don't see any tough luck about that."
"My wife was fast asleep, and I didn't get any credit for making good."

Room for Caution.

[Boston Transcript:] "Aren't you afraid to sit down so close to me, grandpa?"
"Afraid, my dear. Why?"
"Cos all my dolls have got the measles."

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Gladiolus America, Dot. 15c. Hundred.....\$1.50
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Postpaid. Catalogue of rare bulbs. Expedition prices.
C. E. HOUDYSHEL, Lordsburg, Cal.

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If not, consult Ernest Brauntun, Horticulturist, 237 Franklin St., Cor. N. Bdwy., Los Angeles, Cal. Home A1420. Bdwy. 1420.

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Plant Breeding.

A NEW edition of the "Plant Breeding" book by Dr. Bailey, published by the MacMillan Company, is now on hand. To be sure, some of the material has been retained, but the book has been completely rewritten and is a "made over" by Dr. A. W. Bailey, College of Agriculture at the University of California. The present book deals with the breeding of plants and animals, the breeding of the Mendel, De Vries and the laws of the Mendel and the laws of the Mendel and the laws of the Mendel. The book is a term "the last word" in modern plant breeding. It is the MacMillan Company's latest contrivance.



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CALIF.

FOR THE BOUDOIR.

Illustrated Top Drawer.

Illustrations Times-Democrat:] Old-fashioned dressing tables used to be made of wood or metal and were supplied of small drawers or else large top drawer subdivided into little compartments suitable for gloves, handkerchiefs and other small accessories which are easily kept up.

A girl is expected to keep a dressing table covered with cretonne-covered boxes on a stand to hold these articles, but of Mendel, De Vries and the laws of the Mendel and the laws of the Mendel. The book is a term "the last word" in modern plant breeding. It is the MacMillan Company's latest contrivance.

contrivance may be made of

a uniform size stitched or

together and covered with cre-

tonne boxes are used, they must

be sized and scented to remove

odors, which, while pleasant,

are not suitable as a sachet for

milady's drawers. Such a set of

boxes, how- ever, is a nice gift for

a man to hold. The boxes are

made of wood and are covered

with cretonne. They are manu-

factured at a cost of not more

than 18 cents each, and the com-

partments are gauged by what

they are intended to hold.

THE LAUNDRY.

[Star:] Wash your bed blan-

ket, windy day, if possible. Pre-

pare by melting half a bar of

soap and putting it into half

gallon of water, then add half a

cup of ammonia.

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Home, Sweet Home"

For Wife and Mother.
For Daughter and Maid.

Plant Breeding.

A NEW edition of Dr. L. Bailey's "Plant Breeding" has just been published. It is a book of 100 pages, written in a clear, concise, and readable style. It contains a wealth of information on the subject of plant breeding, and is a valuable addition to the library of every gardener or horticulturist. The book is published by the MacMillan Company, New York.



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most gratifying, my blouse was a beautiful rose shade once more instead of a washed-out pink. I have tried other colors, lemon, lavender, etc., with equally good results.

Old Satin Slippers Painted.

Something worth knowing is the fact that the usual satin dancing shoe in its most ordinary colorings can be turned into something more uncommon by the application of bronze paint, browny bronze, or greeny bronze, or copper. These paints are best applied to black satin, but silver and gold can be put on white or the everlasting pale pink and blue. For a gown of peacock blue, green and bronze a pair of black satin shoes has just been successfully treated to match the latter coloring.

ACCIDENTS TO CHILDREN.

Danger of Tasting Plants.

[New York Sun:] A child is an adventurous person, and the temptation to taste anything which comes in his way is very strong. It cannot be too often insisted upon that this habit should be strongly inveighed against and children absolutely forbidden to taste any berries, etc., or even to pick them. But even when they are really well trained in this way—and the majority are not—accidents will happen, and it is then that the knowledge of what to do is so valuable. Plants which frequently cause accidents in this way are hemlock, which is easily mistaken for parsley, wild celery, wild spinach, deadly nightshade—perhaps the most evil and most commonly experimented upon of all—yew leaves, the berries of the juniper and laburnum seeds. Also there are the fungi, which children should never be allowed to touch.

THE OLD HAND BAG.

Preserve Its Frame.

[Philadelphia Press:] Have you faithfully preserved the handsome frame of the handbag whose base was worn to ribbons? If you have there is no reason in the world why you should not adjust it to one of the new handbag materials, and in that respect at least, be strictly in line with fashion. Take the familiar half-oval frame, with the ball-top clasp and the pair of upstanding hanger rings. Make for this a base from widest sash ribbon—the sort that has a flower-brocaded center, bordered with fine lines in contrasting colors. Line it with silk, join the sides, gather one edge to the perforations of the frame and the other to the top of a floss or bead tassel. Then make a handle from the doubled-over ribbon—or a narrower width, if you can find it—and there you have a handbag which cannot be bought for a modest sum of money. Striped moire piece silk makes a very smart-looking bag when fitted to one of these oval frames.

Variations in Newly-attached Bag.

If you wish to vary the effect, you may gather it to a balloon shape, bringing as much as possible of the fullness of the silk into the extreme ends of the frame and gathering its lower edges into a close circle to be concealed by a silk-covered button. Because the handle must be made of a double-over strip of the silk, stitch both edges neatly, and two inches above the basic rings gather it into tiny second rings of the same metal or of beads.

Stunning effects in these oval bags are produced by embroidering moire with beads in flower design. A single-large flower, with a spray of leaves in natural colors or in iridescent hues, is effective on black. This design may be repeated in a smaller size on the handle which may consist of a single wide strap to be slung over the arm—if you are not afraid to so carry a bag.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Baltimore Star:] If an ounce or two of alum is used in the last water in which the children's garments are rinsed, it will make them unflammable. This, of course, must be done each time they are washed. Linoleum which has been rolled and put away can be prevented from cracking by placing it for a few minutes in front of a fire before it is unrolled.

To improve the appearance of leather-up-

holstery and to prevent its cracking, mix one part of vinegar and two of boiled linseed oil. Apply this every week with soft rag, then polish with a piece of old silk or with chamols.

To prevent china being nicked by hitting it against the taps when washing, cut two small pieces from an old garden hose, or any piece of rubber tubing, and slip one over each of the faucets at the sink.

To break in a new pen, wet it for a second before using, and it will write as well as an old one.

Try a curved surgical needle for sewing on the bows and buckles of pumps.

Keep a quantity of browned flour on hand for making gravy; you will find it saves a great deal of time. Put several spoonfuls evenly on the bottom of a baking pan and stir it over a moderate fire until it becomes an amber brown. Turn it into a bottle and keep for use.

BROOK AND BROOKLETS.

[From "Brain and Brawn," edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N. D., and published in the Chamber of Commerce building, Los Angeles.]

The Poetasters.

Only an editor can guess how many think they can write poetry.

Think by Proxy.

Most people base their belief on no sounder foundation than what others say, or what they were taught as children.

The Long and Short of It.

Any fool can write a long article, but it takes ability to write a short one.

All are Best.

You may differ about autos, but you must admit that each brand is altogether superior to any other brand.

A Guarded Compliment.

Women possess, in greater or less degree, a sixth sense—intuition—a safer guide than man's reason. Do not, however, become inflated, ladies. Intuition is similar to the instinct of animals.

Canned Foods.

Some people in this country seem to live almost entirely on canned foods. The habit is mostly due to laziness, although we must not too severely blame a tired woman who has no help, and more children than she can care for.

Beyond Comprehension.

Men understand women even less than women understand men, which is not surprising, considering that women do not understand themselves. Hence, so many mutual misunderstandings. To attempt to compare the relative qualities of the sexes is silly. Each have their good and their bad points.

Woman's Influence.

The influence of the New Woman will be great, but it may be exaggerated. Women are human beings, with human failings, like men. Some think women will put a stop to war. I do not know so much about that. There is a streak of bloodthirstiness in woman. In the Roman arena she usually turned "thumbs down" to the wounded gladiator. In European warring countries they seem about as keen as men to go for the enemy. In England girls send white feathers to men, some of whom are physically unable to go to war. Women, like men, must learn to hate the vice of patriotism, and to realize the brotherhood of man.

The British Soldier's Burden.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] The actual weight carried by the British infantry soldier, exclusive of his clothes, rifle and bayonet, is: Ammunition, 9 pounds; tools, 2 pounds, 9 1/4 ounces; accouterments, 8 pounds, 4 1/4 ounces; contents of pack, 10 pounds, 3/4 ounces; rations and water, 5 pounds, 13 1/2 ounces; total 35 pounds, 14 1/4 ounces. The rifle and bayonet weigh together 10 pounds and 8 1/4 ounces, making in all 46 pounds and 4 1/4 ounces.

HEARTSEASE.

Profit in Mistakes.

[Christian Science Monitor:] Because one has made a mistake in the business world is no cause for discouragement, for if one is keen enough to see and correct it, it may lead to future success.

Setting the goal high and permitting no discouragements or mistakes to change the course will do away with many of the disappointments found in the path of most people at some time in their experience.

Along the Road.

I walked a mile with Pleasure;
She chattered all the way.
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

—[R. B. Hamilton.]

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The average waste of lumber in building a house is 18%. Out of every \$100 you spend, \$18 goes to the waste pile. The "Ready Built" plan saves this \$18 and puts it into the house.

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81

WORST BLIZZARD IN YEARS
IS RAGING IN SOUTH DAKOTA

The Silver Lining.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

little kitchen, and opened it, admitting Tom, leading sleepy, whimpering little Katie by the hand, and carrying a bundle on his arm. Agonized grief was written large upon his drawn face as he stood mutely before Sally. It was some moments before he could speak, but speech was not needed.

Sally, with lightning-like perception, had guessed.

"Oh, Tom! Tom!—not—not that!"

"Sally!" Tom's voice sounded curiously dry and flat, and his lips were working strangely.

"Yes—Sally—that!" He choked, then stumbled on. "An hour ago. But before she—she went—Mary said she—she wanted you to take the—babies, Sally—I'm goin' away—" He spoke with increasing difficulty. "I'm—goin' away right after—after—the funeral—I can't—stand it—"

He laid the sleeping babe on the bed and a wild light leaped into his eyes. Sally caught up Katie, and the child, for the first time sensing tragedy, clung to her neck, while Sally strained her closely against her flat chest, and stared over the brown head at her brother.

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" was all she could mean.

Jim said nothing, but took the stricken man's hands in a clasp that helped the other. Tom clung to that warm, comforting, strengthening grip like a drowning man for a moment, then started blindly toward the door.

"Wait! I'm going with you!" No other word was spoken. Jim put on his hat and coat and the two went out. Sally listened to the heavy footfalls until they reached the bottom of the stairs, heard the street door open and close, then all was still.

Two months later Jim, tired but hungry, came in and, taking off his hat and coat, hung them on a nail behind the kitchen door.

Sally was standing by the stove peeling potatoes.

"Kids asleep?" asked Jim, grinning.

"Yes," answered Sally, smiling back, then lapsed into earnestness.

"Do you know, Jim," she said thoughtfully, "I've been thinking. If you an' me'd had our own, we couldn't have took in Tom's babies! It just does seem things works out for the best, no matter how black they seem sometimes!"

"They sure do!" replied Jim with deep satisfaction. "I got burned up a couple o' months ago on account o' the foreman's mistake an' today he gets promoted and recommends me for his old job! An' I allus thought he was tryin' to get me fired!"

"You don't say!" gasped Sally. "Isn't that fine!" then concluded: "Well, things certainly works out strange!"

An Enemy of the Railway.

The following letter, says Railway and Locomotive Engineering, was received by the claim agent of one of the big western railways not long ago:

"For some weeks past my dog has been in the habit of sticking himself unto the cars as they sped past my place, and he never harmed no one by so doing, nor never would, as I have known him from a child, very peace and fond of young children, and a fond of the butcher's shop, before where he would sit up on his hind legs and beg with a voice of joy for anything he requested. When he would run at the cars, he would act savage, but still would never injure the train by word or deed if you had a hundred trains whizzing past by day or night.

"But what does the fireman on the Stick in the Mud Express do but entices my dog to close quarters and throw chunks of coal and squirts hot water upon him, which he tells me in a blith and frivolous tone is to take the bark off my dog. That is what makes me halt your railroad, and that is not all by a long choke, for yesterday they misled my dog and got him in front of the engine, when they pulled her wide open and smashed my dog in a way that hurts your rode, and causes it to be looked at askance by every thinking taxpayer and mother. I say fy on such a rode as yours, with its sandwiches that have a thin rim of ham round the alge, so when you lock your teeth with it you get left, and the rode has got your money in Dennis. Fy on the whole thing is what I say."

Seventy-five Million Sheep.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIX.)

coins, and those of the north are Lincolns, Rambouillet, Black Faces and Southdowns.

Of the 75,000,000 sheep now in Argentina it is estimated that there are about 30,000,000 made up of cross-breeds, and about 10,000,000 Merinos. There are 18,000,000 Lincolns, something like 9,000,000 Rambouillet, and several hundred thousand Black Faces and Southdowns. The herd book of the Rural Society has a record of 16,000 pedigreed sheep. The flocks are increasing in value, and they are now estimated to be worth upward of \$540,000,000.

Here in Buenos Aires province the sheep are kept in fenced inclosures. In the south they are herded by shepherds, and the size of the average flock is several thousand. They are watched by a shepherd on horseback, and are allowed to graze about as they please. No artificial feeding is done. The sheep live out of doors from one year's end to the other. There are no sheds, barns or stacks of hay in that region. The sheep wander off in the morning grazing in the direction whence the wind blows, and they return in the evening to sleep about the huts of the shepherds. It is only where the grass is plentiful that the fields are fenced with wire, and the most of the animals wander about on the pampas or plains. The close grazing betters the grasses, and a farm is improved by the keeping of sheep. The herder receives about \$20 a month, or he may herd on the shares for one-fourth of the profit. His life is dreary to an extreme. His only home is a mud hut away out on the prairie, and his only companions are the sheep, his house and his dogs. His chief food is mutton and his employer allows him to kill enough sheep to supply him with meat.

Development of the Industry.

The first sheep brought to Argentina came from the West Indies Islands. They were descended from a flock brought in by Columbus and other navigators to Santo Domingo. From there some were taken to Jamaica, Cuba and Porto Rico, and they thence made their way south to the Rio de la Plata. As far back as 1550 some were brought to Tucuman, in Northern Argentina, and later others were driven over the Andes from Chile. The Chilean sheep are said to have also come from the Santo Domingo flocks, which came not from Spain, but from the Canary Islands. If this is true practically all of the sheep of Latin America had their origin in the Canaries.

By inbreeding for hundreds of years the native sheep became reduced in size and their wool hard and short. They looked much like goats, and it was not until other importations were made that the flocks began to improve. One of the men who did much to introduce fine breeds into Argentina was an American consul named Halley, who represented us at Buenos Aires at the beginning of the last century. It was not until about the time of our Civil War, however, that much attention was paid to the importation of fine stock. After that Merinos began to be imported, and a little later on came the Southdowns and others. I saw on the San Juan estancia the other day a Southdown flock descended from rams and ewes imported eighty years ago, and it was at about that same time that the Rambouillet and the Black Faces began to come in.

It is only recently that mutton has brought a good price in the local markets. A generation or so ago sheep were so common that the beggars refused to eat mutton, and the only profit from the sheep came from the wool. A little before that sheep were killed in great numbers without taking the trouble to shear them, the hides being allowed to rot so that the wool could be more easily plucked off. At that time the bodies were used as fuel for the brick kilns, and it is said that there are old churches in Buenos Aires built of bricks burned with sheep carcasses. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the flocks were so numerous that sheep brought at times as low as 6 cents apiece, and at one time they multiplied so rapidly that thousands of the older ones were driven over the rocks into the sea to get rid of them. At another period they were slaughtered for their tallow, a single sheep bringing as much as \$1 for the fat in it.

Before the white man came to South America the only sources of wool there were from llamas, alpacas, vicunas and guanacos. These animals lived only in the

highlands of the Andes. The vicunas and guanacos ran wild, as they do now, and every year the Incas had a great hunt, during which they captured many thousands of them and dried the meat. The wool was shorn and stored in the imperial depots.

Meat for the Armies.

The frigorificos are now freezing vast numbers of sheep for exportation to Europe. Some of these institutions are killing as many as 6000 a day, and a great caravan of frozen sheep and lambs is on the march across the sea to the armies of the allies. Argentina was the first country to export frozen meat to England, and the first shipments were on account of the foot and mouth disease, which kept the live cattle and sheep out of the United Kingdom. It was not until 1885, however, that the industry was definitely established by the opening of freezing works. It proved profitable, and today there are something like ten companies, with a capitalization of many million dollars. The business done in frozen mutton alone amounts to \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000 a year, and since the beginning it has brought in more than \$115,000,000. The beef shipped abroad is sent in quarters. The mutton and lamb are shipped in whole carcasses, and the animals killed for the purpose number millions. The carcasses weigh from thirty to fifty pounds each, and the English prefer the medium weights. The mutton has to be thawed before selling, but it is said to be quite as good as any of the fresh mutton sold by its side in the markets.

During my stay here I have gone through a freezing factory which has a capacity of 5000 sheep every day. When I entered the killing-room the floor was covered with blood. There were 2000 sheep in the pens, and hundreds had been skinned and cleaned and hung up to cool before being put in the freezing-rooms. I stopped for a moment and timed the killing. Within just three minutes I saw a sheep pass from its active bleating life into a carcass, skinned and cleaned and ready to be frozen for its long voyage of 7000 miles over the ocean to Europe. The killing was done in sight of the awaiting victims, and hundreds of sheep looked on while their brothers and sisters were butchered. Each pen had at least fifty sheep, and along the front of it on a bench as high as my knee lay rows of dying animals. Each had two great round holes in its white throat, and out of these ran the red blood into a little canal below. Some of the sheep were kicking, others were feebly groaning, but I could see that the deaths were almost instantaneous. The killing is done with a long double-bladed knife. The sheep is caught by two men, who throw it upon its back upon a bench. While they hold it there the butcher seizes it by the chin, bends its head back, and with one thrust drives the knife into its throat, cutting the jugular vein. He then goes on to the next sheep, which is ready for him, and keeps on killing sheep after sheep like a very machine. He butchers them at the rate of one or more per minute. Dressing for the Market.

As soon as a sheep has been killed it is disemboweled and carefully skinned. The entrails are thrown into one place, and after cleaning they go to Germany for the casings of sausages. The kidneys and their fat are laid in another place. The kidney fat is made into an oleomargarine, used here for cooking, and the kidneys are sold in the markets of Buenos Aires. The tongues are frozen, the feet and heads are cut off, and at the end the carcass looks as well as any to be seen in our markets. It is dressed after the fashion most popular in England, and there are London market men here to superintend this part of the work.

The freezing is done in great chambers, each of which will hold 60,000 carcasses. These rooms have double walls of wood a foot thick, and their ceilings are covered with coils of pipes through which flow ammonia and brine, which lower the temperature of the room to 30 degrees below zero. Great engines are employed to keep the pipes filled and they work day and night. The coils are covered with frost an inch thick, and when I entered the chamber it was intensely cold. As I stood at one end of the room I could see a thousand freezing carcasses hanging from the hooks in the ceiling with their heads next the floor. They were almost ready for shipment, and when the chief engineer, who was my guide, lifted one down to show it to me, I found that its flesh was as hard as stone and that it would stand alone. That carcass had been in the room forty-eight hours, and it

was already perfectly frozen. Judge, seventy pounds of sheep three years old. Before shipping the carcass is up in fine white muslin, then put in the cold storage, the steamers, where the most as low as that of the pool or London. The carcass about 1 cent a pound. (Copyright, 1915, by Frank A. ...)

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as Anemia, ...
Liver and Kidney ...
stomach and other ...
Pressure and ...
stipation, and ...

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March Winds Blow.
not, delicious murmuring ...
my pulse a thrill;
of a brooklet as ...
down the hill.
made are bustling into ...
on the lawn,
to round the corner, playing ...
back with March.

the mouse he sets ...
the frosted crocus here,
snowdrops there.
gold in sunny spots,
the pretty lark;
a net of green abroad,
where should she pass?

the timid thing ...
in angry mood,
the hilltop sweeps,
half reluctantly,
after rain,
like a rosy cloud,
sweeping o'er the plain.
Frances Camp in Youth's Com-

the Realm of Love ...
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of Art and Artists.
There are Fine ...
and Fancies for Women.
at Nation's Capital.
Bardons: Literature

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Produced

LITTLE POEMS.

In Nevada.

back to quick divorce
in Nevada.
have turned out in force
in Nevada.
and the rest
that quick divorce is best,
back from the West,
in Nevada.

Senate have agreed
in Nevada.
to be decreed
in Nevada.
must sign the bill
in Nevada.
as, friends, he will,
in Nevada.

Days of opulence
in Nevada.
dulled their moral sense
in Nevada.
the never-wed-locks again
in Nevada.
know they can't have rain
in Nevada.

did, they rose
in Nevada.
this evil to a close
in Nevada;
wrong and times got black,
in Nevada;
want their money back
in Nevada.

—[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Over the Hills.
the world and I were younger,
so old, so old today,
go over the great hills yonder,
work, so far away.
I met them gladly,
I seemed so long to stay,
each over the hills would lead
to so far away.

the night, and bitter sorrow,
the night, and long the day,
of the path the great hills
so far away.
I shall seek it," my heart said
time till the happy day;
go wandering the great hills
and far away."

I live in the valley,
the night and longer the day;
I shall seek the great hills over,
I shall seek it, my heart said
time till the happy day;
go wandering the great hills
and far away."

the night and longer the day;
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the night and longer the day;
I shall seek the great hills over,
I shall seek it, my heart said
time till the happy day;
go wandering the great hills
and far away."

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at 3:00 o'clock sharp. Then you and the Hamburger Story Girl will go up to the Arrow Theater. The picture for you will be "Doc Yak and Santa Claus." You remember what fun you had last Saturday—don't

reinforcements where wear comes ...
brown mixtures and shepherd checks; in ...

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and in angry mood,
with sweeping
but reluctantly,
clear air,
like a way cloud,
over the plain.
Camp in Youth's Camp

Too, Too Solid.
[New York Evening Post:] Little Thomas was crying lustily.
"What is the matter, dear?" asked his anxious mother.
"Robert hurt me," he sobbed.
"I am sorry," she said sympathetically.
"How did it happen?"
"I went to hit him and he dodged and made me hit the wall," he wept bitterly.

[Birmingham Age-Herald:] "Are you familiar with the motives of Blink's new play?"

"Yes, he needed the money."

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23

All the News of the

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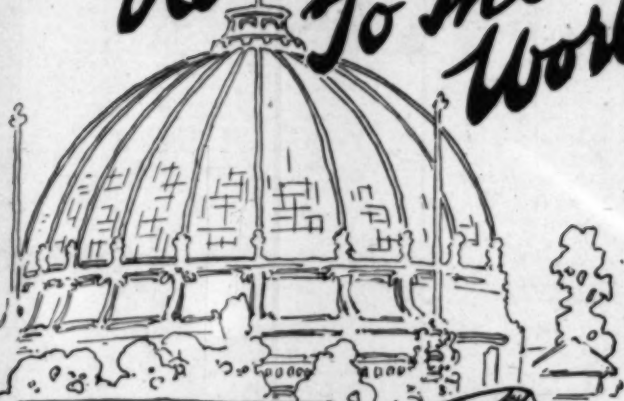
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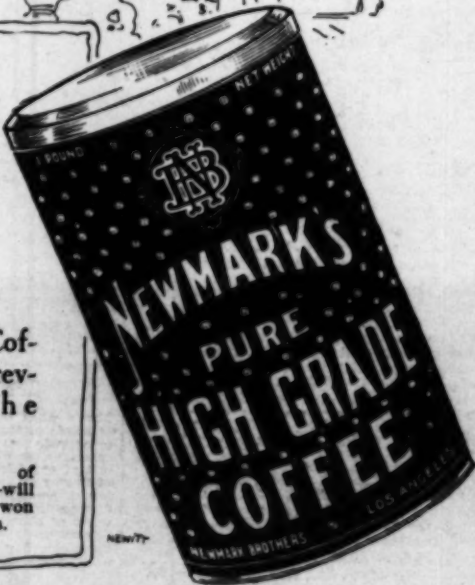
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at 3:00 o'clock sharp. Then you and the Hamburger Story Girl will go up to the Arrow Theater. The picture for you will be "Doc Yak and Santa Claus." You remember what fun you had last Saturday—don't

reinforcements where wear comes hardest. In the brown mixtures and shepherd checks; in sizes 6 to 10.

Boys' Wash Suits at

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Williams, Lawrence

BOATS AN AM

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

Deal, Eng., has had an unusual career. The Manga Reva was formerly the British bark Pyreneas and was built on the Clyde in 1881. In 1906, while bound from Rangoon to Newcastle, New South Wales, she struck the island of Manga Reva, a low-lying coral reef in the South Pacific. When the vessel struck, the natives, many of whom never had seen a white man, showed an unfriendly spirit and attacked the crew with spears. When the natives exhausted their supply of weapons the crew, carrying a number of rifles, went ashore and captured several of the natives who were responsible for the attack.

The National
Sunday Magazine
Section

Govern

ation may be stopped or compromised

ado state house during the recent in-
strative of this weakness. Under the
power of the state is vested in the govern-
is that of suppressing insurrections.
the southern part of Colorado resolu-
elled the governor to call out the mil-
the time arrived to pay the men and
ard, the auditor, whose duty it is to
so, although the law plainly states
The governor was consequently forced
an order to compel the auditor to
possible excuse for delay and interfere
troops in the field.

The labor department is
the secretary of state. In-
acting as an aid in quieting the
uation, it was partisan and
posed the governor's program.

The refusal of these de-
ments to co-operate with
governor made it difficult to
recruits when they were
to keep the men in the field,
furnish them with proper clothing,
food and other supplies.

The territory affected by
strike was large and horses
necessary to make the small
effective. These were hard
get because the bills could not
paid promptly.

Officers in the labor depart-
went so far as to make in-
tory speeches in special
and to incite strikers and
sympathizers to acts of
violence.

What occurred in this state may
pen in others. Who would con-
electing a president of the United
and choosing a vice-president
to his policies? Is there any-
would suggest that the members of
cabinet—the secretary of state or
cabinet officer—should be
retained in office for a moment,
opposed to the program of the
Such a proposition would seem
lous; yet that is exactly what is
nearly all of the states of the Union.

THE remedy is easily
is the short ballot. The
should elect the governor and
governor, and the other executive
should be filled by appointment.

Governors should have but one
cessive term of four years and
be chosen two years after the pre-
dential election, to avoid con-
national politics. To my mind, the
would effect stronger state govern-
produce and maintain public
better institutions.

Emerson

SUNDAY MAGAZINE

Times

adway, - - - Los Angeles

New York
Williams, Lawrence
222 Fifth Avenue

WHAT UNLEASHED THE DOGS OF WAR AS VIEWED FROM ITALY

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO Author of *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*.
Between the Old World and the New, etc.

article the great Italian historian,
from Turin, goes straight to the
cause of the war and incidentally
the attitude of neutral Italy toward
the powers. His charges and conclu-
sions are only statesmanlike, but make this
the most important and illuminative
of the European Problem that has
come from a neutral source.—The Editor.

HEREIN is a Frenchman different from
an Englishman, a German, a Russian, a
Turk? Around this question is being
waged the great conflict that is rend-
ing the old world. Every war has
as its final cause a diversity of inter-
ests, of passions, of ideas, among
the belligerents; it is therefore by
seeking the essential differences be-
tween them that we shall be enabled
to understand the deep motives un-
derlying this tremendous cataclysm.

one may say, all nations, all forms
of organization are represented in this ruth-
less struggle. Romanists, Protestants, Greeks, Mussul-
mans, Vedantists are ranged against each
other or foes, we find them in republics, in
constitutional monarchies, in theocracies,
in military empires and democra-
cies, in monarchical and polygamous societies. How,
in many religions and forms of government, is
the essential difference from the accidental differ-
ences really make one nation dissimilar from another?
The standard by which the various nations and civil-
izations should be appraised?

is to see how these various warring peoples—by the
religions they profess, their governments, their ideas, their
aspirations, single or collective—have conducted them-
selves in the face of the gigantic evolution that for two hundred years
has been steadily revising the character of civilization.

centuries it was preached that any new thing, simply because
new, must be regarded as worse than old things, and therefore, that old
things must be maintained as long as possible. The eighteenth and nineteenth
centuries have asserted in the name of Progress that any-
thing new, simply because new, must be better than anything old. Either it
is that the new principles of Freedom and Progress can ever entirely
displace the old principles of Authority and Tradition, or there has not yet
been time to accomplish this substitution. Certain it is that among the
nations, the new principles have triumphed only in certain things and
partially, while the old principles have remained a force to be reckoned
with.

dis-equilibrium torturing and continuous, but different, in
character, because Tradition and Authority, or Freedom and Progress,
have triumphed in the same manner among all. One people or nation is con-
stantly attached to Tradition in questions in which another anxiously looks
for Freedom—Freedom—and vice versa. These, at least among the peo-
ples, are the essential differences and distinctions with which we must
reckon. These are obstacles which prevent the different peoples understanding
each other, living as neighbors and having continuous commercial inter-
course. They have bred hatred, diffidence, contempt—the seeds
of the terrible conflict now waging.

to begin with, is today a nation as intolerant of discipline in
politics as it is docile and obedient in political matters. Other European
nations, Germany, as a state, is a relic of the Middle Ages. This is an
anomaly, but it is not without a basis of truth. Obedience to authority,
the monarchy and of the government are the fundamental principles
of Germany. If a little of the spirit of rebellion has penetrated into the
masses and among the disciples of socialism, the masses, the middle
classes still venerate kings, ministers, generals and high digni-
taries, just as they were venerated two or three centuries back. There is
no Europe where the revolutionary spirit of analysis is weaker and
more conservative: which explains why the German government was able to
maintain this kennel of war, without the body of the empire raising an
uproar without anyone being aware of it.

perhaps no other country in which the spirit of analysis is stronger
than in philosophy, in habits and customs. In Germany, perhaps
no other countries of Europe, a furious thirst for novelty, wealth,
power and greatness has destroyed all the traditions of simplicity, of
modesty which existed in Europe for centuries.

that the German, to express admiration, uses the word *kolossal*.
"very great" is synonymous with "very beautiful." A Greek, of the
period of Augustus, would never have
used a word to express admiration. Has Lutheranism
changed the German mind to this condition? Indirectly, I believe it
has. Lutheranism is a great rebellion not only against the abuses of the Roman



Church but also against the Greco-Latin
traditions of which Romanism was then
the great exponent.

FRANCE, by means of the Revolution,
accomplished in European politics the
same change that the Reformation accom-
plished in religion: to the principle of
authority which, up to that time, was the
ruling power of all nations, it has opposed the principle
of liberty; has proclaimed that it is not man who
should belong to and be part of the State, but that the
State should belong to and be part of the man.
Thus the France of today aspires to that extreme
liberty by which and through which every man feels
himself not the servant but the master of the State
and which appears to civilizations older than the
present, the most monstrous and frightful disorder.
In France the most ignorant and humble laborer
believes in his right to criticize and appraise all
authorities and all laws; and from generation to
generation he learns to exercise this right with ever
increasing ardor and boldness. The force that gov-
erns the Democratic Republic is Public Opinion—the
opinion of the majority, left entirely to itself,
without external limitations of any kind. Therefore,
although the French are a warlike people, the Govern-
ment could never have prepared nor thrust upon the
nation a war of aggression.

But the spirit of tradition, the sense of moderation
and authority which are gradually weakening in politics
in France, are on the contrary, becoming stronger in the
family, in customs, in social life, in ideas, in culture.
France, today, is a country where—in spite of its immense
wealth—a great part of the people maintains the simple habits of
old times, and considers thrift and saving a virtue. Like Germany, it
does not curb its enthusiasm before *colossal*; but generally prefers
quality to quantity.

Progressing to England, one finds an entirely different situation.
England, too, has had its part—a very great one—in the gigantic upheaval
which has shaken the cornerstones of civilization.

TO ENGLAND—through her initiative—must be attributed the industrial rev-
olution, which, by means of steam-driven machinery, brought about the modern
triumph of quantity over quality. When men possessed no other instruments
than those which their hands, or the power of animals, could move, they were able
to manufacture things of beauty and excellence, but in small quantities only—
which explains how and why, in former times, economy was regarded as a virtue
and prodigality a vice. The production of wealth being slow and difficult, man
could not be expected or obliged to consume and spend lavishly. When, however,
by means of steam and machinery, men succeeded in rapidly producing immense
quantities of goods—even of inferior quality—they became, little by little, less
exact about the beauty and substance of things, but considered it a duty to con-
sume larger quantities. Hence the madness for work and enjoyment which gives
no rest to Europe nor to America.

England, like Germany and unlike France, is a country where everybody, from
noble to working man, believes it to be a social duty to make and spend as much
money as possible: where all the efforts of education and public opinion tend to
multiply the necessities and commodities of life. More slowly and with less bold-
ness than France, England is transforming the State into an Institution entirely
human, subject only to the opinion and will of the people. Proof of this is shown
in the hatred that has possessed England against Prussian Militarism—the anti-
pathy felt by a people becoming more and more democratic toward a people still
chained to the autocratic and ancient forms and ceremonies of government by
divine right. Intellectually England is extremely conservative, in marked contrast
to Germany. There is no country in the world where it is more difficult to make
changes in books, tastes, ideas, methods. Whenever I come in contact with the
intellectual life of England I seem to be journeying backward toward the old
Europe which, in continental eyes, has been dead for centuries.

RUSSIA, on the contrary, is wide-awake intellectually though sound asleep re-
ligiously and politically. The Russian Church desires change in nothing; in
its rules nor its rights, its principles, not even in the style of its arts. Religious
pictures must, even today, be painted in the style of six centuries ago. Political
traditions are slavishly observed in Russia, perhaps more because of the enormous,
slow working machinery of the Government, than through any sincere respect for
the accomplishments of preceding generations. There is an error, widely diffused,
in the statement that the more absolute a Government, the stronger it is. Gen-
erally speaking, in Governments where the State apparently depends upon the will
of one person only, no one really commands or governs; routine is the sovereign.

Consequently it is not surprising that the evolution of ideas and political statutes
proceeds but slowly in Russia, even though, outside of religion and politics, the
Russian spirit is perhaps the most undisciplined, most anarchical, most intolerant
of rules and traditions, most greedy for modernity, in all Europe. In this it
excels even Germany. She absorbs with avidity all the philosophies, all the



Lib
PR

Attack on Harb



Harbor of Dover.

attack by the German aeroplane
near an American bark in the
have been made a number of the
has been endangered by German

Close for Safety.

GERMAN A

AN AMER

BARRETT MISSES

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

Deal, Eng., has had an unusual
career. The Manga Reva was form-
erly the British bark Pyrenees and
was built on the Clyde in 1891. In
1900, while bound from Rangoon to
Newcastle, New South Wales, she
struck the island of Manga Reva, a
low-lying coral reef in the South Pa-
cific. When the vessel struck, the
natives, many of whom never had
seen a white man, showed an un-
friendly spirit and attacked the crew
with spears. When the natives ex-
hausted their supply of weapons the
crew, carrying a number of rifles,
went ashore and captured several of
the natives who were responsible for
the attack.

For months the thirty-three in the

The v

Frany

Thay

Trade Co
ford, Ill.

MADE OF STRONG CLAY

BY EMERSON TAYLOR

Illustrations by Alexander Popini



JANUARY FIRST.—This morning, my big chair drawn just near enough to the leaping fire, I reckon in this little journal of mine all I have to be thankful for, not boastfully, but to be sure I have forgotten nothing.

This is my seventy-first year of happiness and health. I have no enemies; I would tire before I could count my friends. Skirting one side of my twenty lovely acres is the friendly sea. I have my daughter Mary, a woman of excellent judgment, who, when she advises me (which happens very often), does so for my good. Her husband, James, is also satisfactory; between them they are very rich; they have a fine house not very far from mine. They are very prominent socially—though whether I should set this down among my own rich blessings, I am not quite sure. Their names are constantly in the papers; and among the photographs which the papers show of such (to me) curious social gatherings as dog shows and tennis contests, I often see Mary's likeness. Usually the sun is full on her face, which is extremely unbecoming to her. It betrays the anxious, slightly querulous lines about her brow and chin. Mary looks, like so pitifully many American women, as though she were forever planning, planning.

Another blessing is the company of Oswald Travers, whom I have remembered handsomely in my will. Travers is a poet. He has the manners which spring from gentle birth and a generous, wholesome, spirited character. He is less than thirty, yet he likes to spend long hours almost every day with me—an old and lonely man. His exquisite talent has won him a solid name on two continents. His little house, near mine, at the far end of the path over the sand cliffs, is old and white. Hollyhocks and larkspur are in his garden, a singular sweetness and order in his rooms. His talk is of important matters; he plays as keenly as a boy. Yes, Travers is indeed a something to be thankful for!

AND can I possibly forget Suzanne?

She is my granddaughter. She was twenty-one last September. Her eyes, under dark and delicate brows, are much the color of wild chicory. She is slim and meltingly rounded; straight and supple; swift of foot. She is swift of laughter too, save that (as I have noted elsewhere in this journal) lately she appears a shade too serious. I wish she would tell me all she's thinking of. Often she comes to see me. Last time, she stayed three days. Her mother sent for her—a shade too peremptorily, it seemed to me, for Suzanne is very safe where I am. Of course, she went home directly, as she was bid. That is one of Suzanne's charms—she always does exactly what one would expect of a well-brought-up, refined young gentlewoman.

April Fourteenth.—A day of wind and palest sun; a restless, teasing day, intolerable till Travers called, about the middle of the afternoon.

He looked very fine, I thought. His broad shoulders seemed to fill my room; his eyes are splendid—blue and fearless, yet tender when the hour is tender. He is young of heart; he is as downright as a boy.

And for all those reasons, and because I love the fellow still, his actions today were all the more inexcusable. I am still astonished at him. Even what Suzanne had to tell me seems somehow less important than the incomprehensibility of Travers.

To set it all down in order, for the first hour or so we talked. At least my poet listened admirably, which is what one looks for in a junior. And then, but not at all as interrupting me, he rose and roved about the room talking of the myriad things I like to have about me.

Suddenly he fell silent. I did not notice anything at first, for I was interested in the dance of the beautiful, infernal colors of my driftwood fire. But presently, aware that Travers had gone to the window with something in his hand he wished to examine more closely I turned about to see what it could be.

He was studying the new photograph, which Suzanne sent me yesterday.

"Who is this?" he demanded, with a curious abruptness that caught my attention instantly.

"It's the dearest girl I know," I responded.

He swept his right arm around her. She struggled. And near them, frantic, helpless, hovered Sidney Maynard



"She has beauty; she has race. Her eyes are full of wonderful promises and wonderful reticences. She is not quite happy, I believe; she hasn't had her heart's desire. She is young—"

"Twenty-one," I said mechanically.

"And she—Lord, but that's a wonderful face!"

It did not appear that he was speaking to me. I sat silent, vaguely troubled, as he studied the picture, while his own young face was very grave and stern.

"Is that girl married?" he asked suddenly.

And I laughed by way of answer.

"Then," said Travers, with a tremendous, heartfelt, reverent oath, "I'm going to marry her myself!"

"What—?"

"Yes, sir!" he promised.

"But, my dear boy," I protested, the world spinning round me, "you—you've never been introduced."

"I don't care. If only I could see her—"

"You'd have to win her, my boy," I admonished, lightly, as I wished. But truly I was vexed. I do not understand or care for either violence or absurdity; I did not care for Travers to make a fool of himself at all.

"If needs must, I'll fight for her!" he cried tremendously.

AND at that moment, while Travers, his face all luminous and exalted, stood holding her photograph as though wild horses could not tear it from him, who should come in, with never so much as a tap at the door, but Suzanne herself!

"Please excuse me!" she murmured at sight of my other visitor, "I didn't know that—"

"Good heavens!" burst from Travers, before I could say a word. "Why, you're the girl herself! I've spent the afternoon here looking at your picture."

It was more than rude; it was simply unheard of. And yet, in the midst of my agitation, I reflected on how much it meant that a fellow so well-bred as Oswald Travers should speak so—and stare so! Heav-

ens, he looked as though he were about to marry a little granddaughter.

"Allow me, dear Suzanne," I came to her as quickly as I could. I suppose they were looking at each other, while one might have said, "Let me present Mr. Oswald Travers."

"Oh—!" she exclaimed, with a laugh in her tone. "Are you—the poet?"

ACTUALLY I believe she was going to say, "I'm going to marry you!" Travers declared that he was going to marry her. It was not at all what one would expect of a young man of his kind. He was looking at each other, while one might have said, "Let me present Mr. Oswald Travers."

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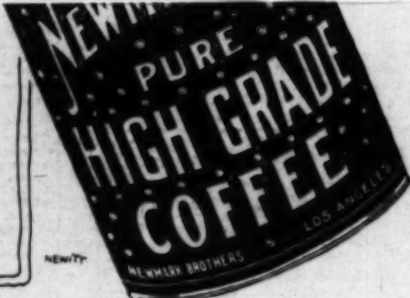
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The deliciousness of Newmark's Pure—will win you as it has won thousands of others.



The Times

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Chicago Representatives
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"Well—?" It was a challenge that he sent then—a defiance.

"There is—one obstacle," she said, "which is extremely serious."

She rose, in one supple motion, and came to me. "I came here to tell you some news, daddy, when I was interrupted."

"News?" I repeated lamely.

"Yes." She twisted the second button of my coat. She looked up into my face. Her tender lips were close together now, in a strained, tight line, as if they were holding back the brimming tears. "I'm engaged," said Suzanne swiftly. "To Sidney Maynard, daddy. That is, if you don't mind." Then she turned to the poet. "You—you're very kind," she

my density just then. She sketched a vaguely inclusive gesture. "He has a house in London, for one thing. And his sister's the Countess of Barham."

"I see."

"Exactly," said Mary serenely. "Suzanne has an assured position in precisely the milieu for which she has been brought up and where she's happiest."

"You're quite sure about the—the happiness?" I persisted—just to reassure myself; not that I believed that Mary was wrong.

"Any girl would be happy to trade with her, if she was sensible," my daughter returned. "And Suzanne has a head on her shoulders."

"She has a heart, too," I suggested.

"Father dear," said Mary, pleadingly, "please don't be so—"

"Absurd?" I smiled.

"Sentimental," corrected Mary. And she prolonged her laugh most deftly, to cover the entrance of the lovers returned from a stroll along the cliff to the look-out.

Presently it was time to leave. Maynard hastened to help Mary into the motor; Suzanne lingered a little.

"Have you—have you heard anything more of—the poet?" she asked, all of a sudden, with an odd little smile.

"Nothing!" I replied hotly. And it is true. I am far from outwearing my indignation at Travers. He behaved abominably.

"I'm so sorry I did anything to come between you two," the dear girl faltered.

"He was ridiculous and violent," I told her.

"Ridiculous?" she repeated.

"Making love to you that way," I explained.

And to that Suzanne said nothing at all.

"He had no excuse," I continued warmly.

And to that she whispered something that I did not catch.

"Moreover," I went on, when we came out to the driveway, where the gleaming motor stood, "now that you are—settled, you needn't think of Travers ever again."

I am not quite sure that what I said conveyed my meaning, for surely Suzanne made a mighty curious reply.

"I don't suppose I ever will meet—a man like him again," she stopped and looked up at me. "He wasn't exactly rude, daddy, the other day," she added softly. "He was only—I don't know."

And with that, she sent a gay and ready smile at Maynard; but she ignored the arm he proffered to help her into the motor.

May Third.—* * * Sent a note to Travers—yes, I came to it!—asking him to call. But in the frame which Suzanne's picture had adorned, I placed a photograph of Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian mystic. Travers was very gentle, very decorous, very deferential, utterly uninteresting. I caught him wearing the most tolerant, knowing, confident smile, as he noted the Verhaeren picture.

He is detestable. I do not like young men to appear too knowing or too serene about their futures. He spoke about bringing me something by Verhaeren in a few days.

May Tenth.—* * * Suzanne asks, in a pretty note, if she may come to lunch day after tomorrow. Of course she can.

MAY TWELFTH.—* * * And today came the end of all things. No, not quite the end. For I still have to reckon on a visit from my daughter Mary. What will she say, I cannot tell. But I am perfectly sure that when she has finished expressing her views, the garden will be withered and the foundations of my house will totter.

Never mind, I will give her this journal to read. And by its truthful record, she will see that I am absolutely innocent.

(Continued on page 377)



Suzanne drew away from me very slowly, almost imperceptibly

"I came to her help at once. I made our conversation personal and intimate, Travers should feel like an alien. 'I've kept me busy; I've some new books—and I've some new ideas,' I hastened to add, veering away from mentioning Travers's new volume."

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added steadily, "and—and I appreciate what you say. But you see I've promised to marry somebody else."

At that moment I felt very sorry for the lad. His fireworks fizzled to such a silly end. But I will say that he recovered perfectly. He might have whined and protested; but all he did was to laugh like a brigand.

"Maynard—!" he cried incredulously, coarsely. "Ho, ho—! Maynard won't give any trouble!"

And then with a confident swing of his shoulders, he absolutely swaggered out of the room. It was fearfully rude; but I don't know that he could have done any better.

I FEAR the voice in which I congratulated Suzanne on her betrothal sounded extremely flat and thin. But perhaps I was a little tired. I am tired now, recalling the events of this troublesome afternoon.

April Eighteenth.—A call today from my daughter Mary. Visite de ceremonie, to present Maynard. Suzanne came also. The man appears intelligent, certainly; he has that confidence which always goes with and springs from plenty of money; he is of excellent social position. But his eyes are both cold and weary; he is not very young; his figure is a bit insignificant under his well-cut clothes.

My daughter is frankly delighted with the match, regarding it, under Providence, as her own handiwork. One reads about scheming mothers; but it gives one an odd feeling to discover one in the family.

"Does Suzanne love him?" I asked.

"Why, of course, father!" protested Mary. "Sidney is exactly the kind of man she ought to have chosen. He can give Suzanne everything."

"You mean—?"

"Oh, father dear, you know what I mean!" I suppose my daughter had a little right to be vexed at

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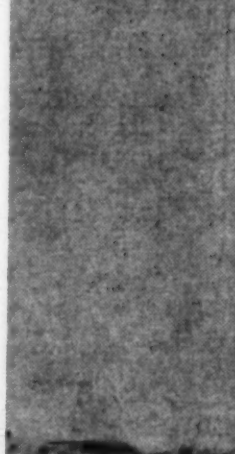
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Attack on Har



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Close for Safety.

ERMAN A

AN AME

BARRETT MISSES AN AME

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

Deal, Eng., has had an unusual

Times

Midway, --- Los Angeles

New York

Williams, Lawrence

225 Fifth Ave.

Calendar in red ink and the ob-

noxious fruit was encouraged scores

of ways.

The paternal job-finding plan the

Wilson administration has failed as

as Los Angeles is concerned.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Christian

Endeavors of the countess

by the President, as they are the

issues selected by the Republican lead-

ers on which to make their fight for

return to power. The President will

insist that the Democratic tariff is

fair, just, equitable and sufficient, and

that but for the war it would have

produced all the revenues necessary

to an economical administration of

the government.

He will justify his foreign policy on

the ground that it has kept this coun-

try out of war while it has involved

the United States in no entangling

alliances or caused it to abandon any

of the time-honored principles of

equality and justice before the law.

Swinging behind the President and

working off from his beaten lines of

travel, the Cabinet members will take

to the hustings in support of the

President, his position and his candi-

dacy for renomination. Secretary

Bryan contemplates no long journey

CAREER OF THE MANGA REVA.

For months the thirty-three in the

Good Fortunes of the Stars

By Robert Grau

THE LARGEST receipts taken in anywhere in the world for a single opera or theater performance were recorded at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York on February 25, 1902, when a gala night was had in honor of Prince Henry, the brother of the German Emperor. The scale of prices was increased sixfold. The gross takings were in excess of \$50,000, and although all of the stars of the opera appeared, involving enormous expenditure, the profits for that one night were nearly \$30,000, a sum that would have satisfied any impresario of the past for a year.

The nearest approach to this extraordinary record comes from what is known as the state performances at Covent Garden in London, when the royal family is present, accompanied by nearly all of the nobles and their families. On these occasions the prices are trebled, and it is extremely difficult to obtain seats or boxes at any price. The gross receipts have been as high as \$8,000 sterling, or \$40,000, and never less than \$6,000, or \$30,000.

Aside from benefits, and special performances, all records of a box office character are held by Adelina Patti, who for a quarter of a century was without a peer either in opera or concert. Patti was the only star, musical or dramatic, who could draw a \$10,000 house in concert and a \$15,000 house in opera; she has drawn as high as \$13,800 in a single concert (Philadelphia, November 9, 1904), and her record as a box office star in opera was reached in Boston at a matinee at Mechanic's Hall in 1888, when she drew \$18,900.

PATTI often drew \$12,000 in concert, and frequently \$15,000 in opera; moreover, she is to this day holding not only these records, but is the only star in the world who could command five dollars for seats for concerts; also, Patti alone could pack a house in opera at seven dollars a seat.

Caruso at one performance given in 1910 at Atlanta, Ga., drew an \$18,600 house to hear him in "Aida." In New York Caruso draws \$11,000 and \$12,000 at the box office, and on his only concert tour drew as high as \$9,000. The great tenor thus comes next to Patti. Atlanta, Ga., not only holds the record for a single operatic performance, but the Southern city can boast of having paid the largest sum at the box office for a week of opera in history. This was also in 1910 when the Metropolitan Company drew \$80,000 in a week of six days; the scale of prices ranged from one dollar to seven dollars.

Nellie Melba has drawn an \$8,000 house in concert. Next to Patti she has been the most compelling at the box office of the stars of her sex. Madame Schumann-Heink holds the record for contraltos. The German contralto came here at a weekly salary of \$250; today her earnings for a similar period are never less than \$5,000. She is the only contralto in the world who has been able to draw a \$5,000 house. Moreover, she has never had any supporting company, giving song recitals alone with piano accompaniment.

An illustration of the changes in box office records is shown in comparing the receipts of the visit to America of Anton Rubinstein in 1872 with Paderewski's tours here in recent years. Rubinstein came for one hundred concerts under Maurice Grau; he was paid \$200 a concert; with him came Henri Wieniawski, the famous Russian violinist, who was paid \$100 a night. The two drew an average of \$1,200 a night, and even when they were combined with Theodore Thomas's orchestra, the receipts never reached \$3,000 a night. Rubinstein ever after represented the poor compensation allotted to him and ten years later refused \$3,000 a night for his own

services from the very same impresario. He never returned to America. Paderewski, however, when he was not his own manager, received \$1,500 a night, and he has often drawn from \$6,000 to \$9,000 in a single concert in which he alone was the attraction.

Outside of opera and concerts, the records for box office receipts are held by Sarah Bernhardt, who holds the world's record for a week of dramatic performances. Sarah drew \$42,000 in one week at the Tremont Theater in Boston on her third tour, a portion of this total coming from premiums at an auction sale of the choice seats and boxes. Sarah also earns more money than any single individual except Patti, though her honorarium is not as large as some of the singers; but Sarah often appears as many as ten times a week, whereas Patti never sang more than three times in a similar period. Sarah, however, saves nothing from her vast earnings, whereas Patti is worth several millions, and her possessions in the way of jewels are the most valuable ever accumulated by a stage celebrity.

OF STRICTLY American attractions, playing at ordinary theater prices, "Ben-Hur" holds the record in very many respects. This play is now in its twelfth year and it still can draw \$30,000 in a single week; moreover, this production is able to "repeat" year after year with no visible decline in its vogue. The extraordinary spectacle of a single production going to a city the size of Altoona, Pa., and playing a full week is a rare one; but when it is said that even in this small city \$15,000 was taken in, it is amazing to those who know what this means, but "Ben-Hur" has achieved this record in that city twice within a few years.

Next to "Ben-Hur" the greatest and most sustaining vogue was that which the late Denman Thompson in "The Old Homestead" had recorded. This attraction has drawn \$30,000 in a week. Another play of this caliber to draw the people year after year without diminution in receipts as yet, is "In Old Kentucky," which has already made for its management \$200,000.

David Warfield on his several tours of the country in "The Music Master" often played to \$25,000 a week and as high as \$4,500 in one night. Sothern and Marlowe, although in recent years they have appeared at one dollar and a half for the best seats, have frequently drawn as much as \$25,000 a week. "Madame Sherry" has averaged \$18,000 a week, and the same record was achieved by "The Merry Widow."

Maude Adams draws about the same in all her productions. It is an ordinary matter for her to draw a \$4,000 house in a one-night stand at regular prices. Miss Adams has often played to \$30,000 in a single week.

"The Dollar Princess" drew \$20,000 a week to the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, and rarely took in much less.

Amphibious

Senator John G. Works, of California, recently accompanied a group of Washington statesmen on a tour through the South. At one of the public parks the party visited in Dallas, Texas, an attraction is an alligator pond. The caretaker of the park, an aged negro, known as Uncle Ben, was pointing out the peculiar characteristics of a group of alligators.

"Uncle Ben," asked Senator Works, winking at his fellow Solons, "are these alligators amphibious?" Uncle Ben scratched his head judicially, and then replied: "Yessah, Senator, they suah is. They's amfibius as can be. They ain't done nuthin' foh a week 'cep'n't' lie around fribbin' and procrastinatin' foh yuh pahty."

376

Satur



\$200 for a Name

\$200 cash for the most catchy title for this 1916 Pompeian Art Panel. These titles may suggest better ones: Phyllis; A Symphony in Pink; His Letter; Yes or No; The Pompeian Girl of You; A Bit of Sunshine; or any title about this maid with beautiful eyes and glorious Pompeian complexion, reading a letter in this sunny, flowery corner.

RULES. 1.—Write your title of 5 words or less at the top of a sheet of paper; then your name and address; and nothing more on the sheet. Only one title per family. 2.—Contest closes April 17, 1916. 3.—Winner announced in May 29 Saturday Evening Post. Contest is free, but you may enclose with your title the coupon below, or you may send coupon without title. Study points below for ideas, and don't miss rare coupon offer.

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Coupon may be sent with or without a picture title. Art Panel is a study in sunshine, pink and lovable feminine beauty. Reserve your copy now. Late comers often disappointed.

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NOTE—Coupon good if sent with or without a picture title, but must be completely filled out. Coupon not good if sent with more than five friends' names. First name must be in full. THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 175 Prospect St., Cleveland, O. Enclosed for postage and packing of 25c tube of Pompeian Night Cream, and for postage and packing of 25c tube of Pompeian Massage Cream. Send Panel (picture) and other goods now. I promise to recommend Pompeian Night Cream to 3 friends. (NOTE—This coupon offer expires April 17. Postively only 1 coupon per family on this unusual introductory offer.)

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Who are the actors of the story? glance at the was, I could

Is that "Yes." "Well, you heard of some Maynard, for Travers, you good show of fellow caught shook him

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Made of Strong Clay

(Continued from Page 375)

To tell the story, however: As things turned out, when Suzanne arrived at the house, on foot this time, flushed with the walk, about half past twelve, Mr. Maynard was with her. And, because I thought it was only the decent thing to do, I asked the man to stop for luncheon.

I am bound to say he was very agreeable, talking of his travels in Turkestan. He fired off whole batteries of small talk; he had about him the air that marks the happy lover everywhere. Suzanne, for some reason, sat quite pale and still. Her eyes never left her plate, save once or twice, when she glanced up with a smile that was a little weary. Her eyes were beautiful and shadowy. I thought perhaps she was a bit afraid at the thought of being engaged, just as the man was happy in it. And then, for no reason at all, I had a presentiment that Travers might appear at any moment. And so, as soon as the somewhat dreary meal was over, I proposed that we get outdoors. I thought we could simply stroll away; and then, if Travers came, the servant could explain things to him. I felt rather cowardly about it, I confess.

"Let's go up the cliff," said Suzanne. "May we, daddy?"

Thinking of the white cottage that stood just at the farther end of that particular walk, I was about to say "No," decisively. But—

"I should just love to," said Maynard, in his precise tones, hooking his stick over his arm and settling his hat. "Suzanne has often told me about your view, sir, from the top."

And so there was nothing for it but to go.

In the lookout, on the summit of the sandy bluff, for a half hour or so, we sat serene. Plainly Travers was not coming. The more I saw of Maynard, who proved to be an admirable listener, the more easily I felt I might endure him. But when a little silence fell—

"How would it do to walk a little farther?" said Suzanne.

"You two go, if you like," I answered, though I did not want to let them go. But, to tell the truth, I do not care for the path beyond the lookout. It is rough and runs too close to the edge of the cliff—just skirting a sloping drop of fifty feet to the beach below—no great danger about it, to be sure, but a bit too treacherous for a person like myself. Besides, I was quite sure they wished to be alone a little while.

With a shadow of an apology, they left me. Maynard gaily swinging his stick, Suzanne with just a shade, it seemed to me, of something like fatigue in the way she moved at his side. I saw her shake her head, as Maynard laughed at one of his own jokes.

They had gone ten yards or so—not more than that; they were just about to round the shoulder of the bluff, when Maynard stopped and glanced back in my direction. He thought, no doubt, that he and Suzanne were entirely screened by the two big elder bushes and the wild cherry between them and the lookout; he surely was unaware that I just happened to be looking in that direction. For he drew Suzanne close to him—close.

Her arms hung limply at her sides; her head was lowered. He whispered something; very slowly she lifted her eyes. Then her hands clenched; she threw up her arm, pressing him away from her. But his embrace only tightened. His pale face flushed a little. He took her chin in the fork of his hand; he kissed her on the mouth.

"No!" she cried passionately, wrenching away. "No, Sidney—"

And at that moment, who should come round the shoulder of the cliff but Travers.

"Oswald—"

DID she really call his name? I could have sworn it. She tore herself free from Maynard; for a second she turned to Travers, as if for help; she drew back a step or two swiftly, her hands pressing her heart, leaving the men face to face. It all happened in a second.

"Who are you?" demanded the poet of the astounded Maynard. He did not glance at the girl. Even from where I was, I could see the rage working in his face.

"Is that your business?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can—" That was all I heard of some savage and futile cry from Maynard, for as he moved up towards Travers, vaguely threatening, with a good show of spirit, I'll be bound, the big fellow caught him by the shoulders and shook him like a naughty child.

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calendar in red ink and the delicious fruit was encouraged scores of ways.

The paternal job-finding plan the Wilson administration has failed far as Los Angeles is concerned.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Christian Endeavorers of the connected officers at Pasadena.

Riverside celebrated the 40th anniversary of the introduction of grapes into Southern California.

PACIFIC SLOPE. United States exporting corn from the Orient—dispatch.

Vice-President Marshall at the Francisco exposition.

Eighty-second eruption of Mt. Peak the worst of all. Volcanic.

the administration will be supported by the President, as they are the issues selected by the Republican leaders on which to make their fight for return to power. The President will insist that the Democratic tariff is fair, just, equitable and sufficient, and that but for the war it would have produced all the revenues necessary to an economical administration of the government.

He will justify his foreign policy on the ground that it has kept this country out of war while it has involved the United States in no entangling alliances or caused it to abandon any of the time-honored principles of equality and justice before the law.

Swinging behind the President and working off from his beaten lines of travel, the Cabinet members will take to the hustings in support of the President, his position and his candidacy for re-nomination. Secretary Bryan contemplates no long journeys

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LONDON, March 20 (3:22 p.m.)—A German aeroplane dropped several bombs today off Deal, a seaport on the Straits of Dover. The bombs all landed in the sea. A patrol boat opened fire on the aeroplane, which turned and disappeared.

One of the bombs dropped alongside the American bark Manga Reva of San Francisco and deluged her with a great volume of water. British air scouts started in pursuit of the German aeroplane but apparently were too late to overtake it.

CAREER OF THE MANGA REVA. Deal, Eng., has had an unusual career. The Manga Reva was formerly the British bark Pyrenees, was built on the Clyde in 1891, 1900, while bound from Rangoon, Newcastle, New South Wales, struck the island of Manga Reva, low-lying coral reef in the South cific. When the vessel struck natives, many of whom never seen a white man, showed a friendly spirit and attacked the with spears. When the natives hoisted their supply of weapons, carrying a number of went ashore and captured several the natives who were responsible for the attack.

For months the ship has been in the harbor of Dover, attacked by the German. An American vessel has been endangering the harbor of Dover.

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Furthermore, you can put up a Sterling Home in one-third the time it takes to build a home by slow hand-saw methods.

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"You little blackguard!" he growled. "Kiss her—will you! Scare her—will you!" Each of these questions between shakes that made Maynard's teeth rattle. His hat rolled down the bluff; he struggled vainly.

"Don't hurt him!" cried Suzanne quickly. "Stop—"

"Eh—?" Still gripping his victim, Travers looked at her.

"He—he can kiss me, if he wants to," she contrived to stammer breathlessly. "This is Mr. Maynard."

"So you're Maynard!" The poet considered the other at arm's length. "I thought you were just a masher. But if you're Maynard"—and he took a new hold, almost gleefully—"I've been waiting to meet you a long, long time."

"Let go!" the other shouted shrilly. "Damn it, you hurt!"

"Will you stand or give a beating?" "But—but I don't want to fight you!" Maynard answered, with almost a sob in his voice. "What should I want to fight you for?"

"For her!" said Travers laconically. "But Miss Willoughby is engaged to me already."

"Maybe," said the poet, "but it's me she's going to marry."

"Sidney—" cried Suzanne sharply. She was not calling for help. It was as if she were spurring him.

"But this is—ridiculous," he murmured, rolling his eyes helplessly from one to the other. His lips were dry. And, as he hung back, handling his cane, Travers brushed him aside with one sweep of his arm, and went to Suzanne straight, his eyes ablaze.

"You know how things stand," he said to her. "Will you come—quietly?"

"How—how do you mean?" she whispered.

"I'm waiting."

"No!" she cried springing back from him. "If you want me, you've got to fight for me!"

THAT was enough. In a flash, he caught her wrist; he swept his right arm round her. She struggled every step of the way, her head pressed back against his shoulder, her hands tearing at his arm desperately, silently. He laughed. They might have lived ten thousand years ago. And near them, at their heels, disheveled and frantic, helpless, hovered Sidney Maynard. And presently he raised his stick to strike.

"As for you—" growled Travers, turning for half an instant from his prey. He caught Maynard's arm; he jerked him forward; he twisted him round; he thrust him back, and before he could recover, luckless Maynard pitched clean over the brow of the bluff, rolling in a cloud of sand and dust to the bottom. Suzanne did not stir a foot.

"Now who's your man?" asked Travers, seizing her again.

She looked up at him, panting. "You—you must have me?"

"You're mine!" came his hot answer. "I said I'd take you. And I'm going to." He caught her close to him. "I've got you!" he whispered.

They did not see me. They did not know about anything in all the world just then. They were just a man and a girl at that moment—nothing else whatever.

"Will you—trust me?" he was asking slowly.

"Yes!" she whispered. And in her voice was only a very little of fear. "You're so strong—so strong—"

He kissed her, and she gave him back his kisses—little Suzanne. It was absurd. It was beautiful and savage.

They turned then, and before I could say a word, away they went, the fellow half carrying her, down the path toward the white cottage in the garden.

At the foot of the cliff, Maynard was sitting on a stone, rubbing his shoulder gingerly.

Tonight I'll get a telegram that they are married. And tomorrow I shall have an interview with Mary. But I don't see how I could have prevented anything. As I have said before, just for an instant those two seemed like the man and woman of ten thousand years ago.

Three of a Kind

A gale of amusement circulated around the desk of one of the New York Public Libraries a while ago when a colored woman of somewhat impressive size, manner and voice requested a copy of *The Prince of Groutark*, by George Barr McCutcheon.

"All out," she was informed. "Then, ah! I'll take that *Salamander* book," she compromised.

Every copy, however, of this best-seller also was off the shelf at the moment, she was told.

"Huh!" she sniffed. "Veh'y well, then. Lemme hab Gibbon's *Rome*."

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Once in a Blue Moon

(Continued from Page 373)

began, "may your honored worship

But Corrigan shut him off, staggered to the ladder, swung himself on, and went up with occasional boosts from Cathew. Mullins was waiting. There had been several despatches.

"Oh, ye'er back, are ye?" "Sure thing! But talk nice t' me, Mullins dear, 'r I'm libble t' bite your ear off. . . 'r kiss you!"

"Oh, th' ship it was th' coffin. An' th' grave it was th' sea!" "Go below, ye souse!" growled Mullins.

Corrigan turned ominously, but Cathew pressed him toward the fore-castle companion; and the black hole of it swallowed them up for the night. The shoveller helped the fireman into his bunk; and his interest was suddenly stirred by a strange bit of tattooing on the calf of Corrigan's right leg. It was dimly discernible in the murky light.

"What's that on your leg?" Cathew whispered.

"Hub?" "What's that tattooing?" "S' th' map. . . And Corrigan fell asleep.

And mayhap he dreamed of seven pigeon-bloods and an emerald fit for a rajah's ceremonial turban; of bleached bones grown over with slithering jungle-grass on the road winding down to Perak.

III.

"IT'S like this," said Corrigan. "You can lose a piece of paper, but you can't very well lose a leg. You can talk and brag when you're soused, but so long's you take the leg back to your bunk, nobody's any the wiser. I read a yarn once of a woman having a will tattooed on her back, and that gave me the idea. I did the tattooing. Many's the half-dollar I've stowed away for that kind of work. Those dots tell me just where to go, while another man, having my leg in his dunnage-bag, couldn't get within a hundred miles of the spot. But it's a game with death, both ends from the middle."

"You know Malacca?"

"A little," answered Corrigan, looking down at the flying fish.

"I'll go." "And I'll teach you all I know about the country. I had a royal souse last night; eh? All inside of eight dollars. 'Twas the blang on top of the champagne that did the work. Well, I've got it off my mind. And now, no more about Perak till we leave this old hooker at Singapore. Wish I was sure about your money coming."

"Wish I had nothing else to worry about," sighed Cathew. When the Limerick's mudhook eventually went clattering down into the smiling shark-infested harbor of Singapore, Cathew felt a strange wobbling in his knees. Supposing the money had not come from home? He sought out the purser, but the purser declined to advance him any money for the simple reason that his pay would not begin until after the ship had left Manila.

"Do you mean to say I've nothing coming?"

"You gave an order to Fall for three months' pay."

"That crimp? Look here, Mr. Spoor, you know as well as I do that I was drugged and shanghaied."

"They all say that," replied the purser, closing the shutter of his window. Cathew was sorely tempted to smash the shutter with his fist. Some day he would make them all pay for this, from Fall the crimp to Bannerman the Captain.

"It's an old game," said Corrigan. "He wouldn't give me a nickel either. 'He'll need white men below before they get to Manila. Where's your dunnage?"

"On my back," said Cathew surlily. "Then come on. Any one of these humboats will row us ashore."

"Do you think we'll run into Mullins?"

"Ge! but you're an unforgiving little cuss. Maybe. But we've got something more important to attend to. Come on: the coast is clear. Our papers are all right, so there won't be any of that quarantine stuff to hold us up. I want to be at the American Consulate before eleven o'clock. If there's six-hundred waiting for us there, why, we can sail tomorrow for Perak on the copra-boat, if the time-tables haven't changed since I was here last."

They weren't a very prepossessing pair to the consul-general, who instantly suspected that they wanted the government to ship them home, to lend them money, or to give them a square meal.



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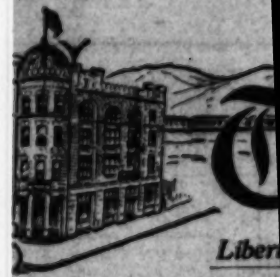
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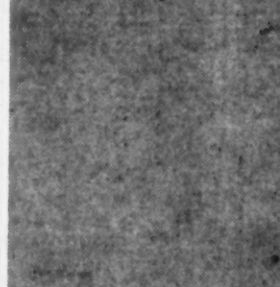
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Attack on Harbor



harbor of Dover. attack by the German aeroplane near an American bark in the have been made a number of times has been endangered by German

Close for Safety.

GERMAN AIR AN AMER

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

Deal, Eng., has had an unusual career. The Manga Reva was formerly the British bark Pyreneas and was built on the Clyde in 1881. In 1906, while bound from Rangoon to Newcastle, New South Wales, she struck the island of Manga Reva, a low-lying coral reef in the South Pacific. When the vessel struck, the natives, many of whom never had seen a white man, showed an unfriendly spirit and attacked the crew with spears. When the natives exhausted their supply of weapons the crew, carrying a number of rifles, went ashore and captured several of the natives who were responsible for the attack.

For months the thirty-three in the

Times

Midway, --- Los Angeles

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Williams, Lawrence & Co.
215 Fifth Ave.

calendar in red ink and the delicious fruit was encouraged scores of ways.

The paternal job-finding plan the Wilson administration has failed so far as Los Angeles is concerned.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA Christian Endeavorers of the connected officers at Pasadena.

Riverside celebrated the 40th anniversary of the introduction of gas into Southern California.

PACIFIC SLOPE. United States exporting corn from the Orient—the dispatch.

Vice-President Marshall at the Francisco exposition.

Eighty-second eruption of Mt. Peak the worst of all. Volcanic

the administration will be by the President, as they are the issues selected by the Republican leaders on which to make their fight for return to power. The President will insist that the Democratic tariff is fair, just, equitable and sufficient, and that but for the war it would have produced all the revenues necessary to an economical administration of the government.

He will justify his foreign policy on the ground that it has kept this country out of war while it has involved the United States in no entangling alliances or caused it to abandon any of the time-honored principles of equality and justice before the law.

Swinging behind the President and working off from his beaten lines of travel, the Cabinet members will take to the hustings in support of the President, his position and his candidacy for re-nomination. Secretary Bryan contemplates no long journey

LONDON, March 20 (3:22 p.m.)—

A German aeroplane dropped several bombs today off Deal, a seaport on the Straits of Dover. The bombs all landed in the sea. A patrol boat opened fire on the aeroplane, which turned and disappeared.

One of the bombs dropped alongside the American bark Manga Reva of San Francisco and deluged her with a great volume of water. British air scouts started in pursuit of the German aeroplane but apparently were too late to overtake it.

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hold of this part of the world, the sun in no wise bothered them. They had both become inured to a heat quite as enervating; and there was a chance to dodge the sun. Ninety miles out of Perak—three days to be precise—the road ended abruptly, an Oriental habit roads have in the East, and became a mere beaten path through a bewildering tropical jungle. There was a rise, too, as they went forward toward the mountain range which is the backbone of Malacca. Now they must travel by day and make camp at night. More than once they found themselves being stalked by a tiger or a black panther. One of the horses died of snake-bite, and they had to take turns riding the pack-mule. This naturally made the journey more tedious.

Whenever a native village appeared in the distance, Corrigan would roll up his trouser-leg and consult his marvelous map, turn to the right or to the left, as the situation necessitated.

"Corrigan, how the deuce do you do it?"

"I told you. Every one of those dots represents a village. The main thing is to avoid them by going around."

Out of a tolerant friendship (because Corrigan was always amusing) there developed in Cathew's mind a deep, respectful admiration for this dervish who seemed equally at home on sea or land. He knew every strange tree and shrub, what fruit was edible and what was poisonous.

ON the evening of the twelfth day, Corrigan tethered the horse and mule and put on his ammunition-belt, motioning Cathew to do the same, and in a whisper said:

"No talkin' from now on. No fire.

When the moon rises I'll show you a picture that'll make your heart thump like a bilge-pump. We'll lay low till ten o'clock; and then—

Well, Gawd help us if we're caught. Now, I'm goin' to give you the right dope. I told you the other man's bones were bleedin' in the Gulf of Siam. I lied. They're bleedin' up yonder, half a mile away. Those rubies and the emerald were his, honestly his. He wasn't a thief; no more am I. The old sultan had promised these priests the idol upon his death, because the idol meant nothing to him, he being a Mohammedan. My pal saved his son's life. And when the old boy croaked, the young chap gave Heine—he was a Dutchman—the idol, the rubies and the emerald, not carin' a hoot about what the priests wanted. Heine opened the bottom of the idol and took out the prayers and put in the stones. He was going back to Bavaria, to live comfortable the rest of his days. But the dirty beggars stole the idol, not then knowin' what was inside. Heine got away by the skin of his teeth. Four years after he told me, and we went back. An' that's the Gawd's truth; for this ain't no time to lie. Y' can go with me with an easy conscience."

Cathew nodded.

"Now, listen 't' what I say. If I'm caught," went on Corrigan, "you hump yourself. No tried and true stuff. You'd not save me an' only chop your own head off. An' if you're caught, I'll hoof it. It's goin' to be each man for himself, an' death both ways from the middle. There's the horse. All y' got to do is 't' get on his back an' hike back 't' Perak, an' I'll go it alone. You won't find the trail back hard. What d' y' say?"

Cathew took hold of Corrigan's hand, pressed it, and pointed east.

"There's another thing," pursued Corrigan. "We'll have to leave the horse and mule here. A panther may smell them. In that case, good-night. We're tough, but we can't walk back to Perak. It would take us more than a month, not counting the fever, which you're more likely to get on foot than on the back of a horse. There's my cards, boy, and there isn't an ace in the deck. Five hundred devils over there, a possible loss of the nags. Never mind; let's eat and drink hearty. I'm glad I had that souse in Colombo."

"Seven pigeon-bloods and an emerald."

"Worth a hundred thousand if a cent. Our shoes are hollow-heeled. We'll divide. I'll take five rubies and you take two and the emerald."

All this conversation was held in the softest of whispers.

At nine the two climbed a tree, and Corrigan swung his binoculars. Cathew heard a faint curse.

"On this night of all nights!"

"What is it?"

"Look and see for yourself."

(Concluded in our next issue.)



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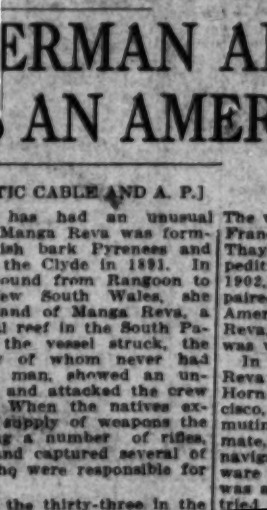
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Country Town Sayings

By Ed. Howe, of Atchison

THE man who knows it all, usually knows it all wrong.

If a man shows a disposition to provide for his old age, don't discourage him by saying he is stingy; our most pitiful tragedies are old people who are poor and neglected.

If a man cannot verify a story out of his own experience, he has a right to doubt it.

Very few people have robbed me, and I could have prevented being robbed at all by exercising the care I should have exercised. But many have annoyed me. The greatest wrong people suffer is being unnecessarily bothered.

Men are prominent mainly because they are good talkers rather than good listeners, or good writers rather than good readers. But because a man is a good public speaker or writer, it does not always follow that he is capable of thinking or of being a teacher.

Intelligent hindsight serves very well as foresight.

When possible, get along without Remedies; they are never entirely satisfactory, and sometimes they are as dangerous as the disease they are said to cure.

Every little while another man decides what are the best hundred books. Pay no attention to him, and decide yourself.

Voices Buried in the Air

OPERATORS at wireless stations are beginning to report that they occasionally hear sounds of voices, music, tramping of crowds and occasionally explosions of sound for which they cannot account. It is supposed that in some as yet not understood way the vibrations of the wireless pick up these sounds. The operators say that the air does not suffer from "attenuation" as wires do, and that they believe that the wireless station will eventually be able to pick up sounds, at any distance! If this is true, we may be on the eve of a miracle. It may be possible that in the future the voices of the past will be brought back to us on the waves of the air. Here is the theory.

Vibrations of all sounds are thrown into the air and remain there for some time. This is shown by the length of time required for the echo to return to its starting point, by the length of time which elapses between the sending and receiving of a wireless call, and by the fact that sound travels to us, as is indicated by the little pause which can be perceived before we hear what we have already seen some one shouting at us. The air envelope around the earth, however, is only fifteen miles deep. Outside of that radius vibrations cannot carry. This has been demonstrated by the kites which the weather bureau has used, for a number of years, to help in the prediction of temperatures. Now, from all this evidence, we have the deduction: The earth is a ball whirling around in space with an envelope of air fifteen miles thick, an envelope which must have absorbed all the sounds that have been made since the world began.

The question is, where are those sounds? They must be somewhere. They must be somewhere within the radius of fifteen miles, unless their vibrations have died out, and recent experiments have shown the probability that vibration is the real perpetual movement. The range of the wireless up-to-date is three thousand miles, so that, even at this comparatively early day in electrical science, it may be that we are beginning to pick up these vibrations. Wireless operators are always complaining of "breaks" in their transmissions, queer, odd sounds, which seem almost articulate, and which cannot be accounted for on any other ground than that of some phenomena connected with the lingering vibrations of past centuries.

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